WEEK ENDING JUNE 30, 1928

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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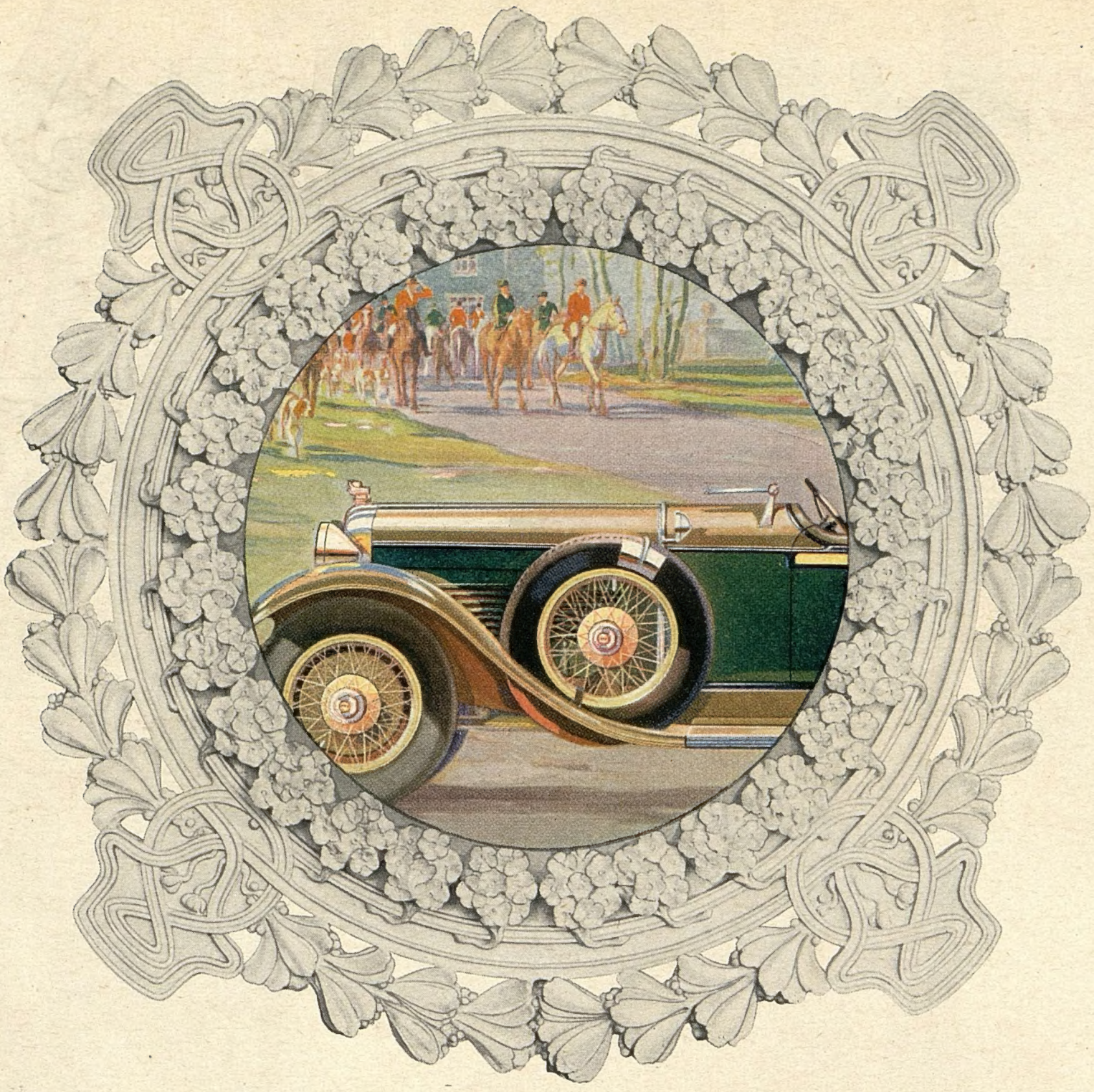

WHAT IS THE MOST LUXURIOUS THING IN ALL LUXURIOUS AMERICA? IF TRUE REFINEMENT COUNTS, AND SUPERLATIVE COMFORT, THEN THE MOTOR CAR OF GREATEST SPEED AND SAFETY OUGHT TO TAKE HIGH RANK IN ANY LIST.

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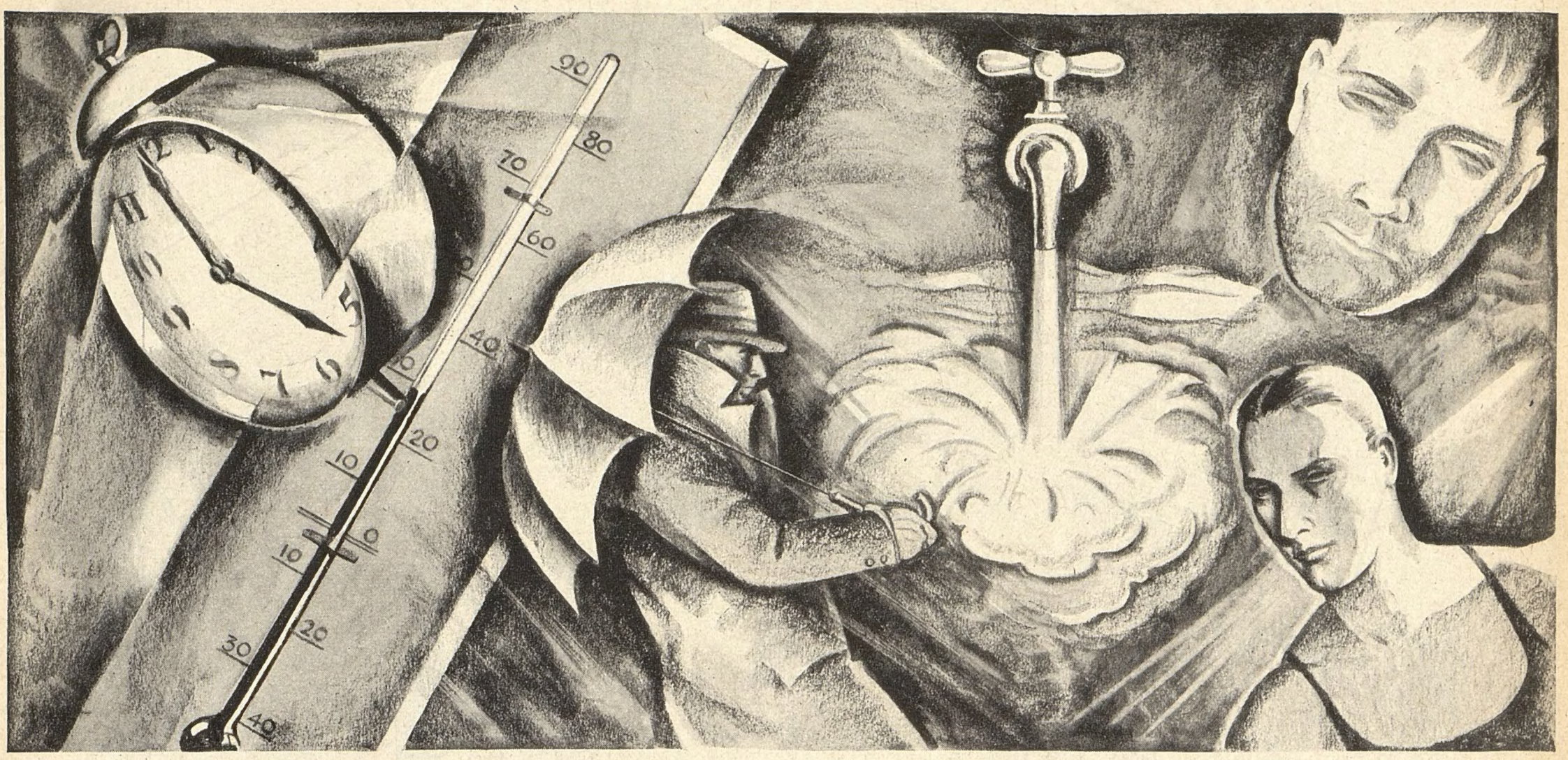

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Gillette must do a different job for you each day

—*with a blade which does* all *of them superbly*

THE weather may be fair or foul, warm or freezing; the water may be hot or cold, hard or soft; your digestion, too, affects the comfort of your shave; so do your nerves—how well you slept, and how long you lather.

There are at least forty different reasons why your Gillette Blade never gets precisely the same kind of shaving job to do twice.

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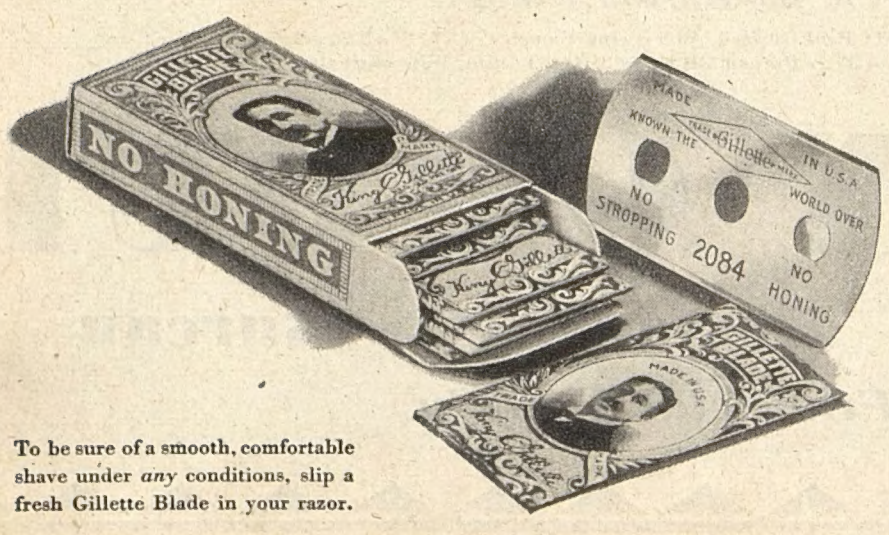

To be sure of a smooth, comfortable shave under *any* conditions, slip a fresh Gillette Blade in your razor.

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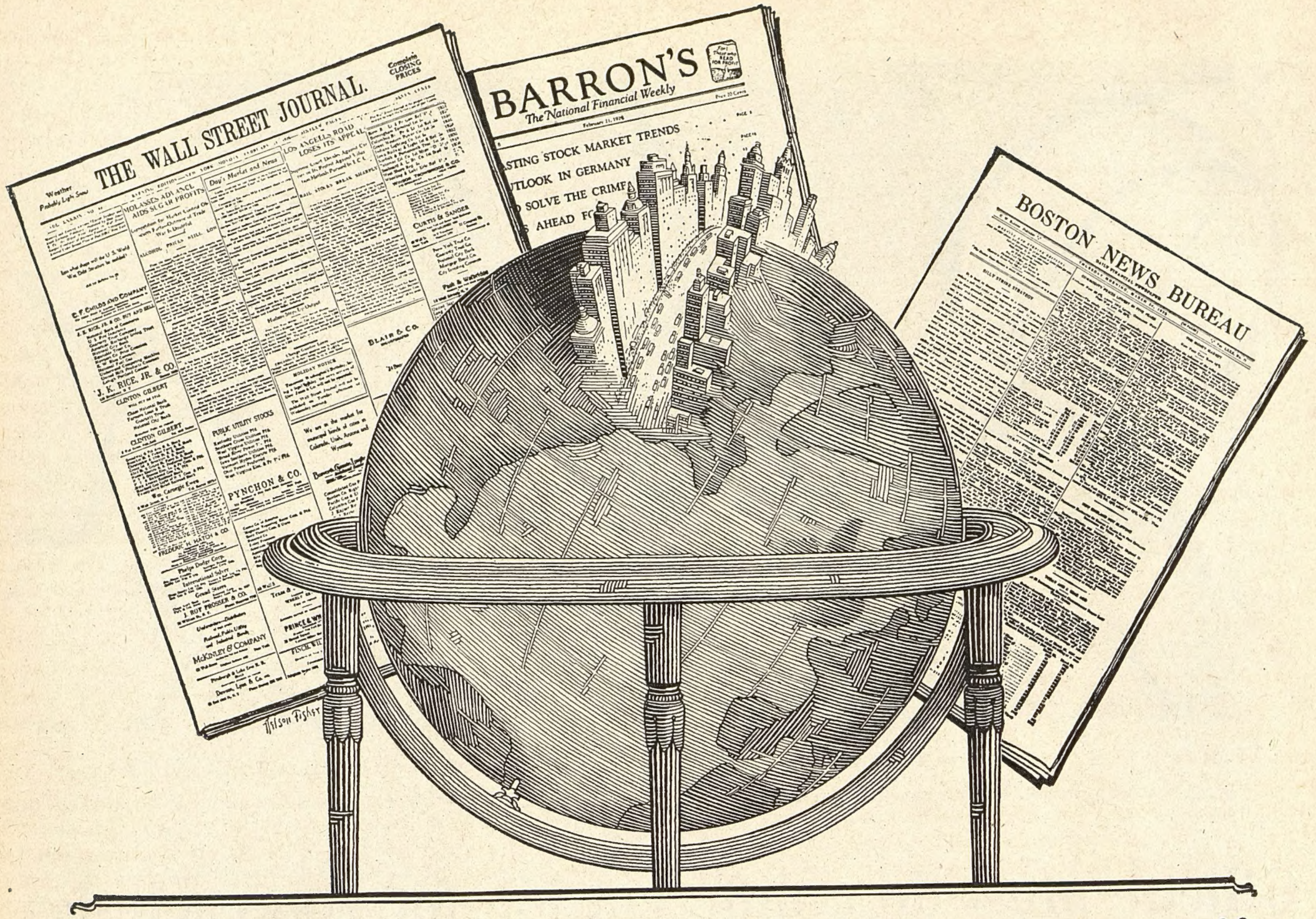

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JUNE 30, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 26

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

OUR DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC

This is the time of the great political conventions, when the candidates for President are nominated. In November one of these gentlemen will be elected and another campaign will be over.

Our blessing is that it doesn't make much difference which we finally choose. Our institutions are so arranged, and the powers of the chief executive, great as they are, are so prescribed that in normal times not even an inferior President can do much harm—except to our pride.

We can all look back to administrations (some of them recent) which have bewildered and shocked us when we have found out what was going on. But the nation's prosperity and progress have continued without much change.

We know we are a great nation, but we seldom reflect how fortunate we are in our politics. When we compare politics "as is" with our ideals of what government should be, the result is not always so good, but when we compare our politics with those of other nations we have reason to congratulate ourselves.

It has not been long since men became kings by fighting their way up. Then rulers came to be determined by inheritance, and heirs sat around anxiously waiting for the King to die, maybe once in a while accelerating his passing.

When the royal family developed into one of "easy bleeders" or mental defectives, they couldn't change the succession because of the instability it would bring. All the dukes would be fighting for the crown.

So there came into being such politics as those of the German Empire, which took the world's greatest war to overthrow them. There no one could reach the highest place in the nation except by being the eldest son of the man ahead of him, who had reached his place in the same way.

Even in England, with its so-called liberal monarchy, the royal family, as the head of the social system, is a tremendous power in the land.

So, with all its faults; with its Daughertys, Hardings, and Roxies, we maintain, because it elevates the common citizen and makes him, at least potentially, the dominant figure, that our democratic republic is superior to any other form of government.

Even more, we think, is it superior to autocracies such as that of Mussolini or so-called workers' governments such as that which exists in Russia, where the pyramid has been stood on its head so that the factory hand rules the manager and the unsuccessful farmer gives orders to the successful one. In Russia a man can't be successful in politics unless he has been a failure in ordinary life.

No, we can look over our government from top to toe, considering all its city gangs and State rings, and all the intrigue and graft which have been known under the Capitol dome at Washington, and still say that nowhere, at any time, has there been a government as fair and as generally satisfactory to its people as the government of the United States.

We put some little paper ballots in boxes, and the army, the navy, and all the servants of the nation say "All right; the man you've named is our boss." In the act of putting his hand on a Bible and taking an oath, this man succeeds to the greatest power ever invested in a human being. It is wonderful in its simplicity, and it is wonderful how long this simple method has lasted.

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June 30, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 26

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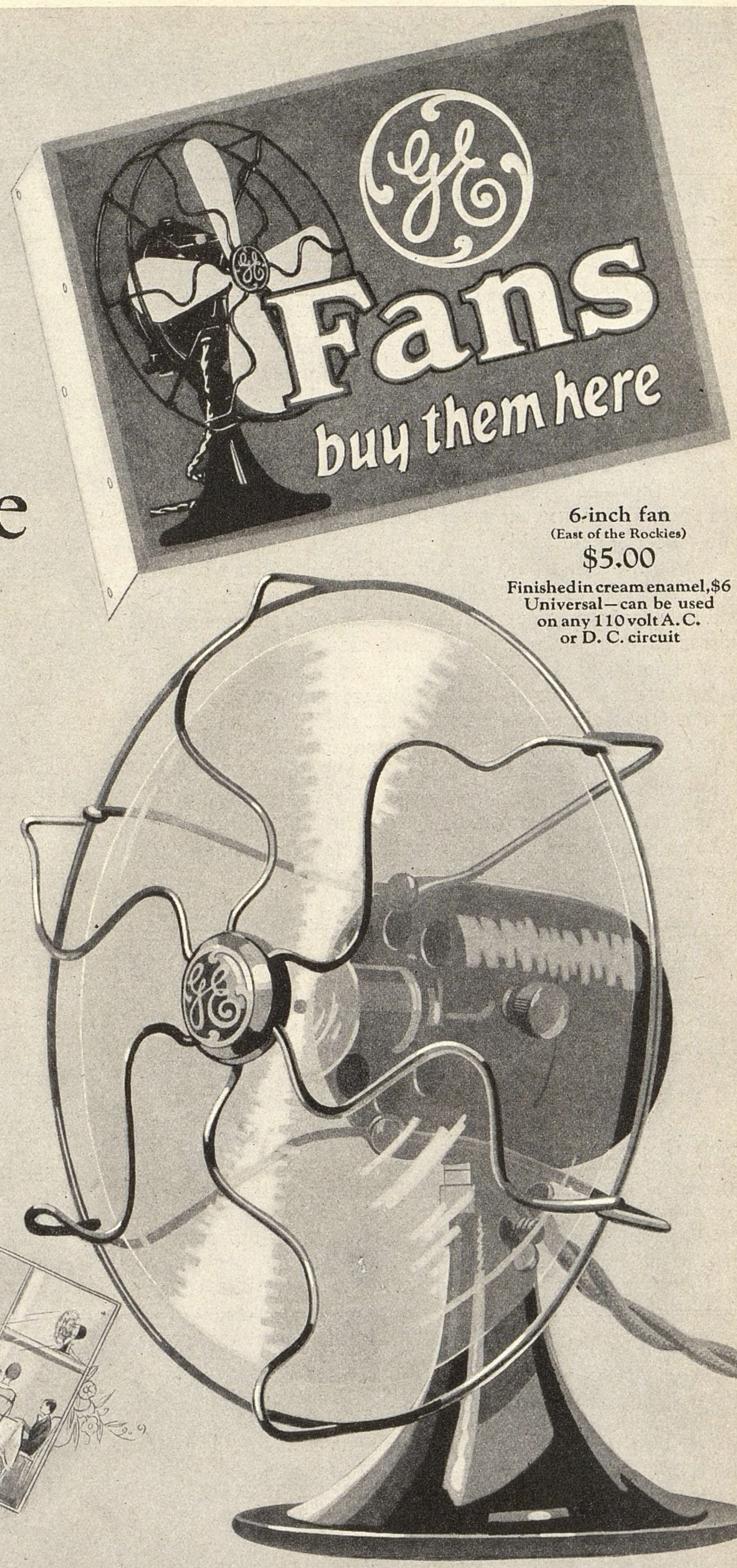

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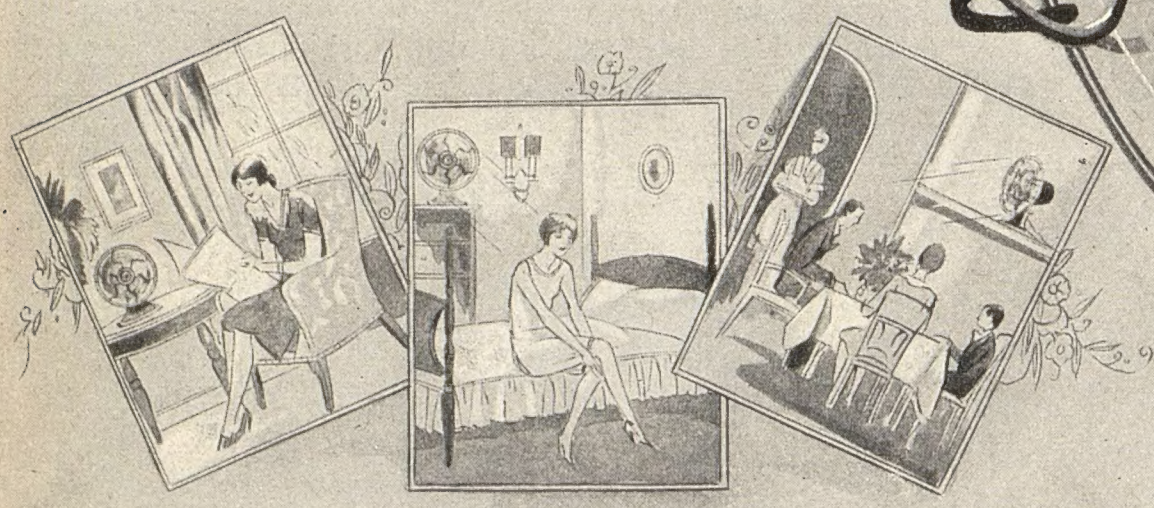

Merchandise Department
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

Forced LANDING

A Story with a New Kind of Villain— The AIRway Robber

By ARMSTRONG PERRY

Pictures by EDWARD CUCUEL

(Reading time: 18 minutes 42 seconds.)

WILCOX, pilot of the Swallow, made 207 trips between New York and Miami with the seventeen-passenger plane before he ran into his first serious trouble. Some called it luck, and others believed that Wilcox was one of those exceptional men with a sixth sense who foresee and forestall difficulties that lead other men into accidents.

The Flamingo, a newer and larger plane, got off the ground one day at the Long Island Airdrome, and then failed to climb as she should. Only eight of the twenty-one seats were occupied, so she was not overloaded; yet she failed to clear the trees an eighth of a mile the other side of the fence. The landing gear caught in the branches and the plane turned over and landed on her back. In a few seconds she was blazing like an oil-soaked rag.

Four of the passengers managed to crawl out; but the other two and the pilot and mechanician were burned to death.

A STRUGGLE was visible inside the window. A black object was pushed through it.

Wilcox was at the field, but he was not watching the take-off and did not see the accident. He was in the office when he heard the crash. He rushed out, ran past the others who were racing to the rescue, and was the first to scale the fence and reach the wreck.

He lay on the ground, kept low under the smoke and flames, and crawled in as far as he could to see if there was a chance to save anyone. Blaisdell, another pilot, pulled him out by the heels after his leather coat was burned through. Wilcox bawled him out first, and then apologized and thanked him for his good intentions.

He was angry because Blaisdell's action seemed to imply that he himself did not know what he was doing and might throw his life away needlessly. He apologized because he was a gentleman and always gave others credit for thoughtfulness, even when it was not accompanied by complete understanding.

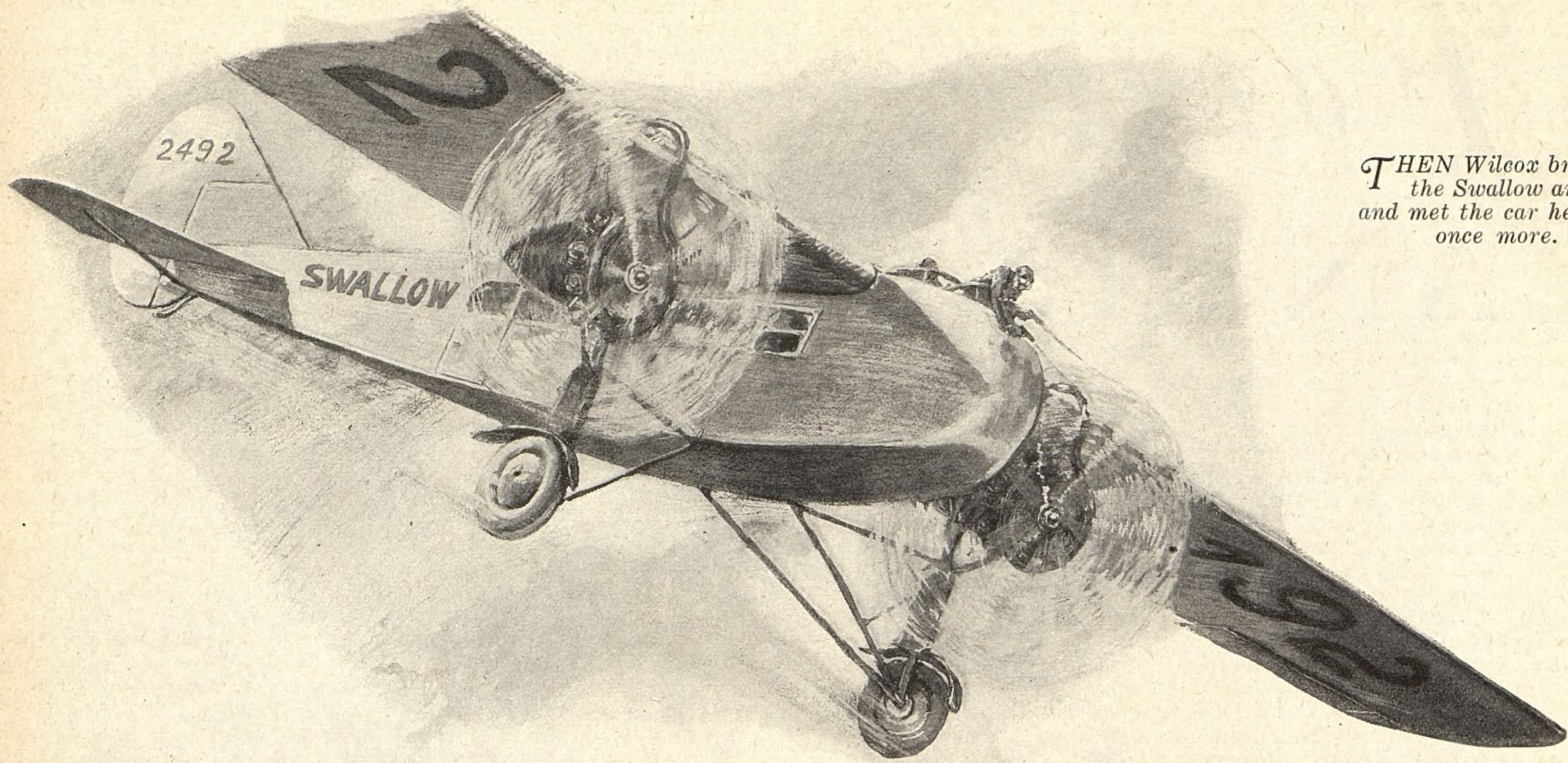
As soon as he was sure that the men still in the plane were beyond help, Wilcox turned his attention to those who had saved themselves. Two of them were stretched out on the grass, overcome by the shock.

One of the others he knew by sight—Towson, a messenger for the Shippers' Bank of New York. He had been cool enough to save his bag as well as himself. Wilcox congratulated him. The bag probably contained a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of paper.

Wilcox admired the messenger for keeping his head in the face of extreme danger and thinking of his duty as well as of his safety. He understood now why Towson was selected to fly between New York and Miami when there were securities of unusual value to be delivered.

The fourth man was a dark, stocky fellow of about thirty, with a face that was a study in physiognomy. Wilcox, like all men who handle travelers, had learned to identify all the common types of men. He classified this passenger as a mixture of Mediterranean breeds. He showed traces of even the wild tribes to the south of that sea. He was swarthy and his eyes lacked the clear-cut division between pupil and iris that is seen in those of the whiter races.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



THEN Wilcox brought the Swallow around, and met the car head on once more.

[FORCED LANDING
Continued from page seven]

The man approached Wilcox and asked if he could depend on him as a witness when he sued the company for damages. Wilcox gave him a hard look, but did not answer. Afterward, when surgeons and nurses arrived to take care of the situation and company officials came to investigate the crash, Wilcox explained to him that he had no objection to telling anything that he knew on the witness stand, but that he thought a man who had just narrowly escaped death ought to be thinking of something else besides collecting damages, until the other victims, living and dead, were cared for.

Furthermore, he said, it was hardly fair to a company with a long, honorable, and successful record to talk of forcing a settlement of a damage claim before the claim had been submitted in due form and before the company had a chance to do whatever was right without being forced.

THE passenger excused himself by saying that he was badly shaken, and was excited because he had lost everything he had in the world, except the clothes on his back. His money and valuables, he said, were in his bag in the baggage rack at the rear of the cabin, and he had not been able to save it. Wilcox noted that he wore a large diamond pin in his tie and a still larger solitaire in a ring, so he felt sure that the fellow would not starve before a damage claim could be adjusted.

The ill fated Flamingo was on the noon schedule. Wilcox was due to hop off with the Swallow at 1. Towson called up his bank and reported the delay, then reserved a seat in the Swallow. The dark-skinned stranger sat in the waiting room and kept an eye on everything that took place until after the bank messenger secured a seat. Then he went up to the ticket window and said that, as it was not likely that two accidents would occur on the same day, he also would like to go on the next plane. He gave his name as Montinello.

The seats in the cabin all had been reserved before the accident to the Flamingo. There was none left for Towson and Montinello except the two outside seats in front of the pilot and mechanician.

The messenger had made the trip many times, knew the plane, and was satisfied with his seat. Montinello complained because the wind and the noise would be bad outside; but he said he supposed he would have to take the seat in the nose of the plane, since there was nothing else left and he must be in Miami the next day.

A little before leaving time, the ticket agent called Montinello over to the window and told him that there had been a cancellation because of the accident and that he could give him a seat in the cabin if he preferred it.

Montinello replied that he had decided the outside seat would be better. It might not be so good in a nose dive, but at least he wouldn't be caught like a rat in a trap again if anything happened.

Before he went out to take his seat in the Swallow, Montinello filed a radiogram with the operator in the waiting room. It read:

LEAVING ON SWALLOW ONE OCLOCK MEET ME

It was addressed to a man in Norfolk. The operator told him that the Swallow would be due at Miami before anyone could reach there from Norfolk in anything but an airplane.

Montinello told him that the man was not at Norfolk, and that he did not know exactly where he was, but that the radiogram would be forwarded and probably would reach him in time.

WILCOX studied his passengers as they went up the ladder into the cabin and settled themselves in the wicker chairs. He saw that the baggage was properly stowed in the rack in the rear.

He was even more careful about his passengers than a railroad conductor or a steamship captain. A nervous or unruly passenger on land or sea may harm himself and annoy others, but he is not likely to wreck a train or boat.

In the air it is different. A disturbance in the cabin of an air liner might send all the passengers reeling about and make the plane unmanageable because of the shifting load.

He did not instruct his passengers what to do in case of accident. That would be poor psychology, because it would suggest the possibility of accident and make some of them nervous. He looked after their comfort in a way that won respect and confidence; for that would give him better control if he had to calm them and hold them steady in an emergency.

Wilcox had them all in good humor even before Towson and Montinello crawled forward through the little passage past the pilot's seat and into the open compartment in the nose.

That made everybody laugh, as it always does to see a man squirming in close quarters.

The pilot and Harris, his mechanician, took their places. The men on ground duty removed the ladder and closed the cabin door. The twin propellers were spun, the engines roared, and the big bird was on her way.

She taxied twice around the field while friends waved their good-bys, then left the ground so smoothly that the earth was a hundred feet below

before most of the passengers knew they were in the air. She sailed high over the trees that had tripped the Flamingo and reached 2,000 feet over Sandy Hook.

IT was a perfect afternoon when the Swallow hopped off; but before she was halfway to Norfolk, Wilcox was dodging clouds. Then the plane swished through a shower. Wilcox kept close watch of the rain, for when propellers are turning up to full speed the blades are under terrific tension. A heavy shower sometimes pockmarks wooden blades, and an extra heavy drop or a hailstone has been known to splinter one. He was relieved when he drove into sunshine again.

Towson kept his bag close beside him. Wilcox noticed that Montinello looked down at it once in a while, then turned his head and stared at him and Harris.

The man gave him an uneasy feeling. Everybody else was admiring the scenery, but Montinello paid no attention to it. He seemed at home in the air, and when he glanced toward the horizon it was as though he were merely noting the position of the plane on a route that he knew almost as well as the pilot.

When the plane reached the Virginia capes, they were glorious in the sunshine. A west wind was blowing, and from 2,000 feet in the air the whitecaps looked like painted waves on a painted ocean. It was hard to see that they were moving. The steamers in Hampton Roads were like toy boats scattered about by a child.

Wilcox reeled his scroll chart up to keep in sight the part of it that showed the land and water that he could see. An automobile on a highway along the shore tried to race him, but soon was left behind.

Montinello unbuckled the leather flying coat that had been loaned him at the airdrome for protection against the weather. He opened it far enough to take a cigarette box from a pocket in his own coat. Wilcox felt sure that he would not try to light up with the wind whistling over the shield at 100 miles an hour; but he watched him closely, for smoking was prohibited. The box was empty and Montinello made a movement to throw it away.

Wilcox leaned forward like a flash and struck him on the shoulder. The big propellers suck in everything from the air in front of them, and a cigarette box might easily smash a blade. Montinello made an apologetic gesture and put the box back in his pocket.

The great plane flew on along her southerly course, her propellers and exhaust deafening those outside the cabin with their continuous roar, while those in the interior, protected from noise and wind, lolled in their comfortable chairs and enjoyed the sensation of speeding with velvety smoothness over rolling ocean, foaming breakers, promontories, fields, and forests.

A few minutes later Montinello took out a handkerchief and pushed up his goggles. The wind caught the glasses and swept them from his helmet.

Wilcox sprang up and made a one-hand catch that would have done credit to a Giant outfielder. The heavy goggles with the strap that went around the head would certainly have smashed a propeller. He handed the goggles to the mechanician, who stood up, leaned forward, and fastened them through the loop in the helmet, as they should have been in the first place.

Montinello turned half around, shook his head, and bowed his thanks.

During the next ten minutes Wilcox glanced at Montinello as often as he could spare a second from watching the controls, gauges, chart, coast, and air.

Montinello kept moving his hands nervously. Perhaps he missed his cigarette. He seemed nervous. He kept flipping his thumb, like a boy shooting marbles.

THE oil feed of the starboard engine showed signs of irregularity for a few seconds, and Wilcox and Harris leaned down to examine the gauge.

The next instant there was a crash of slivering wood. Splinters flew with piercing screeches. Some clicked against the wings, struts, and fuselage. The noise could be heard even above the roar of the engines. It sent a chill of terror to the heart of every man on board.

Wilcox knew from the sound, from the way the engine raced, and from the swerving of the plane, that the starboard propeller had gone, even before he glanced up and saw that there was nothing left of the prop but the hub.

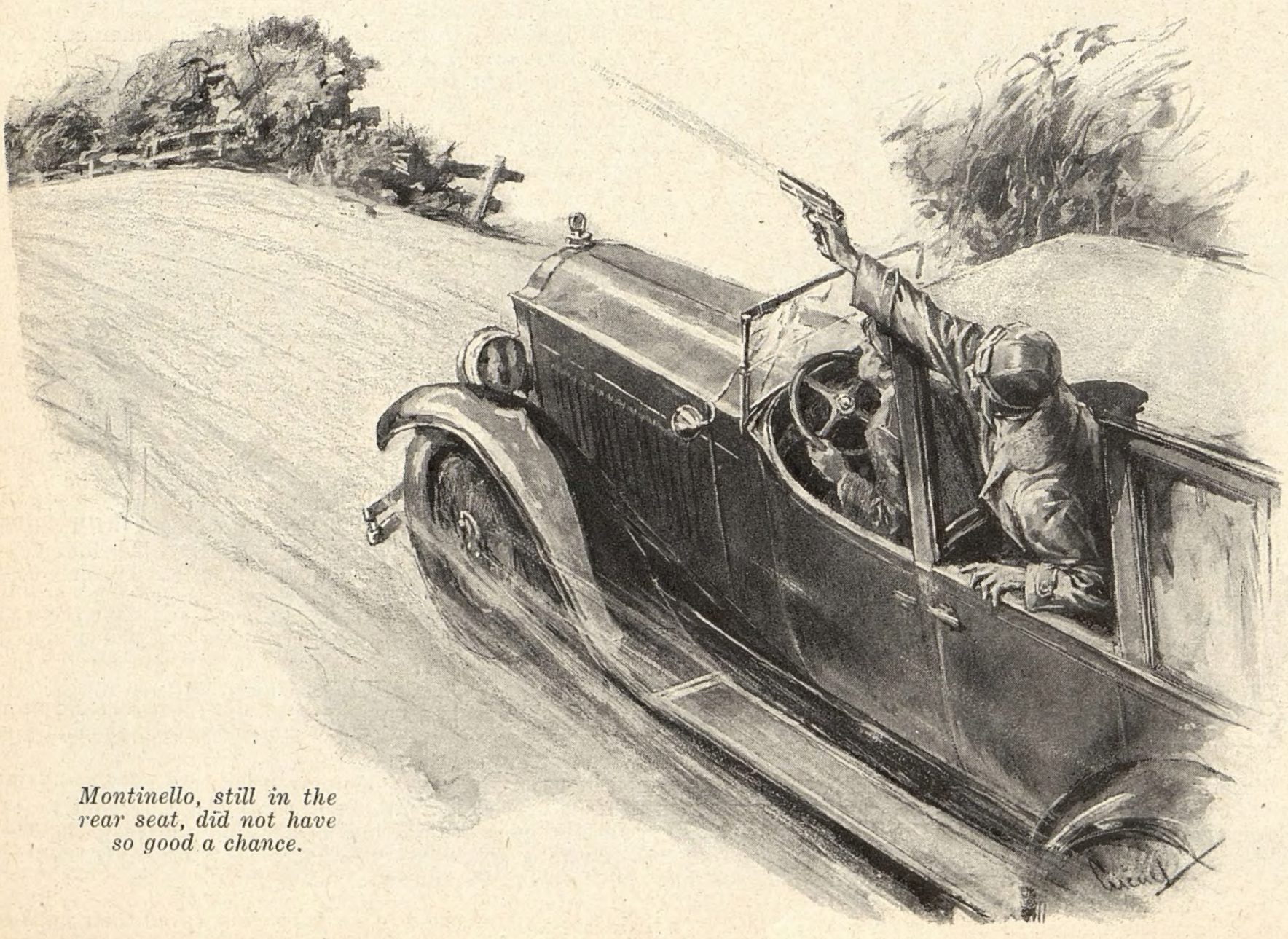
He waved his hand toward the cabin to quiet the passengers there, and adjusted the controls to keep the plane on an even keel and turn her toward the coast. Everybody in the cabin was staring out of the windows, pale as ghosts.

One engine and propeller could not be depended on to keep the plane up with such a load, but they would carry her to a landing place within any reasonable distance, and Wilcox always had definite plans as to where he would land in case of accident at any point on his route.

He did not have to worry about Towson's doing anything foolish. The bank messenger grinned back over his shoulder as though it were a good joke on himself, running into two accidents the same day. That also helped to calm the panicky feelings of the passengers inside the cabin.

Wilcox was more worried about Montinello than anyone else, and kept his weather eye out for jumpiness on his part as he brought the plane down. But Montinello looked as though he had expected just what happened. If anything, he was too cool.

Wilcox picked out a smooth stretch of beach, came around into the wind, and throttled down to landing speed. The plane did not need much throttling, because the one engine could not pull the loaded plane much faster than sixty. The big balloon tires and the shock absorbers let the ship down as softly on the sand as she would have landed at Long Island. But, just as she was losing headway, with the engine dead, the port landing wheel struck a soft place and threw her nose against an old wreck that lay on the beach with a stump of a mast sticking out from her deck. The ancient hulk was on her beam ends, and the mast was at the same height as the nose of the plane. As Towson ducked, a fist caught him under the chin and knocked him unconscious.



Montinello, still in the rear seat, did not have so good a chance.

The plane skidded a few feet and stopped. Wilcox looked back and saw that nothing serious had happened in the cabin. Then he sent Harris back to open the door and help the passengers out, and straddled into the front seat to examine Towson, who was slumped down in his place. Wilcox thought he had been hit by the spar.

It was some time before the pilot's first-aid treatment brought the bank messenger to. The first thing that he did, after he opened his eyes, was to feel on the floor.

"My bag—where is my bag?" he asked Wilcox.

[CONCL'D ON NEXT PAGE]

[FORCED LANDING
Continued from page nine]

Wilcox started to look for it, and wondered what had become of Montinello. Montinello had been in the way when he climbed over to help Towson, and must have either gone back across the pilot's seat and through the passageway to the cabin or else dropped over the side to the ground. Wilcox had been too busy with Towson to notice how he got out.

All that the pilot could find on the floor were two revolver cartridges. One was loaded; the bullet had been taken out of the other.

WILCOX looked over the passengers down the beach. They were saying some flattering things about his skill and courage, but he took no notice of that. He called:

"Mr. Montinello! Mr. Montinello!"

No one answered. Montinello and Towson's bag were gone.

Towson suddenly forgot all about his sore head. Wilcox showed him what he had found. Towson looked at the cartridges.

"The crook must have had a lot of confidence in your ability to land the plane with one engine working!" he exclaimed. "I believe he flipped that other bullet into the prop."

"Not a doubt of it!" Wilcox answered. "It is perfectly plain, now, that he was after your bag all the time. He couldn't keep his eyes off it. Do you feel able to go after him?"

Just then they heard an automobile coming down the road on the other side of the dunes. Wilcox dropped over the side, and Towson followed. They dashed through the group of passengers and scrambled up the side of a dune. The car stopped about 200 yards away.

Wilcox and Towson ran toward it. It would be useful in trying to find Montinello.

Wilcox was leading by ten yards, and was halfway to the car when a man ran out from some tall grass beside the road. The driver opened the rear door of the car and the man slipped in. They caught only a glimpse of him, but he looked like Montinello—and he carried a bag.

Wilcox ran faster and shouted: "Stop!"

There was a flash from the open window, and he dropped. The driver opened his cut-out and the car sped away.

The minute it was gone, Wilcox stood up. Towson had come on as fast as he could, fearing that the pilot was wounded or killed. But Wilcox had been too quick for the bullet.

"I must get to a telephone," Towson said. "That bag holds the heaviest consignment of negotiable securities that I ever brought down for the bank."

"Why not chase them in the plane?" Wilcox suggested.

"With one prop?" Towson asked dubiously.

"No," Wilcox answered; "we carry a spare prop and can put it on in a hurry."

Towson caught sight of the Packard in a patch of woods.

They started back on a run. The passengers were happy over their escape, and they could not say enough about the pilot's coolness and skill. They were ready to help as soon as he told them what had happened. Some were boosted into the cabin door and threw out everything movable to lighten the plane. Then everybody helped to push the plane back where it would have 100 yards more of beach for a runway.

In the meantime Wilcox and Harris, with Towson as a helper, put on the spare prop.

Wilcox gave the passengers directions for reaching the nearest railway station, and suggested that two or three stay on the beach to guard the baggage until the others could send a car for it. He asked them to make out an expense bill and leave it for him to approve at the Miami office.

The passengers pitched their own guns and ammunition up to the men in the plane until they had a small arsenal aboard. Harris spun the propellers, the engines roared, and the Swallow started along the beach. There was plenty of sand and shallow water to fly over, and Wilcox circled until he was sure that the new propeller was all right. Then he turned the plane inland.

It was a bright summer afternoon and they could spot a car miles away. Towson studied all the roads through the pilot's binoculars. Estimating the time that had elapsed since the robber's car picked up Montinello, he decided that it could not have traveled more than thirty miles. The Swallow probably would average two miles to the car's one, for even a sixty-mile car must throttle down at times.

Twice the plane went off on false leads. The car they were after was a Packard. One that they followed was a Pierce-Arrow and another a Rolls-Royce. These mistakes wasted time, but the plane was covering the country thoroughly.

Towson thought the bandits would head for Norfolk or Richmond.

The Swallow zigzagged in long legs back and forth across the highways leading in the general direction taken by the car.

At last they spotted it. Towson was following the course of the Richmond highway with his glasses, and he caught sight of the Packard in a patch of woods. It had stopped under the trees, and the two men were out looking toward the plane, which still was several miles away.

Towson leaned back from his seat in the nose and shouted in Wilcox's ear. The pilot turned the plane off her course and sailed away.

Just as they expected, the car came out of hiding as soon as the bandits felt sure that they had not been seen. Wilcox made a wide circle and met them in level, open country.

Towson and Montinello exchanged shots as the plane swept by, only 100 feet above the ground. Towson smashed the windshield of the car, and Montinello punctured the fuselage of the plane; but neither did any serious damage.

Wilcox circled and came back, approaching the car from the rear. As soon as he was within range, he realized that this was a mistake. The open back window was a much better place to shoot from than any position from which Montinello could aim ahead of the car.

A big plane is as steady as a church, and Towson had nothing to obstruct his view. He put three bullets through the window and back of the car, but did not get his man. Montinello ignored Towson and shot for the gas pipes. He only succeeded in cutting an oil pipe, and Wilcox zoomed the plane over the car and went out of range.

Harris stopped the leak. Then Wilcox brought the Swallow around, and met the car head on once more. He put Towson down so low that he could not miss. Montinello, still in the rear seat, did not have so good a chance.

TOWSON took deliberate aim at the driver, who dodged to escape the bullet. Then Towson lowered the muzzle of his gun and shot for the left front tire. Puffs of dust under the wheel at every revolution showed that he had punctured it.

The Swallow passed over the car, and for a few seconds the wings were in Towson's way. Wilcox brought the ship around in time to see the car dive into a ditch, turn a somersault over a hedge, and burst into flame.

Wilcox brought the plane down at once, in a field, fortunately near by. The three men jumped out and ran toward the wreck, covering their advance with their guns until they saw there was no need for that precaution.

The flaring gas showed the driver mangled and burned beyond recognition. A struggle was visible inside the window, which was now underneath the upturned wheels. A black object was pushed through it. Towson was the first to see that it was his missing bag. He shielded his face, reached out with his foot, and kicked it away from the car.

Where the bag had been, a face appeared. It was cut, bruised, and distorted, and there was singed hair smoking in the midst of trickles of blackened blood. Wilcox was horrified. It seemed incredible that a man could cling like that to what he had stolen, when his life was hanging by an uncertain thread.

The pilot crawled under the flames, just as he had when the Flamingo was wrecked. He wormed his way close enough to reach through the window and grab Montinello by the shoulders. Harris and Towson caught the stench of burning flesh.

Each caught one of Wilcox's legs and pulled with all his strength. The pilot was choking and gasping when they snaked him out. In each fist he held a flambeau of blazing cloth from Montinello's coat. Then the heavy chassis crushed the burned body of the car.

The next morning Wilcox brought the Swallow down safely at Miami. He had reached the passengers before they caught a train, and they were all on board, with their baggage.

They swarmed down the ladder and followed Wilcox toward the waiting room, telling him what a great pilot he was. Two guards from the Miami bank took Towson and his bag and whisked them away to the officials who were waiting for the securities.

A small mob of reporters, news photographers, and motion picture cameramen, who had received a tip about some telegrams sent by the air passengers while they were waiting for a train up in Virginia, were watching the incoming tracks at the East Coast station. A solitary *Times* man was covering the airport.

"What's the matter, pilot? You're late," he greeted Wilcox.

"Yes, a little late today," Wilcox answered. "Forced landing."

THE END

The BAYARDS of Delaware

A Chronicle of Men Who Thought Straight and Fought Square

An Article by

EDWARD DOHERTY

(Reading time: 14 minutes 41 seconds.)

THE story of the Bayards rightly begins on a bridge. It's the bridge at Garigliano—the one that was there in 1503—and there's a Spanish force at one end of it and a Frenchman at the other.

The Frenchman's iron clothes are somewhat rusty and dented. They look like a last year's model. But they are the clothes of a knight—the finest knight in Christendom.

He holds a sword in his right hand. He is enjoying himself spitting Spaniards and piling them up around him. This not only retards the onward march of the foe, but it gives the French army a chance to save itself.

The knight moves slowly backward. The Spaniards come, one or two at a time, leaping the barricade of their comrades, rushing with sword and battle-ax, and the Frenchman meets each foe and eases him of his soul.

One man holding back a force of 200 men? You may not believe it; yet many a historian vouches for it, many a poet has sung of it. Perhaps you will not find it so hard to credit when you hear that the man was the first Bayard—Pierre du Terrail, the great captain of Charles VIII, and Louis XII, and Francis I—"the knight without fear and without reproach."

In defense of the castle at Brescia he held off an army with cannons. And when the attacking general was asked why he couldn't take the castle—"that crazy pigeon house"—he answered, "Because there is an eagle in it."

Bayard learned the profession of arms at the court of the Duke of Savoy. He was the greatest man of a great family, one that had been great for centuries. One of his sires was slain by the bully British bowmen under the Black Prince at the Battle of Poitiers. Another fell at Agincourt, and another at Montlhéry.

The highest honors of the French kings fell to Pierre. Francis I received knighthood from this Bayard. It was after the boy king's first victory, at Marignano. In the presence of all the nobles of France, the king fell on his knees in front of Bayard, and bent his head while the knight touched him on the shoulder with his sword.

The knight died from an arquebus shot while conducting a retreat. He left no heirs. His estates and his rank reverted to the next of kin. His family name was merged in the territorial name of Bayard, and his ideas of valor and devotion went down the ages to keep that name remembered.

Picture by G. Patrick Nelson

The Spaniards come, rushing with sword and battle-ax, and the Frenchman meets each foe and eases him of his soul.

Many painters have painted him, each according to his fancy, so that no man can tell what he really looked like. It might be interesting to compare his features with those of the present-day Bayards—to see, for instance, if he resembled Senator Thomas Francis Bayard. Perhaps he did. He would, then, have been tall and slim and blue-eyed; and there would have been in watching

Miller photo

Senator Thomas F. Bayard, the Delaware incumbent, who comes of a long line of illustrious forebears.

him the same fascination one finds in looking at a toy ship in a pond.

It doesn't make so much difference, however, what his appearance might have been, for the Bayards are distinguished not by their looks but by their deeds. They have ever been men to admire—soldiers, statesmen, doctors, men of learning and of law. They made history in France. They have made history in the United States. Three of them at least fought to save the colonies from English rule. Five of them have served in the Senate. Several have represented their country as ministers to foreign courts.

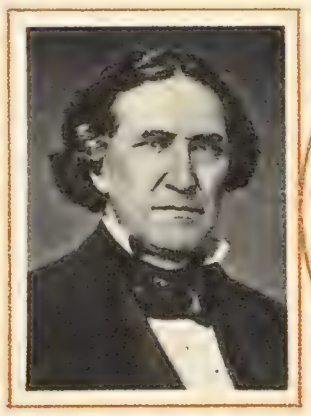
THE Bayards are not multimillionaires, like the illustrious du Ponts of Delaware. They have ever been rewarded more by glory than by gold. Yet many of them have been wealthy. The du Ponts and the Bayards, by the way, are united through the marriage of Senator Bayard

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BAYARDS OF DELAWARE]
Continued from page eleven

and Elizabeth Bradford du Pont, daughter of Dr. Alexis I. du Pont. There are five children of the marriage, two of whom bear the names of both families.

The first Bayard in American history was Samuel, a Huguenot who had fled to Holland to escape persecution. He came to New York—then New Amsterdam—in 1647, with his wife and three sons. His wife was the sister of New Amsterdam's governor, Peter Stuyvesant. His son, Petrus, took his family to Delaware, and his descendants are still there.

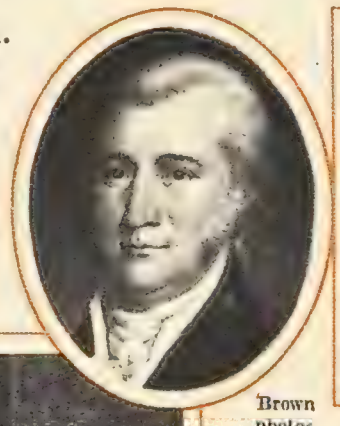


Meserve Collection photo

James A. Bayard III, grandfather of the present Senator and a three-time Senator in his day.

Brown photo

At left, James A. Bayard II, the first Bayard Senator; at right, James A. Bayard, surgeon and the father of the first Senator. He died at thirty-two years of age.



Brown photos

Colonel John Bayard, member of the Continental Congress and artillery commander at Brandywine.

Delaware was a choice morsel that made many mouths water. The Swedes, the Dutch, the English, the Indians, Stuyvesant, Penn, De La Warr, Baltimore, Gustavus Adolphus—they all wanted it. Now it belonged to one, now to another. Once it was part of Maryland; once it was a portion of Pennsylvania. Finally, the three counties that comprise the present State seceded from Pennsylvania and set up their own assembly. In 1776 they organized themselves into one of the thirteen colonies.

It was Augustine Herrmann who prepared the way for the coming of the Bayards to Delaware. Stuyvesant had sent Herrmann to the Governor of Maryland to settle a boundary dispute, and he fell in love with the country. He offered Lord Baltimore a map of Maryland—which he had sketched himself—for 20,000 acres of land near the Bohemia River. Part of the land was in Maryland, part in Delaware. He got it.

Herrmann—or Heermans or Harman—the biographers cannot seem to get together on the spelling—called the place Bohemia Manor. After he had reported back to Stuyvesant, he boxed up all his goods, said good-by to his house in New Amsterdam and his gardens and his orchard, and settled down to live like a lord in the Bohemia paradise. He had a deer park, hunting and fishing preserves, cattle lands, stables, dogs, servants—everything he wanted. But perhaps he felt he was only camping out, that there was no place to live outside of Broadway. Anyhow, he went back to New York.

PERHAPS he bragged about his "little place in the country—fresh air and fine commuting." Perhaps he wanted to get some interesting people near him, fellows who weren't above taking a drink now and then, and who could play pinochle and deuces wild when it was too dark or too snowy to shoot a round of golf. Anyhow, Petrus Bayard heard of the wonderful Delaware country, and he not only got a grant of land at Bombay Hook, but he also joined the Labadists, who were preparing to buy some of Herrmann's acres, and went with them to Delaware.

This Labadist cult was organized by Jean Labadie, an ex-Jesuit. Its members were communists. In some respects they resembled the Shakers. In other respects they didn't.

When the cult went to pieces, the property was divided among the members. Petrus got a nice chunk of it, and this, in addition to his Bombay Hook properties, made him rich. So he, too, went back to dear old Broadway.

Petrus' son, Samuel, stayed on the farm and built a magnificent brick house. He and his heirs lived here until the place was sold in 1788. And one imagines they were happy.

The place and the time suggest great parties, riding to hounds, hunting, hordes of slaves and servants, homespun and leather, mulled cider and native tobacco, tenants trooping in—to pay their rents with muskrat skins—blanketed Indians, redcoats, lazy dogs, and restive steeds.

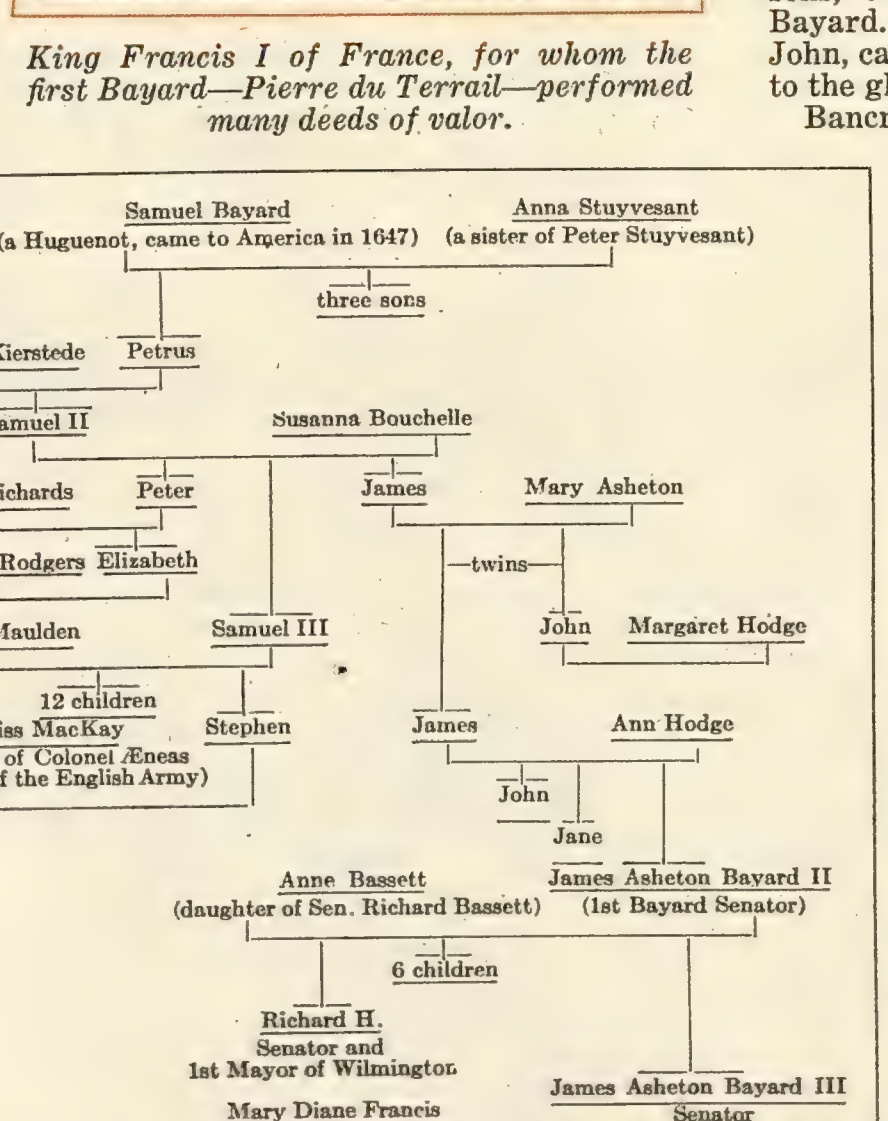
Samuel II didn't enjoy the life very long, but his widow, Susanna Bouchelle Bayard, survived him by many years. She wrote and spoke Latin, Dutch, English, and French, and even at the age of seventy she could "mount her horse with agility and control it with the dexterity of a skillful rider."

One of Samuel's sons, Peter, was a colonel in the Revolutionary army. Peter's daughter Elizabeth was the wife of the Rev. John Rodgers, an intimate friend and adviser of George Washington.

Another son, Samuel III, was the father of twelve children. One of these was Stephen, who, like his uncle, commanded a regiment during the war. He was the son-in-law of Colonel Æneas MacKay of his majesty's army—but that didn't prevent his recruiting a company of sharpshooters in Philadelphia and shooting at the whites of British eyes.

They wanted to make a major general of Stephen in 1812; but he was full of years and infirmities and refused the honor which they offered to him.

Samuel and Susanna had two other grandsons, children of James and Mary Asheton Bayard. They were twins, and one of them, John, came closest of all the American Bayards to the glory that followed the Eagle of Brescia. Bancroft calls him "a patriot of singular purity of character and disinterestedness," and says he was "personally brave, pensive, earnest, and devout." Which is but another way of saying "a knight without fear and without reproach."



King Francis I of France, for whom the first Bayard—Pierre du Terrail—performed many deeds of valor.

The Bayard family tree from 1647 to date

JOHN was born thirty minutes before his brother James, and under the law inherited all his father's estates. Do you think he took advantage of the law? Not he. When he came into his inheritance he divided it with his brother, half and half, keeping the home for himself.

What an interesting life those two boys must have led, growing up in the days of the frontier, talking to Indians and forest runners and soldiers! How they must have thrilled at Braddock's defeat, and at the heroic conduct of their friend George Washington!

They were reared in the day of the powdered wig and the hoop skirt; the day of the "hipesaw" and the minuet; the day of rigorous prohibitions and strict religious regulations.

Wednesdays and Saturdays were the regular market days in Delaware then, and no one could buy or sell any provisions—unless it were fish, or meat, or milk, or bread—except on those days and in the market place. The size and weight of a loaf of bread were standardized. The quality of liquor was regulated by law, and the price of it, too.

Meats might be sold only on Tuesdays and Fridays, except in June, July, and August. It was unlawful to import convicts or paupers for servants. It was unlawful to get drunk or to swear. And if a man blasphemed he could be pilloried and

branded and publicly whipped. Slavery was getting a bad name.

You may be sure that both boys grew up to be expert riflemen and horsemen and dandies. They were always together. They married sisters, Margaret and Ann Hodge, daughters of Andrew Hodge of Philadelphia.

No doubt they dressed in square-cut coats stiffened at the skirts with wire and buckram —gorgeously colored coats of silk or satin— short sleeves with big cuffs, waistcoats with wide pockets and long flaps, gloves, point-lace cravats, and little cocked hats trimmed with gold or silver lace that sat bravely on their wigs. Possibly they even carried muffs, as the rest of the gentry did; and certainly their shoes were square toed and ornamented with silver buckles. And they must surely have worn silk knee breeches and long silk stockings.

AND the girls? They wore satin slippers, flounced silk petticoats billowed by hoops, stomachers ornamented with gold braid, and tightly laced short sleeves edged with lace that fell to their wrists. Their hair was probably done in curls that reached to their shoulders.

James married Ann. He became a surgeon, but died at the age of thirty-two, leaving three children for his brother to rear. One was John, who died a bachelor. One was Jane, who always dressed as a Quaker and who never married. The third was James Asheton Bayard II, who became the first Bayard Senator.

John married Margaret. After her death he married again, and following the death of his second wife he married a third time.

He was a member of the Provincial Congress and of the Continental Congress. He was captain of the Second Battalion of Philadelphia Militia, and one of his first engagements was at Trenton — against the Hessians.

John was soon promoted to major and then to colonel. He commanded the artillery at the Battle of the Brandywine. He saw the smoke at Princeton, too, and at Germantown, and at many another battlefield where the Continentals made desperate attacks.

After the war he sold his Delaware home and went to live in New Brunswick, New Jersey. They elected him mayor of that city, and judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Probably the person dearest in all the world to Colonel John was his twin brother's boy, James Asheton II. He had a private tutor for the lad, and educated him so thoroughly that when he went to Princeton he was graduated with the highest honors—and this before he was eighteen.

It was probably Uncle John who arranged James Asheton's marriage to Anne Bassett, a beautiful girl and an heiress, the daughter of Uncle John's friend, brother in arms, and neighbor, Richard Bassett.

Bassett was one of the wealthiest men in the States. He had inherited 6,000 acres of Augustine Herrmann's land and some of his furniture. He had not only the house at Bohemia Manor, but he had one in Dover and one in Washington.

Like the colonel, Bassett was an intimate friend of Washington and Franklin and other great men of the day. He had been a delegate to the convention that formed the Constitution of the United States, and during the war he had served as a captain of the Dover Light Horse under Washington. After the war he became a member of Congress, Governor of Delaware, United States Senator, United States circuit judge, and the first Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas.

© Miller photo

The Bayards of Delaware—latest generation. The five children (left to right) are Ellen Lee, Alexis I., Elizabeth du Pont, Thomas Francis III, and James Asheton IV. Mrs. Bayard is in the center background and the Senator at the left. The photograph was made from the painting by the famous Austrian artist, Herman Hana-Tchek.

Meserve Collection photo

Thomas F. Bayard, Senator, Ambassador to Great Britain, and Secretary of State under Cleveland.

It is quite easy to understand that these two distinguished gentlemen should long for such a match and should be almost as happy as the bridal couple.

Bayard was twenty-eight at the time, a brilliant lawyer, and a candidate for Congress. He became a Senator only a few years after his father-in-law—that is, in 1804; and he was twice re-elected.

Bassett was converted to Methodism by Bishop Francis Asbury; and he became "humble and meek," the biographers say, held camp meetings on his vast lawns, and sang hymns with the best of them.

Senator Bayard saw the War of 1812 approaching and did his best to delay it. He knew that the country was unprepared, had no army, had no navy, needed money and arms and munitions and everything else necessary for war, needed especially time to prepare for war.

"Let us not rush into war until we have to," he counseled. "If you must declare war on Britain, wait at least until winter. The elements will protect us. Great armies cannot go far in snowdrifts. The gales will keep the thousand ships safe at home."

It wasn't the voice of a Bayard on a bridge—but it was good sense. They did not heed him. War was declared in June. In no time, the redcoats were licking their chops and frying their meats over the embers of Washington.

Senator Bayard went abroad and, after negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, was offered the appointment of minister to Russia. He had been minister plenipotentiary to that country; he had been minister to France. He declined this appointment because he was ill. He was but forty-eight when he died.

Two of his sons—he had four boys and two girls—followed in his footsteps. Richard H., the elder of these two, was the first mayor of Wilmington, and later American minister to Belgium. He was an ardent Whig. His brother, James Asheton Bayard III, was a Jackson Democrat.

James was a Senate candidate in 1838, but the Whigs were in control of the Legislature, and they wouldn't send a Democrat across the street, much less to Washington. They refused to go into a joint ballot, so James wasn't elected. Delaware did with only one Senator until a Bayard was elected in 1840. But it wasn't James Bayard: it was his brother Richard.

JAMES waited ten years. But, once elected, he served three terms. He resigned toward the close of the Civil War because he didn't want to take the test oath—"the ironclad oath" of loyalty which some rabid Unionists thought everybody ought to take to prove himself not a Southerner at heart. The Senator thought it was an outrage even to suspect the loyalty of a man sworn to uphold the Constitution.

George Riddle was appointed, but when Riddle died, a few years later, Governor Saulsbury appointed Bayard to fill the vacancy. On the day his appointment was confirmed by the Legislature, his only surviving son—Thomas Francis Bayard—was elected for the six-year term, to begin when the clocks struck the hour of noon on March 4, 1869—the moment the older man's term expired. It is probably the only incident of its kind in American history.

James Asheton Bayard III, Senator, son of a Senator, grandson of a Senator, brother of a Senator, father of a Senator, and grandfather of a Senator, was "stalwart and of massive mould," a man of "powerful cast features, courtly bearing, and gracious manners." He was "a gentleman of the old school."

Thomas Francis became not only a Senator—he served as such for fifteen years—but also Ambassador to England, Secretary of State under Cleveland, and a candidate for President.

He is given credit by many for holding Delaware to the Union in Civil War days. He arose at a meeting in Dover when the State was wavering—and he preached the necessity of preserving the integrity of the Union.

The Senator married twice, and gave the country twelve more Bayards—one of them in the Senate now. His first wife was Louisa Sewell Lee, daughter of a Baltimore banker; his second was Mary Willing Clymer of Washington, descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

General Bayard died at Karlstein, near Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1898.

The present Senator Bayard was elected in 1922 to fill a vacancy; and was re-elected for the term ending in March of the following year.

The next Bayard Senator? What will you bet he is?

The present one has two girls and three boys growing up—Elizabeth du Pont, Ellen Lee, Thomas Francis III, James Asheton IV, and Alexis I. du Pont Bayard. There are three more—pardon me, I'm *so* sorry—there are five potential Senators.

The last of the Bayard Senators? You should live so long!

THE END

Money for Nothing

(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOHN CARROLL'S object was matrimony. He put his foot on the accelerator and his two-seater began polishing off the miles between Rudge-in-the-Vale and London. He intended to meet Patricia Wyvern in London, and to propose to her.

The seat beside him in the car was vacant, but hidden in the dusty rumble was his light-hearted cousin, Hugo Carmody. There had been a difference of opinion as to John's going alone, and Hugo had found a solution.

Hugo's urge toward London was threefold: he felt John needed help in his wooing; he wanted to see a boxing match; and he had to break the news to Ronnie Fish that he couldn't raise the money to go shares with him in the Hot Spot, a new night club Ronnie was planning to start.

Hugo had had a desperate try for that money. He had followed his uncle, Lester Carmody—the uncle he and John lived with—to Healthward Ho, twenty miles from Rudge, to try to extract it. Healthward Ho was an institution where a certain Dr. Twist "made new men for old," and the superfatted Lester Carmody, being in the painful act of losing poundage, would hear nothing of the Hot Spot.

Lester Carmody was also at the bottom of John's rushing off to meet Pat on her way home to Rudge. Mr. Carmody had quarreled with his old friend Colonel Wyvern, Pat's father, and John trembled for the effect of this on Pat's friendship. But he had misjudged the girl there, it developed. Hugo, climbing from under dusty cover, revealed that he had got Pat over long distance, and that she had promised to meet John at the Mustard Spoon, where Hugo would turn up after the boxing match.

Pat kept her promise, was lovelier than ever, and lightly dismissed the quarrel. John had just braced himself to propose, when Hugo appeared with a middle-aged man and a dashing girl in tow.

PART THREE

HUGO pranced buoyantly up to the table, looking like the Laughing Cavalier clean shaved. He was wearing the unmistakable air of a man who has been to a welterweight boxing contest at the Albert Hall and backed the winner.

"Hullo, Pat," he said jovially. "Hullo, John. Sorry I'm late. Mitt—if that is the word I want—my dear old friend—I've forgotten your name," he added, turning to his companion.

"Molloy, brother. Thomas G. Molloy."

Hugo's dear old friend spoke in a deep, rich voice. He was a fine, handsome, open-faced person in the early forties, with grizzled hair that swept in a wave off a massive forehead. His nationality was plainly American and his aspect vaguely senatorial.

"Molloy," said Hugo. "Thomas G. And daughter. This is Miss Wyvern. And this is my cousin, Mr. Carroll. And now," said Hugo, relieved at having finished with the introductions, "let's try to get a bit of supper."

The service at the Mustard Spoon is not what it was; but by the simple process of clutching at the coat tails of a passing waiter and holding him till he consented to talk business, Hugo contrived to get fairly rapid action.

Then, after an interval of the rather difficult conversation which usually marks the first stages of this sort of party, the orchestra burst into a sudden torrent of what it evidently mistook for music, and Thomas G. Molloy rose and led Miss Molloy out on to the floor.

"Who are your friends, Hugo?" asked Pat.

"Thos. G. —"

"Yes, I know. But who are they?"

"Well, there," said Hugo, "you rather have me. I sat next to Thos. at the fight, and I rather took to the fellow. He seemed to me a man full of noble qualities, including a loony idea that Eustace Rodd was some good as a boxer. He actually offered to give me three to one, and I cleaned up substantially at the end of the seventh round.

"After that I naturally couldn't very well get out of giving the man supper. And as he had promised to take his daughter out tonight, I said bring her along. You don't mind?"

"Of course not. Though it would have been cozier, just we three."

"Quite true. But never forget that if it had not been for this Thos. you would not be getting the jolly good supper which I have now ample funds to supply. You may look on Thos. as practically the founder of the feast."

He cast a wary eye at his cousin, who was leaning back in his chair with the abstracted look of one in deep thought.

"Has old John said anything to you yet?"

"John? What do you mean? What about?"

"Oh, things in general. Come and dance this. I want to have a very earnest word with you, young Pat. Big things are in the wind."

"You're very mysterious."

"Ah!" said Hugo.

Left alone at the table with nothing to entertain him but his thoughts, John came almost immediately to the conclusion that his first verdict on the Mustard Spoon had been an erroneous one.

Looking at it superficially, he had mistaken it for rather an attractive place; but now, with maturer judgment, he saw it for what it was—a blot on a great city. He disliked the clientele. He disliked the head waiter. He disliked the orchestra. The clientele was flashy and offensive and, as regarded the male element of it, far too given to the use of hair oil.

HE was brooding on the scene in much the same spirit of captious criticism as that in which Lot had once regarded the cities of the plain, when Ben Baermann's Collegiate Buddies suddenly suspended their cacophony and he saw Pat and Hugo coming back to the table.

But the Buddies had only been crouching, the better to spring. A moment later they were at it again; and Pat, pausing, looked expectantly at Hugo.

Hugo shook his head.

"I've just seen Ronnie Fish up in the balcony," he said. "I positively must go and confer with him. I have urgent matters to discuss with the old leper. Sit down and talk to John. You've got lots to talk about. See you anon. And, if there's anything you want, order it, paying no attention whatever to the prices in the right-hand column. Thanks to Thos., I'm made of money tonight."

Hugo melted away; Pat sat down; and John with another abrupt change of mood, decided that he had misjudged the Mustard Spoon. A

Our Hero Encounters a Couple of Bumps on the Road to Love

A Serial by

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Pictures by
WALLACE MORGAN

They were moving about among the tables, examining with an offensive interest the bottles that stood thereon.

very jolly little place, when you looked at it in the proper spirit. Nice people, a distinctly lovable head waiter, and as attractive a lot of musicians as he remembered ever to have seen.

He turned to Pat, to seek her confirmation of these views, and, meeting her gaze, experienced a rather severe shock. Her eyes seemed to have frozen over. They were cold and hard. Taken in conjunction with the fact that her nose turned up a little at the end, they gave her face a scornful and contemptuous look.

"Hullo!" he said, alarmed. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Why are you looking like that?"

"Like what?"

"Well—"

JOHN had little ability as a word painter. He could not, on the spur of the moment, give anything in the nature of detailed description of the way Pat was looking. He only knew he did not like it.

"I suppose you expected me to look at you 'with eyes overrunning with laughter'?"

"Eh?"

"'Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter, said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"'"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't you know The Courtship of Miles Standish? I thought that must have been where you got the idea. I had to learn chunks of it at school, and even at that tender age I always thought *Miles Standish* a perfect goop.

"'"If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!"'

"And yards more of it. I knew it by heart once. Well, what I want to know is, do you expect my answer direct, or would you prefer that I communicate with your agent?"

"I don't understand."

"Don't you? No? Really?"

"Pat, what's the matter?"

"Oh, nothing much. When we were dancing just now, Hugo proposed to me."

A cold hand clutched at John's heart. He had not a high opinion of his cousin's fascinations, but the thought of anybody but himself proposing to Pat was a revolting one.

"Oh, did he?"

"Yes, he did. For you."

"For me? How do you mean, for me?"

"I'm telling you. He asked me to marry you. And very eloquent he was, too. All the people who heard him—and there must have been dozens who did—were much impressed."

She stopped; and, as far as such a thing is possible at the Mustard Spoon when Ben Baermann's Collegiate Buddies are giving an encore of My Sweetie Is a Wow, there was silence.

John had flushed a dusky red, and his collar had suddenly become so tight that he had all the sensations of a man who is being garroted. His only coherent thought was a desire to follow Hugo up to the balcony, tear him limb from limb, and scatter the fragments on to the tables below.

Pat was the first to find speech. She spoke quickly, stormily:

"I can't understand you, Johnny! You never used to be such a jellyfish. You did have a mind of your own once. But now— I believe it's living at Rudge all the time that has done it. You've got lazy and flabby. It's turned you into a vegetable. You just loaf about and go on and on, year after year, having your three fat meals a day and your comfortable rooms and your hot-water bottle at night—"

"I DON'T!" cried John, stung by this monstrous charge from the coma that was gripping him.

"Well, bed socks, then," amended Pat. "You've just let yourself be cosseted and pampered and kept in comfort till the you that used to be there has withered away and you've gone blah.

"My dear, good Johnny," said Pat vehemently, riding over his attempt at speech and glaring at him above a small, perky nose whose tip had begun to quiver, even as it had always done when she lost her temper as a child. "My poor, idiotic, fat-headed Johnny, do you seriously expect a girl to want to marry a man who hasn't the common, elementary pluck to propose to her for himself and has to get someone else to do it for him?"

"I didn't!"

"You did."

"I tell you, I did not."

"You mean you never asked Hugo to sound me out?"

"Of course not. Hugo is a meddling, officious idiot, and if I had him here now I'd wring his neck."

He scowled up at the balcony. Hugo, who happened to be looking down at the moment, beamed encouragingly and waved a friendly hand as if to assure his cousin that he was with him in spirit.

Silence, tempered by the low wailing of the Buddy in charge of the saxophone and the unpleasant howling of his college friends, who had just begun to sing the chorus, fell once more.

"This opens up a new line of thought," said Pat at length. "Our Miss Wyvern appears to have got the wires crossed." She looked at him meditatively. "It's funny. Hugo seemed so convinced about the way you felt."

John's collar tightened up another half inch, but he managed to get his vocal cords working.

"He was quite right about the way I felt."

"You mean—really?"

"Yes."

"You mean you're—fond of me?"

"Yes."

"But, Johnny!"

"Damn it, are you blind?" cried John, savage from shame and the agony of harrowed feelings. "Can't you see? Don't you know I've always loved you? Yes, even when you were a kid."

"But, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!" Distress

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page fifteen]

was making Pat's silver voice almost squeaky. "You can't have. I was a horrible kid. I did nothing but bully you from morning till night."

"I liked it."

"But how can you want me to marry you? We know each other too well. I've always looked on you as a sort of brother."

There are words in the language that are like a knell. Keats considered "forlorn" one of them. John Carroll was of the opinion that "brother" was a second.

"Oh, I know. I was a fool. I knew you would simply laugh at me!"

Pat's eyes were misty. The tip of her nose no longer quivered, but now it was her mouth that did so. She reached out across the table and her hand rested on his for a brief instant.

"I'm not laughing at you, Johnny, you—you chump. What would I want to laugh at you for? I'm much nearer crying. I'd do anything in the world rather than hurt you. You must know that. You're the dearest old thing that ever lived. There's no one on earth I'm fonder of." She paused. "But this—it—it simply isn't on the board."

She was looking at him furtively, taking advantage of the fact that his face was turned away.

IT was odd, she felt, all very odd. If she had been asked to describe the sort of man whom one of these days she hoped to marry, the description, curiously enough, would not have been at all unlike dear old Johnny.

He had the right clean, fit look—she knew she could never give a thought to anything but an outdoor man—and the straightness and honesty and kindliness which she had come, after moving for some years in a world where they were rare, to look upon as the highest of masculine qualities.

Nobody could have been further than John from the little, black-mustached dancing-man type which was her particular aversion, and yet—well, the idea of becoming his wife was just simply too absurd.

But why? What, then, was wrong with Johnny? Simply, she felt, the fact that he was Johnny. Marriage, as she had always envisaged it, was an adventure. Poor, cozy, solid old Johnny would have to display quite another side of himself, if such a side existed, before she could regard it as an adventure to marry him.

"That man," said John, indicating Mr. Baermann, "looks like a Jewish black beetle."

Pat was relieved. If by this remark he was indicating that he wished the recent episode to be taken as concluded, she was very willing to oblige him.

They found themselves in a back yard fragrant with the scent of old cabbage stalks and dish water.

"Doesn't he?" she said. "I don't know where they can have dug him up from. I think this place has gone down. I don't like the look of some of these people. What do you think of Hugo's friends?"

"They seem all right."

John cast a moody eye at Miss Molloy, a prismatic vision seen fitfully through the crowd. She was laughing, and showing in the process teeth of a flashing whiteness.

"The girl's the prettiest girl I've seen for a long time."

Pat gave an imperceptible start. She was suddenly aware of a feeling that was remarkably like uneasiness.

"Oh?" she said.

Yes, the feeling was uneasiness. Any other man who at such a moment had said those words she would have suspected of a desire to pique her, to stir her interest by a rather obviously assumed admiration of another. But not John. He was much too honest. If Johnny said a thing, he meant it.

Pat knew quite well that, though she did not want to marry him, she regarded John as essentially a piece of personal property. If he had fallen in love with her, that was, of course, a pity; but it would, she realized, be considerably more of a pity if he ever fell in love with someone else. A Johnny gone out of her life and assimilated into that of another girl would leave a frightful gap.

"Oh?" she said.

The music stopped. The floor emptied. Mr. Molloy and his daughter returned to the table. Hugo remained up in the gallery, in earnest conversation with his old friend Mr. Fish.

RONALD OVERBURY FISH was a pink-faced young man of small stature and extraordinary solemnity. He had been at school with Hugo and also at the university. Eton was entitled to point with pride at both of them, and had only itself to blame if it failed to do so. The same remark applies to Trinity College, Cambridge.

From earliest days Hugo had always entertained for R. O. Fish an intense and lively admiration, and the thought of being compelled to let his old friend down in this matter of the Hot Spot was doing much to mar an otherwise jovial evening.

"I'm most frightfully sorry, Ronnie, old thing," he said, immediately the first greetings were over. "I sounded the aged relative this afternoon about that business, and there's nothing doing."

"No hope?"

"None."

Ronnie Fish surveyed the dancers below with a grave eye. He removed the stub of his cigarette from its eleven-inch holder, and recharged that impressive instrument.

"Did you reason with the old pest?"

"You can't reason with my Uncle Lester."

"I could," said Mr. Fish.

Hugo did not doubt this. Ronnie, in his opinion, was capable of any feat.

"Yes; but the only trouble is," he explained, "you would have to do it at long range. I asked if I might invite you down to Rudge, and he would have none of it."

Ronnie Fish relapsed into silence. It seemed to Hugo, watching him, that that great brain was busy, but upon what train of thought he could not conjecture.

"Who are those people you're with?" he asked at length.

"The big chap with the fair hair is my cousin John. The girl in green is Pat Wyvern. She lives near us."

"And the others? Who's the stately looking bird with the brushed back hair who has every appearance of being just about to address a gathering of constituents on some important point of policy?"

"That's a fellow named Molloy. Thos. G. I met him at the fight. He's an American."

"He looks prosperous."

"He is not so prosperous as he was before the fight started. I took thirty quid off him."

"Your uncle, from what you have told me, is pretty keen on rich men, isn't he?"

"All over them."

"Then the thing's simple," said Ronnie Fish. "Invite this Mulcahy, or whatever his name is, to Rudge, and invite me at the same time. You'll find that, in the ecstasy of getting a millionaire on the premises, your uncle will forget to make a fuss about my coming. And once I am in, I can talk this business over with him. I'll guarantee that if I can get an uninterrupted half hour with the old boy I can easily make him see the light."

A rush of admiration for his friend's outstanding brain held Hugo silent for a moment. The bold simplicity of the move thrilled him.

"What it amounts to," continued Ronnie Fish, "is that your uncle is endeavoring to do you out of a vast fortune. I tell you, the Hot Spot is going to be a gold mine. To all practical intents and purposes, he is just as good as trying to take thousands of pounds out of your pocket. I shall point this out to him, and I shall be surprised if I can't put the thing through. When would you like me to come down?"

"Ronnie," said Hugo, "this is absolute genius."

He hesitated. He had no wish to discourage his friend, but he desired to be fair and aboveboard.

"There's just one thing. Would you have any objection to performing at the village concert?"

"I should enjoy it."

"They're sure to rope you in. I thought you and I might do the Quarrel Scene from Julius Cæsar again."

"Excellent."

"And this time," said Hugo generously, "you can be *Brutus*."

"No, no," said Ronnie, moved.

"Yes, yes."

"Very well. Then fix things up with this American bloke, and leave the rest to me. Shall I like your uncle?"

"No," said Hugo confidently.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Fish equably, "I don't for a moment suppose he'll like me."

From immediately behind them, as they stood facing the door, a voice spoke: "I want my bag, Hugo." It was Pat.

THE respite afforded to their patrons' eardrums by the sudden cessation of activity on the part of the Buddies proved of brief duration. Very soon they were at it again, and Mr. Molloy, rising, led Pat gallantly out on to the floor. His daughter, following them with a bright eye as she busied herself with a lip stick, laughed amusedly.

"She little knows!"

John, like Ronnie a short while before, had fallen into a train of thought. From this he now woke with a start to the realization that he was alone with this girl and presumably expected by her to make some effort at being entertaining.

"I beg your pardon?" he said.

Even had he been less preoccupied, he would have found small pleasure in this tête-à-tête.

Miss Molloy—her father addressed her as Dolly—belonged to the type of girl in whose society a diffident man is seldom completely at ease. There hung about her like an aura a sort of hard glitter. Her challenging eyes were of a bright hazel—beautiful but intimidating. She looked supremely sure of herself.

"I was saying," she explained, "that your girl friend little knows what she has taken on, going out to step with Soapy."

"Soapy?"

It seemed to John that his companion had momentarily the appearance of being a little confused.

"My father, I mean," she said quickly. "I call him Soapy."

"Oh?" said John. He supposed the practice of calling a father by a nickname in preference to the more old-fashioned style of address was the latest fad of the modern girl.

"Soapy," said Miss Molloy, developing her theme, "is full of sex appeal, but he has two left feet." She emitted another little gurgle of laughter. "There! Would you just look at him now!"

John was sorry to appear dull, but, seeing Mr. Molloy as requested, he could not see that he was doing anything wrong.

"I'm afraid I don't know anything about dancing," he said apologetically.

"At that, you're ahead of Soapy. He doesn't even suspect anything. Whenever I get into the ring with him and come out alive, I reckon I've broke even. It isn't so much his dancing on my feet that I mind—it's the way he jumps on and off that slays me. Don't you ever hoof?"

"Oh, yes. Sometimes. A little."

"Well, come and do your stuff, then. I can't sit still while they're playing that thing."

John rose reluctantly. But there was no way of avoiding the ordeal.

He backed her out into midstream, hoping for the best.

Providence was in a kindly mood. By now the floor had become so congested that skill was at a discount. Even the sallow youths with the marcelled hair and the india-rubber legs were finding little scope to do anything but shuffle. This suited John's individual style. He, too, shuffled—and, playing for safety, found that he was getting along better than he could have expected. His tension relaxed and he became conversational.

"Do you often come to this place?" he asked, resting his partner against the slim back of one of the marcelled hair brigade who, like himself, had been held up in the traffic block.

"I've never been here before. And it'll be a long time before I come again. A more gosh-awful aggregation of yells for help than this gang of whippets," said Miss Molloy, surveying the company with a critical eye, "I've never seen. Look at that dame with the eyeglass."

"Rather weird," agreed John.

"A cry for succor," said Miss Molloy severely. "And why, when you can buy insecticide at any drug store, people let these boys with the shiny hair go around loose beats me."

John began to warm to this girl. He, too, had felt an idle wonder that somebody did not do something about these youths.

The Buddies had stopped playing; and John, glowing with the strange new spirit of confidence that had come to him, clapped loudly for an encore.

But the Buddies were not responsive. They were sitting, instruments in hand, gazing in a spellbound manner at a square-jawed person in ill fitting dress clothes who had appeared at the side of Mr. Baermann. And the next moment there shattered the stillness a sudden voice that breathed Vine Street in every syllable.

"Ladies and gentlemen," boomed the voice —proceeding, as nearly as John could ascertain, from close to the main entrance—"will you kindly take your seats."

"Pinched!" breathed Miss Molloy in his ear. "Couldn't you have betted on it in a dump like this!"

HER diagnosis was plainly correct. In response to the request, most of those on the floor had returned to their tables, moving with the dull resignation of people to whom this sort of thing has happened before; and, enjoying now a wider range of vision, John was able to see that the room had become magically filled with replicas of the sturdy figure standing beside Mr. Baermann.

They were moving about among the tables, examining with an offensive interest the bottles that stood thereon and jotting down epigrams on the subject in little notebooks.

It was evident that the Mustard Spoon, having forgotten to look at its watch, had committed the amiable error of serving alcoholic refreshment after prohibited hours.

"I might have known," said Miss Molloy querulously, "that something of the sort was bound to break loose in a dump like this."

John, like all dwellers in the country as opposed to the wicked inhabitants of cities, was a law-abiding man. Left to himself, he would have followed the crowd and made for his table, there to give his name and address in the sheepish undertone customary on these occasions.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MONEY FOR NOTHING
Continued from page seventeen]

But he was not left to himself. Miss Molloy grasped his arm and pulled him commandingly to a small door that led to the club's service quarters. It was the one strategic point not yet guarded by a stocky figure with large feet and an eye like a gimlet. To it his companion went like a homing rabbit, dragging him with her.

They passed through; and John, with a resourcefulness of which he was surprised to find himself capable, turned the key in the lock.

"Smooth!" said Miss Molloy approvingly. "Nice work! That'll hold them for a while."

It did. From the other side of the door there proceeded a confused shouting, and somebody twisted the handle with a good deal of petulance. But the law had apparently forgotten to bring its ax with it tonight, and nothing further occurred. They made their way down a stuffy passage, came presently to a second door, and, passing through this, found themselves in a back yard fragrant with the scent of old cabbage stalks and dish water.

"Now," Miss Molloy said briskly, "if you'll just fetch one of those ash cans and put it alongside that wall and give me a leg-up and help me round that chimney and across that roof and down into the next yard and over another wall or two, I think everything will be more or less jake."

II

JOHN sat in the lobby of the Lincoln Hotel in Curzon Street. A lifetime of activity and dizzy hustle had passed, but it had all been crammed into just under twenty minutes; and, after seeing his fair companion off in a taxicab, he had made his way to the Lincoln, to ascertain from a sleepy night porter that Miss Wyvern had not yet returned. He was now awaiting her coming.

She came some little while later, escorted by Hugo.

It was a fair summer night, warm and still; but with her arrival a keen east wind seemed to pervade the lobby.

Pat was looking pale and proud, and Hugo's usually effervescent demeanor had become toned down to a sort of mellow sadness. He had the appearance of a man who has recently been properly ticked off by a woman for Taking Me to Places Like That.

"Oh, hullo, John," he murmured in a low, bedside voice.

He brightened a little, as a man will who, after a bad quarter of an hour with an emotional girl, sees somebody who may possibly furnish an alternative target for her wrath.

"Where did you get to? Left early to avoid the rush?"

"It was this way—" began John.

But Pat had turned to the desk and was asking the porter for her key. If a female martyr in the rougher days of the Roman Empire had had occasion to ask for a key, she would have done it in just the voice which Pat employed. It was not a loud voice, nor an angry one—just the crushed, tortured voice of a girl who has lost her faith in the essential goodness of humanity.

"You see—" said John.

"Are there any letters for me?" asked Pat.

"No, no letters," said the night porter. And the unhappy girl gave a little sigh, as if that was just what might be expected in a world where men who had known you all your life took you to Places which they ought to have Seen from the Start were just Drinking Hells, while other men, who also had known you all your life—and, what was more, professed to love you—skipped through doors in the company of flashy women and left you to be treated by the police as if you were a common criminal.

"What happened," said John, "was this."

"Good night," said Pat.

She followed the porter to the lift, and Hugo, producing a handkerchief, dabbed it lightly over his forehead.

"Dirty weather, shipmate!" said Hugo. "A very deep depression off the coast of Iceland, laddie."

It seemed to Hugo, watching him, that that great brain was busy, but upon what train of thought he could not conjecture.

He placed a restraining hand on John's arm as the latter made a movement to follow the snow queen.

"No good, John," he said gravely. "No good, old man; not the slightest. Don't waste your time trying to explain tonight. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned, and not many like a girl who's just had to give her name and address in a raided night club to a plain-clothes cop who asked her to repeat it twice and then didn't seem to believe her."

"But I want to tell her why—"

"Never tell them why. It's no use. Let us talk of pleasanter things. John, I have brought off the coup of a lifetime. Not that it was my idea. It was Ronnie Fish who suggested it. There's a fellow with a brain, John. There's a lad who busts the seams of any hat that isn't a number eight."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about this amazingly intelligent idea of old Ronnie's. It's absolutely necessary that by some means Uncle Lester shall be persuaded to cough up five hundred quid of my capital to enable me to go into a venture second in solidity only to the Mint. The one person who can talk him into it is Ronnie. So Ronnie's coming to Rudge."

"Oh?" said John, uninterested.

"And to prevent Uncle Lester making a fuss about this, I've invited old man Molloy and daughter to come and visit us as well. That was Ronnie's big idea. Thos. is rolling in money, and once Uncle Lester learns that, he won't kick about Ronnie being there. He loves having rich men around. He likes to nuzzle them."

JOHN was appalled. Limpidly clear though his conscience was, he was able to see that his rather spectacular association with Miss Dolly Molloy had displeased Pat. If she came to stay at Rudge, Pat might think—what might *not* Pat think?

He became aware that Hugo was speaking to him in a quiet, brotherly voice:

"How did all that come out, John?"

"All what?"

"About Pat. Did she tell you that I paved the way?"

"She did! And look here!"

"All right, old man," said Hugo, raising a deprecatory hand. "That's absolutely all right. I don't want any thanks. You'd have done the same for me. Well, what has happened? Everything pretty satisfactory?"

"Satisfactory!"

"Don't tell me she turned you down?"

"If you really want to know—yes, she did."

Hugo sighed.

"I feared as much. There was something about her manner when I was paving the way that I didn't quite like. Cold. Not responsive. A bit glassy eyed.

"What an amazing thing it is," Hugo went on, tapping a philosophical vein, "that, in spite of all the ways there are of saying yes, a girl on an occasion like this nearly always says no. An American statistician has estimated that, omitting substitutes like 'All right,' 'You bet,' 'O. K.,' and nasal expressions like 'uh-huh,' the English language provides nearly fifty different methods of replying in the affirmative, including yeah, yeth, yum, yo, yaw, chess, chass, chuse, yip, yep, yap, yop, yup, yurp—"

"Stop it!" cried John forcefully.

Hugo patted him affectionately on the shoulder.

"All right, John. All right, old man. I quite understand. You're upset. A little on edge, yes? Of course you are.

"If I were you, laddie, I would take myself firmly in hand at this juncture. You must see for yourself by now that you're simply wasting your time fooling about after dear old Pat. A sweet girl, I grant you—one of the best; but if she won't have you, she won't, and that's that. Isn't it or is it? Take my tip and wash the whole thing out and start looking round for someone else.

"Now, there's this Miss Molloy, for instance. Pretty. Pots of money. If I were you, while she's at Rudge, I'd have a decided pop at her. You see, you're one of those fellows that nature intended for a married man right from the start. You're a confirmed settler down; the sort of chap that likes to roll the garden lawn and then put on his slippers and light a pipe and sit side by side with the little woman, sharing a twin set of head phones.

"Pull up your socks, John, and have a dash at this Molloy girl. You'd be on velvet with a rich wife."

AT several points during this harangue John had endeavored to speak; and he was just about to do so now, when there occurred that which rendered speech impossible. From immediately behind them, as they stood facing the door, a voice spoke:

"I want my bag, Hugo."

It was Pat. She was standing within a yard of them. Her face was still that of a martyr; but now she seemed to suggest by her expression a martyr whose tormentors have suddenly thought up something new.

"You've got my bag," she said.

"Oh—ah," said Hugo.

He handed over the beaded trifle, and she took it with a cold aloofness. There was a pause.

"Well, good night," said Hugo.

"Good night," said Pat.

"Good night," said John.

"Good night," said Pat.

She turned away, and the lift bore her aloft. Its machinery badly needed a drop of oil, and it emitted, as it went, a low, wailing sound that seemed to John like a commentary on the whole situation.

The lift would not have wailed had it had the spirit of prophecy: it would have shaken with laughter. The situation that seemed so black to John develops astonishingly whimsical quirks. Don't miss next week's installment.

Campbell's famous beans are even more delicious now !

QUALITY—and nothing but Quality—convinces the housewives of America. Among the different beans offered for their selection at the store, they have singled out Campbell's as their overwhelming favorite. Year after year, they buy more Campbell's Beans, *by far,* than any other kind.

And now Campbell's have given new perfection to these popular beans! Slow-cooked to a golden brown, the beans are whole, yet deliciously mellow and tender.

Tomato sauce! Only the pure juices from red-ripe luscious tomatoes, blended from our exclusive recipe. Just the flavor you like best in your beans!

Slow-cooked
Golden Brown

La-dees & Gentle-men

the real Oh Henry!

now 5¢ — a nickel, a half a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar! Step right up and bring the children. Think of it folks — the *real* Oh Henry! candy, known the world over for its gorgeous quality — made this wholesome home-made way:

The candy that raised the buying power of the nickel. Sure — we still make both sizes — 5¢ and 10¢

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg. CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt. PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil [hulls removed]. CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

A Good DAY

A Short Story About
(Maybe You'll Smile)
CONTENTMENT

By
MABEL MCELLIOTT CLARKE

(Reading time: 8 minutes 32 seconds.)

THE lady came hurrying out into the white glare of the August street. In the courtyard she had just passed through there were gray stone nymphs posturing shamelessly among the rhododendrons. They, and the fir trees pointing to high heaven, gave an astonishing illusion of coolness. The lady pulled on her gloves—yes, she was that kind, even in August!—and walked half a block before she hailed a taxi which suited her exactly.

Her chiffons, printed in a bold design of Chinese red, her transparent shade hat of the same color, her interesting pale shoes, and her general air of mild conspiracy inescapably suggested a rendezvous.

The cab she chose was one resting pensively in the shadow of an apartment building no less splendid than the one she had just left. The driver was a dark and melancholy Celt. He opened the door for her with a swift backhanded motion, and spurned instantly the booklet he had been reading before she had accosted him. It was some sort of manual for the instruction of rookie police, and he dropped it into his pocket as he churned gears and skimmed around the corner, doubling back on the other side of the street. He halted, as requested, opposite the apartment building with the splendid courtyard, the one his passenger had just hurriedly left behind her.

The lady leaned back in her seat and appeared to be idly intent on the figure of her building's major-domo, in white breeches and buff coat. It was insufferably hot, and grew hotter every moment. The taxi man took off his cap, mopped its lining and his brow with cheerful impartiality, and returned the cap to his head. He appeared to think it scarcely worth while to consult his police manual, but contented himself with dreaming daydreams in which he figured heroically as a mounted cop with a giant whistle, calling cabs and Rolls-Royces indiscriminately to order.

In the tonneau the lady preserved an unbelievable coolness. When a biscuit-colored car slid up noiselessly to the porte-cochère opposite, and the doorman was seen fussily supervising the comfort of a portly gentleman notable chiefly for the elegance of his Panama hat, the lady came to life. She tapped the taxi man lightly on the shoulder and commanded him to follow the man in the biscuit-colored car.

SHE sat in elegant ease, toying with a teacup.

Picture by
JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

The two—lordly chariot of nickel and enamel, chugging hack of unnamed vintage—sped north in Park Avenue. At Ninety-fifth Street the red light caused the taxi man to pause just as the other slid through, making a left turn on the green. The lady beat her gloved hands together in wordless annoyance.

But the biscuit-colored car was caught again as it sped up Madison Avenue. Along that ugly, polyglot uptown street the taxi jangled, through a litter of olive-skinned babies and banana peels.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The chase led across the bridge just above 135th Street. Along Mott Avenue the curious pair ambled, the taxi keeping its discreet distance. At the entrance to Grand Concourse the Japanese chauffeur stopped and climbed down to inspect with harried interest the condition of the two front tires. Having made a similar examination of the rear two, he climbed back on his perch, slid with enviable quietude

Drawing by Laverne Noll

In the tonneau the lady preserved an unbelievable coolness.

from first, to second, to high, with the cab chugging vulgarly behind him.

Just above 171st Street the big car came to a velvet halt at one of those rococo apartment buildings which line the Concourse. Here the portly owner himself alighted, stirring up a little flurry of interest in the circle of slatternly nursemaids around the service entrance. They arranged their camp chairs in a half circle so as to keep the biscuit-colored car in view. The man with the Panama hat disappeared into a dusky foyer presumably alive with near-Spanish furniture and almost-Chinese rugs.

The lady in the taxi, halted a hundred yards to the south, powdered her nose calmly and waited. It was not so hot up here. Trees shaded the Concourse and even a few birds sang bravely above the nursemaids' clatter.

The taxi man regarded his mounting meter with mild satisfaction. He did not care particularly where his customer was going so long as she was on her way.

AFTER a long ten minutes the Oriental sprang down to open the door for his employer and a girl who wore, for August protection, a pointed-fox scarf. Two tails of pale yellow hair fringed her ears, astonishingly laid bare under a small felt hat. Her dress, like the dress of the lady in the taxi, was of printed chiffon. A jazz pattern, all yellow moons and purple prickly pears and kindred obscenities. She showed a marvelous length of sheer hose in pêche-nude.

The lady in red did not reward the appearance of the newcomer by the slightest evidence of surprise or interest. She merely commanded her driver to continue in pursuit of the other car, keeping it carefully in view.

Back toward the heat of the city sped the biscuit-colored car. The taxi man, who had hoped for at least a peaceful sojourn at Claremont, overlooking the river, was a trifle disappointed. Down the car-tracked length of Madison Avenue he trundled in the wake of the big car. Down to the Fifties, where with difficulty both motors made their way across a narrow, packed street until the big car dallied at the door of a restaurant.

The taxi man, moderately familiar with the play places of romance, recognized it as one of those tea rooms successful mainly because of a total absence of overhead lighting. From where he sat, he could watch attenuated candles guttering away in the purple dimness of the shop's interior, where couples sat, two by two, holding hands or looking unutterable nothings at each other over the *spaghetti milanaise.*

The lady in red obviously felt in no need of such vulgar comfort, although the drive had been long and the hour was now long past noon.

But, by the flash of her glimmering vanity box in his mirror, the taxi man was aware that, in all coolness, she was powdering her nose again.

In spite of his satisfaction with the state of the meter, hunger began to assail the taxi driver. After all, he was only human, and mysteries, though interesting, are not so important as bread and meat. When the girl in the jazz dress and her escort emerged from the tea room one hour and forty minutes later, the cabman confided to a passing crony that his stomach thought his throat was cut and no wonder. . . .

He grew morose and told himself it was small wonder, also, he wanted to quit this job for the more heroic one of patrolman. And he mildly hoped his fare would soon tire of the game she was playing and permit him to amble off to his usual midday dinner, hours overdue. This was certainly one hell of a way, he thought dispassionately, for a grown man to be spending his time. . . .

THE big car wormed its way feline fashion through the sordid traffic of a street in the West Fifties. This was the heart of a cheap rooming-house neighborhood. Gas stations, reeking with blue fumes and swarming with mechanics in dungarees, alternated with dingy brownstone mansions. Although the big car was an oddly incongruous object here, no one paid much attention to it. When it paused in front of one of the depressing houses with a "rooms" sign in the parlor-floor window, and the jazz girl and the portly man got out and went up the steps, the taxi man experienced a thrill of disturbance. But if he expected action, he was disappointed.

The lady in the tonneau of his cab snapped her vanity case open and shut with such violence that he jumped. The sound made was like an exclamation, whether of excitement, satisfaction, or disgust, he could not determine. He was not versed in nuances, especially in the click of a vanity case from Tiffany's. He was aiming to be a cop, and cops have no business with shades of feeling—merely facts. The facts were here, and they made him, a good, honest lad from Kerry, a little bit sick at the stomach.

However, it was none of his business, so when he was crisply directed to drive his passenger back to the Park Avenue address, the selfsame one of the courtyard nymphs and the fir trees, he was relieved that the drama ended so prosaically. Maybe he had expected screams and the flash of a gun, crowd running. He was glad not to be mixed up in anything like that. And the old-fashioned ones used to throw vitriol. . . .

Arrived, the lady paid him the seventeen dollars and sixty cents which showed on the meter, and one dime, ten cents, besides, as a tip. She wasn't feeling friendly to anyone, he supposed. But, even so, it was a far better day than he'd been having. His August average was about six dollars a day. He didn't work nights, account of his bride. He'd no complaint to make. A good day, in all. A fine day.

He went off to his favorite Coffee Pot, just a little worried, as a conscientious Celt sometimes will be, about his part in the day's performance. He ate beef and kidney pie and drank two cups of black tea and finished off with a lusty apple dumpling.

Later, when he dusted out his cab, he found tucked in the lining of the back seat the extravagant trifle of a vanity case. He ambled back to the high building of the courtyard and there ascertained the name of the lady in red chiffon.

A MAID in apple green left him at unease in the foyer of the overpowering apartment. In another room, behind French doors half open, he saw his lady of the taxi chase. She sat in elegant ease, toying with a teacup.

Out to him came a subdued sound of amiable conversation.

"Did you manage to put that deal through this morning?" That was the voice of the lady. "Oh, splendid! And where did you lunch, dear, in all this heat?" . . . "Oh, the club, of course. It's always cool." . . . "No, I didn't stop to call Saki when I left this morning. I was just going shopping, so I took a taxi."

A little change, like the ripple of a wind, came over her bright masklike face as she drifted through the door and saw the taxi man.

You couldn't beat women, he thought, astonished at her duplicity, as he went down in the elevator, fingering the ten-dollar bill the fat man had given him for being an honest Kerry boy. Now, what was this all about, anyway? . . . Unless she wanted a club to hold over the old party later on. . . . These high fliers, thought the Kerry boy, wrinkling his nose in distaste. . . .

As he idled across Forty-second Street, going west, he was almost sure he caught sight of the fox scarf and jazz chiffons of the Grand Concourse girl, or someone very like her. She was popping into a shop whose window was a giant fan ray of silk hosiery, bargain prices. Pêche-nude, allemand, Indian skin, moonglow, sunset, ecstasy, read the taxi man gravely from the poster blazoned on the glass.

Drawing by Laverne Noll

The Oriental sprang down to open the door for his employer and a girl.

Of all the nutty names they give them things, he thought, all male contempt. And what girls won't do, nowadays, to get them.

THE END

"I was afraid my vacation would be a total 'flop'"

Seattle, Wash.

"There are so many things doing at college, one hates to miss any of them. But I overdid it. Too many parties, added to studies, ended in my having to go to bed for a week—completely run down.

"During the war my father had to devote unusually long hours to his business. He became badly run down and broke out with boils. His doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast. It rid him of the boils and restored him to excellent health—so he is a confirmed believer and soon had me eating Yeast, too.

"Soon I was much better and in two months I was *well*. This spring, however, just before school closed, my skin broke out with pimples. How I hated them! I was afraid if I didn't get rid of them my vacation would be a total 'flop.'

"I was again reminded of Yeast, however—and again it was successful. I haven't a sign of a pimple now—and my health is fine."

CORA B. HANSON

CORA HANSON, *of Seattle. Read her story at left*

WHEN your stomach begins to "act up," when skin blemishes appear—don't rely on weakening, habit-forming drugs, doctors say.

Fresh as any vegetable, Fleischmann's Yeast is a natural corrective *food*. It tones up sluggish colon muscles and softens accumulated food wastes—hastening elimination, making it more *complete*. Soon your appetite revives, your complexion clears. Your whole being responds with new-found energy and health!

Buy two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. R-57, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.

New York City

"RETURNING from a tour of Africa and Australia, I found that I had contracted stomach trouble. Thinking it would wear off, I started East on a well-known vaudeville circuit.

"But instead of getting better, my trouble rapidly became acute. At Omaha I decided I would have to cancel the rest of my route.

"A fellow performer, however, suggested Yeast, telling of several cases quite similar to mine that it had helped. Said I, 'I'll try anything once,' and that very night I began. Every day thereafter I ate several cakes.

"Well, I was able to go right on with my act, thanks to Fleischmann's Yeast, doing three strenuous dancing shows daily. In a short time I was in first-class shape."

STANLEY CARVET

STANLEY CARVET, *New York City*

"When I saw my first racing automobile I knew I wouldn't be happy until I had driven one myself," writes Malcolm Clair. His letter follows:

Hollywood, Calif.

"I HAVE RACED a good many cars, though not professionally. For many years this took the place of every other outdoor sport . . . My employment with a law firm was quite a contrast with my former spirited life. Two years at a desk—and I had become sluggish, run down, inclined to have headaches. Then I went on the road to investigate cases, and thought I would get better. But the hours were longer, and I frequently had practically to camp on a case to get needed information. This meant irregular meals. Soon I was constipated again—my body and spirits alike needed refreshing . . . I learned about Fleischmann's Yeast from my mother, who had eaten it with good results. Three cakes a day restored my old-time pep and brought welcome relief from constipation."

MALCOLM CLAIR

Radiant health, new joy in living—*this easy way:*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it just plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before each meal and before going to bed. And train yourself to form a regular daily habit.

Hollywood's conception of the jazz-mad younger generation.

Richard Walling and Sue Carol as they screen in Walking Back, the new Pathé-De Mille production.

An Overnight Hit

Sue Carol Finds that Sudden Fame Is Still Possible

A Movie Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 31 seconds.)

HOW long does it take to make a screen favorite? Are the old days of instantaneous hits gone?

Sue Carol, twenty-year-old Chicago girl, is the answer. She appeared in just one picture and became famous. Her fan mail jumped from nothing to several hundred letters a day.

It is still possible to become the overnight hit the Hollywood press agents love to talk about. Cecil De Mille has been trying to buy Miss Carol's contract from Douglas MacLean, the comedian who gave the Chicago girl her first real rôle and who cannily signed her up for five years. Cecil De Mille wants to star Sue in four pictures this year.

Whenever interesting newcomers hit Hollywood, everyone wants to sign them up under long-term contracts. Miss Carol's contract now calls for $200 a week. An optional arrangement for the next four years jumps this by easy stages of fifty dollars to $1,000 or so a week.

The usual custom is to rent out the newcomer at a salary far in excess of what the newcomer gets from the renter. Sometimes the owner of the contract splits a bit of this profit with his player. Clara Bow and other stars got their first opportunities under this odd Hollywood echo of the old apprentice system.

Miss Carol's father was Sam M. Lederer, a Chicago real estate operator. She was educated at Kemper Hall in Kenosha, Wisconsin, and at National Park Seminary in Washington, D. C. Sue's father died in 1926. Then she went West with her mother, and, like all tourists, wanted to see the studios.

Before leaving Chicago, Miss Carol, whose real name of Evelyn Lederer has less electric light possibilities, entered into a marriage with Allan H. Keefer. Miss Carol divorced Mr. Keefer just the other day, thus completing her preparations for stardom.

In Hollywood, Nick Stuart, the film actor, who was then a casting director on the Fox lot, gave Sue a small rôle in Slaves of Beauty. Next MacLean saw her, and presented her with the persuasive rôle of the harem cutie in his comedy, Soft Cushions.

The comedy did little for MacLean, but it made Miss Carol. So the Chicago heiress remained in California, and in a year when thousands of extras are having to pool their slender resources against starvation, fickle fame and equally fickle fortune came to an heiress.

MISS CAROL'S newest appearance is in a Pathé-De Mille film, Walking Back, based upon George Kibbe Turner's LIBERTY yarn, A Ride in the Country.

This is another film of the jazz-mad younger generation. "Vicious?" inquire the subtitles. "No, just wild." "Shameless? No, just young." "Lawless? No, just reckless."

The flamboyant young folk carry flasks, ukuleles, and a fast line, drive snappy roadsters at all hours of the night, and act exactly as Hollywood thinks youthful America carries on. "*Smoky*" *Thatcher* smashes up a stolen car in this roistering revelation of ultramodern youth, but he proves himself by capturing a notorious crook.

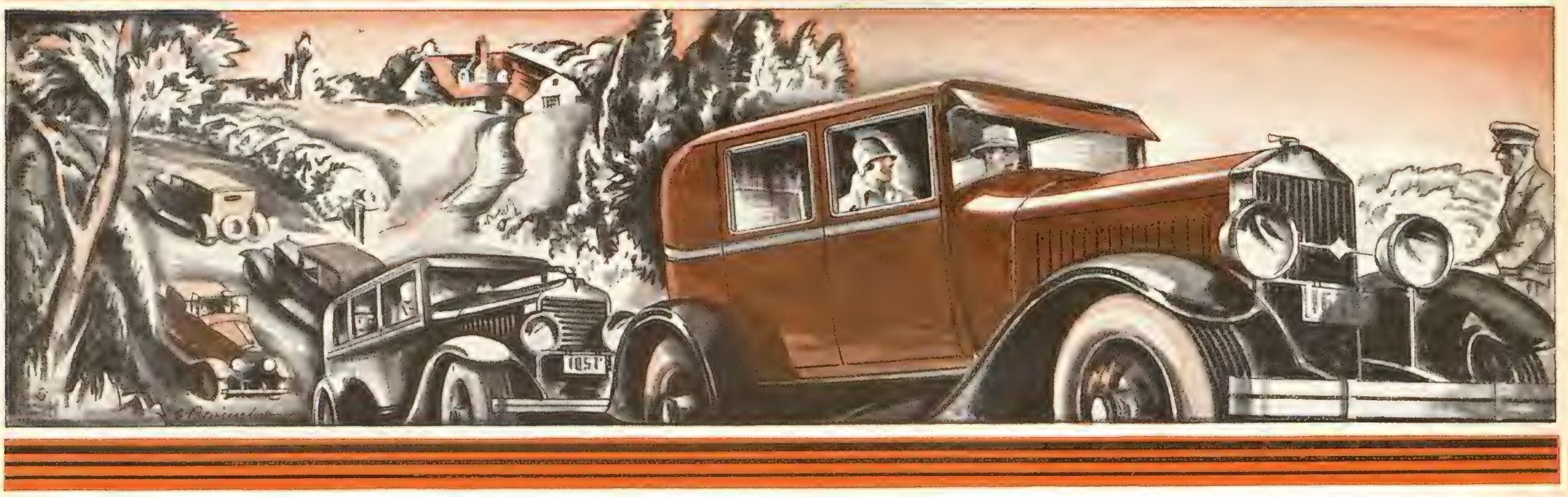
Rupert Julian's direction is old fashioned, and the result is a clumsy melodrama of adolescence on the loose. Maybe young people act like Mr. Julian's hard-boiled cuties and brash male extras. (Is there anything more unconvincing than a Hollywood extra posing as a larking stude?)

The proceedings are passably acted. Miss Carol plays a selfish youngster who encourages *Smoky* into and out of trouble. At that, she makes her cute and personable. Miss Carol, who somehow or other is reminiscent of poor Clarine Seymoure, easily is the nearest approach to a vivid flapper personality since Clara Bow made her first hit in Black Oxen—plus a certain ultra quality, which comes, I suppose, of owning a million. And a pair of knees not usually associated with a million.

Do you know that—

The film producers have issued their announcements, and from these 700 films we select twelve outstanding events: The Wedding March, because Eric von Stroheim made it; Gloria Swanson's next, because Eric will direct it; F. W. Murnau's Four Devils; The Canary Murder Case, because William Powell will play *Philo Vance;* and its rival crime thriller, The Bellamy Trial, because you will see a duplicate of our favorite international character, *Brother Willie;* October, made by S. M. Eisenstein, director of The Cruiser Potemkin, and based on John Reed's Ten Days that Shook the World; the coming Garbo-Gilbert smoker, The Carnival of Life; Ronald Colman's appearance in A Tale of Two Cities; Lillian Gish's The Miracle; Cecil De Mille's The Godless Girl; Emil Jannings' The Patriot, directed by Ernst Lubitsch; and anything else Herr Jannings may do during the year?

High-Compression Motors demand this new *super Heat-Resisting* OIL



IF you own a car with a high-compression motor, choose your oil with care. Such motors need a heavier grade of oil—an oil that can survive the super-heat and friction resulting from high-compression and higher speeds. (Any engineer will confirm this).

Veedol motor oils have been specifically redesigned to meet the lubrication problems of these new-type motors. They are heavier, tougher, *super* heat-resisting. They are tested to resist heat 100 degrees hotter than your engine's hottest friction spot. These new Veedol oils are actually better than motor oil needs to be because Tide Water engineers have made them with this *extra* margin of safety. In operation they give you these advantages:—

1. They provide greater motor protection (the heat-tested, fighting "film of protection" reduces wear, tear and repair on the engine).
2. They give greater mileage (being heavier-bodied they last longer).
3. They increase motor efficiency (they create a stronger piston seal due to heavier body and super heat-resistance).

Drive up to any station displaying the orange and black Veedol sign and ask for the new Veedol.

Give this super heat-resisting oil a fair trial and you will never want any other oil to go into your crankcase. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in principal cities.

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Guarantee

To insure the highest degree of lubrication Veedol is a scientifically proportioned blend of lubricating stocks refined from One Hundred Per Cent. Pure Pennsylvania crude and from other Paraffin base crudes. The Pennsylvania crude required for Veedol is brought direct from the Bradford Field to the Tide Water Refinery at Bayonne, New Jersey, through Tide Water's own pipe lines. Tide Water Oil Company, New York.

30c a Quart

(35c in Rockies and Far West)

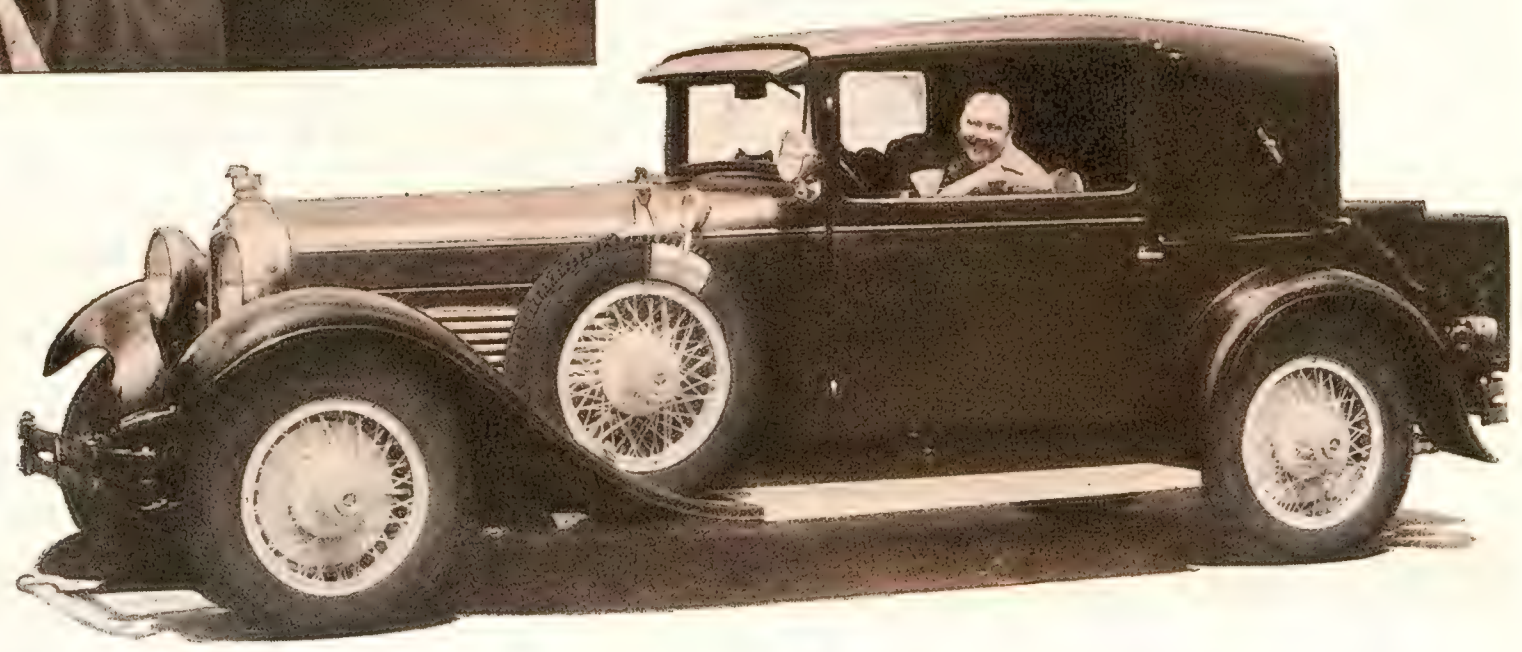
The New VEEDOL Motor Oils

"I was first attracted to Miller Tires because of the 'Geared-to-the-Road' Tread which I consider the finest non-skid feature to be found on any tire. Then I learned after adopting Millers of their great economy which means, of course, that my tire problem is reduced to a minimum."

Flo Ziegfeld

"Sometimes I feel that 'Geared-to-the-Road' should be included among the musical expressions. For to me it means 'smoothness.' Riding along on Miller Tires is like hearing a wonderful symphony which carries the listener to delightful heights. In the tire field, Millers are the most popular hit of the day."

Paul Whiteman



Miller Tires

"Ended My Tire Problem"

FLO. ZIEGFELD

"Most Popular Hit in the Tire Field"

PAUL WHITEMAN

TO WIN and hold the respect of great people is an achievement of which any tire manufacturer might well be proud.

To win and hold the respect of millions is an achievement no less brilliant.

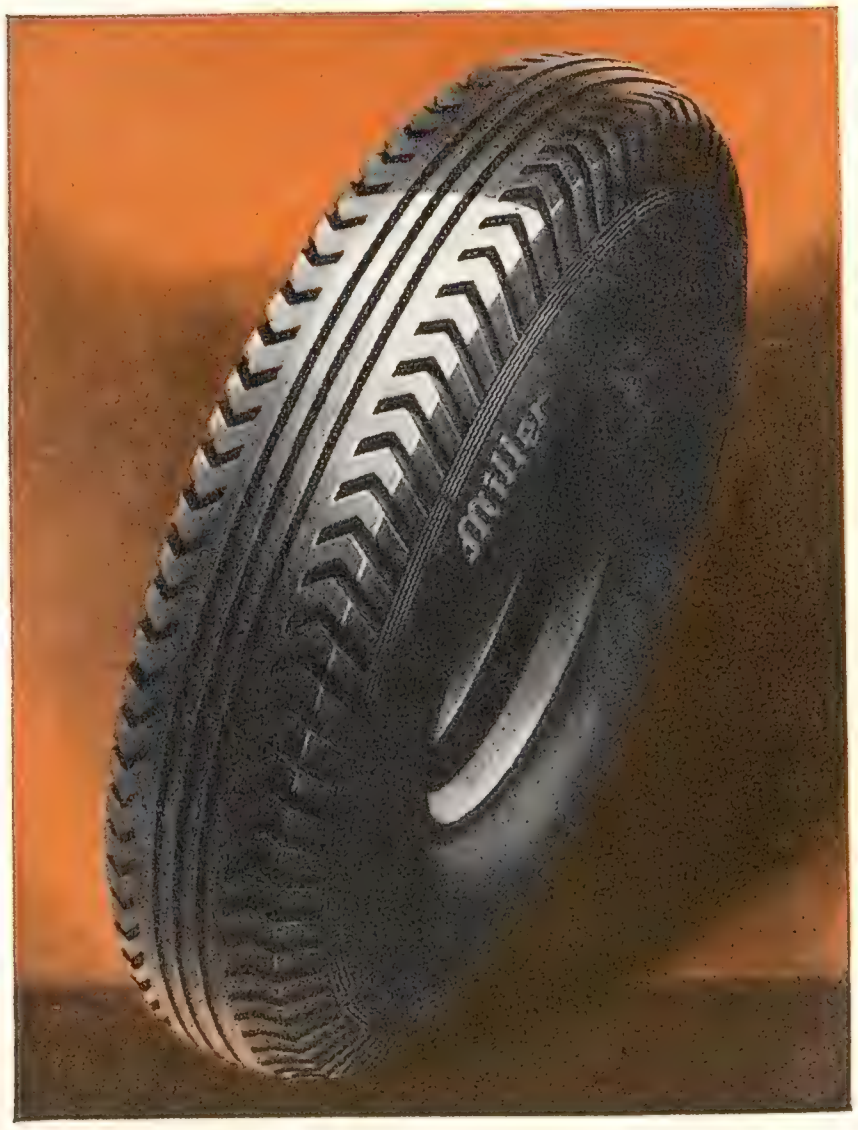
Millions of motorists today ride on Miller Tires—and respect them as they do a Ziegfeld production—or a Whiteman hit.

In the manufacture of Miller Tires, from beginning to end—no expense is spared—no modern method overlooked—to bring you tires that you can believe in during thousands of miles of service—that you can trust on any road.

No rubber is too good—so Miller maintains experts at the ports of the world to select the best. No cotton is too good—so Miller spins, in its own mills, the uniform fabric upon which long, carefree mileage depends. Miller Tires meet a constant, gruelling test at the hands of driver-engineers who put them through more miles in 30 days than the average car travels in 12 months.

Thus it is—that after you have driven Millers longer than any tire in your experience—you find the famous Geared-to-the-Road Tread still there—still wearing evenly and slowly. You find little occasion even to *think* about tires.

That's why Millers win and hold the respect of millions.



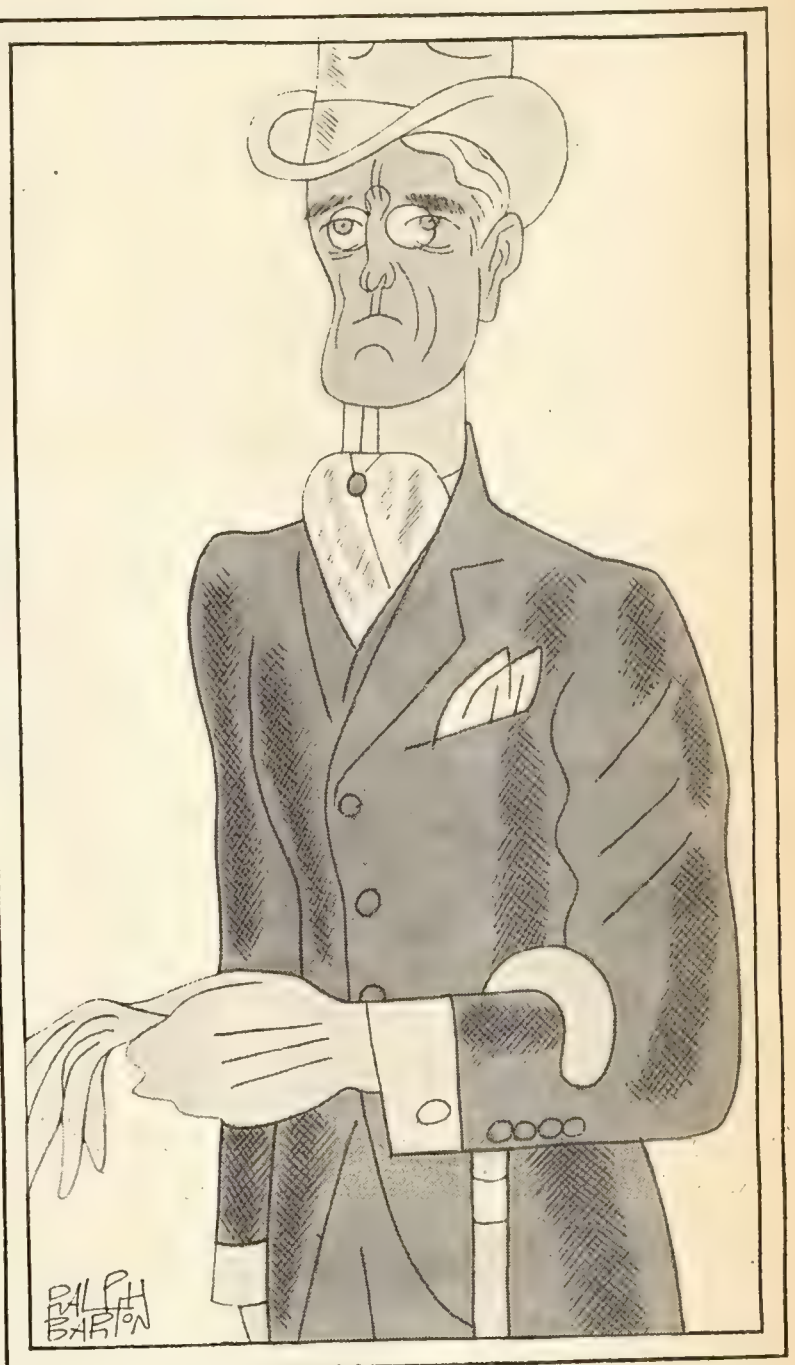
THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY, of N.Y., AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

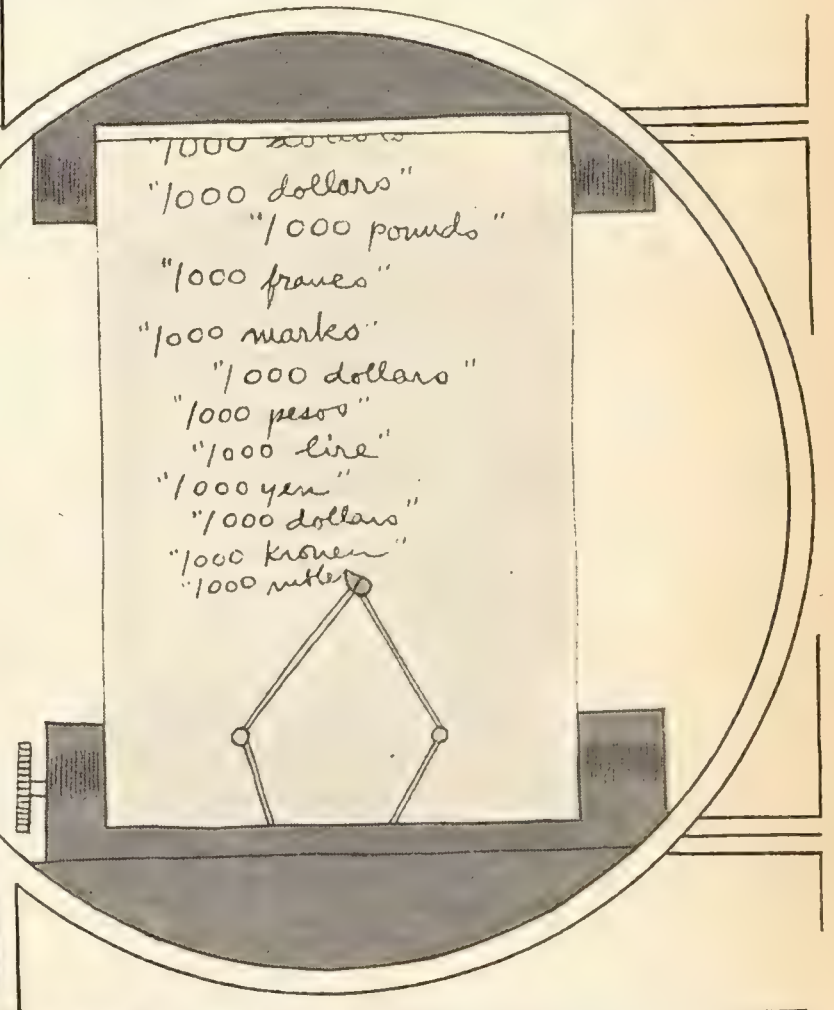
By RALPH BARTON

THE CAMERA CANNOT LIE. An actual photograph of Lolala Murphée, famous Cleopatra of the films, among her books—proof enough that, in her private life, as in her chosen art, Miss Murphée scorns to leave the difficult and hazardous tasks to her "double."



DR. JOHN ROACH STRATON, America's nattiest reformer, was wearing a cinder blue suit with fawn gloves, fedora, and Ascot tie when he pronounced Hickman, Leopold, and Loeb *typical* American youths.

ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTIONS, WHICH HAVE BAFFLED SCIENTISTS FOR CENTURIES, BEING DECIPHERED AT LAST. A painted terra cotta slab bearing the newly deciphered inscription: "Agrios and Lati, our delegates to the meeting of the League of the World which abolished and outlawed war from the earth for all time, return home." The slab dates from the fifth century, B. C.



AN AUTOMATIC EAVESDROPPING MACHINE, which records, by radio control, the subjects of the man in the street's conversation in any of the great cities of the world.

Please May I Bob My Hair?

Everybody Says Don't—What Do You Say?

By

Mary Pickford

(Reading time: 12 minutes 2 seconds.)

FOR a long time I harbored the quaint delusion that my hair was my own possession—to dress, take care of, and do with as I liked. I had the mistaken impression that how I dealt with it was strictly my own business; that I could pile it on top of my head, let it fall in curls on my shoulders, coil it at the back of my neck, or cut it short, without feeling that I was exceeding my authority in what seemed to be a purely private and personal matter.

In other things I have been compliant, even docile, in yielding to the superior opinions of other people. I buried one ambition—that of essaying mature and dramatic rôles on the screen—because the public, or such portion of it interested in what I did, insisted on this interment. When I made a brief trial of costume or period pictures, this public again sternly ordered me to go back to the kind of picture I had been doing.

I do not mean to imply that there was anything very painful in this self-denial. The crowning ambition of the actress, overshadowing personal whims and preferences, is to please "her public," or she soon has no public either to please or displease.

But even the meekest spirit comes at times to the poi..t of rebellion. With what grace I could summon I have bowed to these past decrees—for, as I say, if you are a motion picture actress trying to get along, it is not wise to take the wishes of the public too lightly. But now, when people tell me I must not bob my hair, I ask you in all fairness, aren't they going too far? And can you think of anything more calculated to inflame a woman's mind with an unconquerable desire to fly to the nearest hairdresser and have it done?

Recently, in an unguarded moment, I expressed a desire to bob my hair. I don't suppose it was so much a definite intention as it was idle speculation in which those of us who still have long hair occasionally indulge. But this statement brought back such a deluge of criticism, ranging all the way from mild reproof to violent denunciation, that it seemed that even in this private matter I was again expected to defer to the wishes of others.

I would not care to have anyone think that I take either myself or my hair too seriously. I am prepared to admit that there are probably two or three issues of more vital importance to the world than the question of bobbing my hair. I doubt very much if my decision will disturb the balance of power among nations, or more than temporarily upset the stock market.

All I mean to say is that there seems to be a perfectly amazing number of people who would like to settle this question for me—and all in the negative. And it is to these people that this article or petition is humbly but earnestly addressed.

If only one person had written saying: "I am awfully glad to hear that you are going to bob your hair," just to break the terrifying unanimity of disapproval, my case wouldn't seem quite so hopeless. As it is, all I can do is to present as convincingly as possible my reasons for wanting to cut my hair and see if I may win a reversal of judgment. If so, being a woman and therefore contrary minded, I may be satisfied with this concession and do nothing about it. Instead of changing my hair I am just as likely to change my mind.

Hesser photo

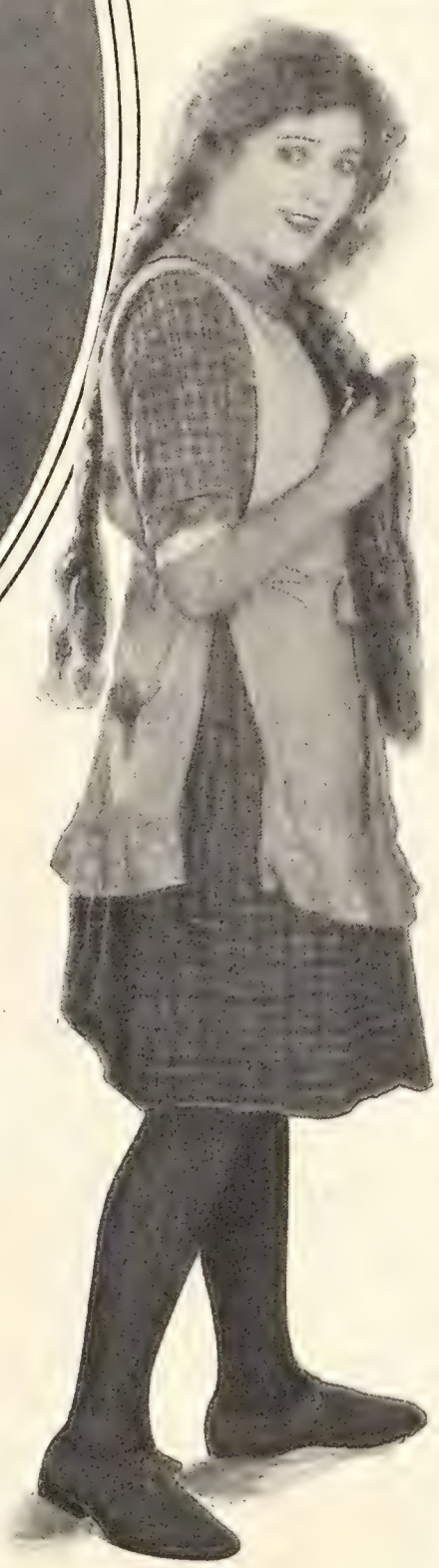
Mary Pickford wearing a charming bobbed hair wig in which she posed especially for Liberty; (at right) the little star as Annie Rooney, showing the famous tresses which face the executioner.

As for reasons, I am not betraying any dark, feminine secret when I say that a woman does not cut her hair or do many other things as a result of pure reason. The way to the hairdresser is not paved with logic. She does not say to herself: "There are six reasons why it would be better for me to bob my hair, and only five for keeping it as it is; therefore I will bob it." She does it because she wants to, or because her friends want her to, or in a few obstinate cases, as I have hinted, because they don't want her to.

But if we *are* to marshal the arguments, I cannot see but that most of them will be on the side of the short haired. In fact, except for sentiment and tradition, I cannot think of a single argument in favor of long hair. People who like to cling to the fashions of the past, who sigh mournfully over "the good old days," who think that the music and literature and art of the past were better than the offerings of today, and that human nature and charm are on a steady decline, leaving each period a little worse than the one before, will of course always become aroused over the sacrilege of destroying old idols, and deplore the loss of woman's "crowning glory." One always finds this reactionary minority tugging at the procession of progress, but the procession goes on just the same.

One can imagine some of the more old-fashioned and conservative members of a cannibal tribe clinging obstinately to their nose rings after the smart set had discarded them, sentimentally fingering these badges of beauty, hallowed by memory and tradition. And think of the Chinaman and his queue. In our eyes, his queue is hardly a thing of beauty, but I suppose no woman ever parted with her long hair with greater pangs.

FOR comfort and convenience, the arguments certainly all favor short hair. It is easier to wash, easier to keep clean and well groomed. In these outdoor days of swimming, golf, and motoring, a woman is relieved of that constant nagging anxiety of how her hair is standing the strain. Her hair, so to speak, is no longer on her mind to the exclusion of possibly more important matters.



But this question of comfort has never been one of paramount importance to our sex. Generations of tight-corseted ladies who were willing to sacrifice ease, health, and almost the act of breathing itself to achieve what they considered beauty of figure, attest the contrary—although I think we are growing a little more sensible on this point and are coming to the conclusion that comfort and beauty are not necessarily irreconcilable qualities.

Still, since a woman's appearance in most cases is so much more important to her than any other consideration, and since there is scarcely any form of torture to which she will not submit in order to improve it, we must waive this point of comfort as immaterial and attack the question solely on this sacred ground of her appearance.

It would take a wiser person than I am to state definitely that long hair is more or less

before most of the passengers knew they were in the air. She sailed high over the trees that had tripped the Flamingo and reached 2,000 feet over Sandy Hook.

IT was a perfect afternoon when the Swallow hopped off; but before she was halfway to Norfolk, Wilcox was dodging clouds. Then the plane swished through a shower. Wilcox kept close watch of the rain, for when propellers are turning up to full speed the blades are under terrific tension. A heavy shower sometimes pockmarks wooden blades, and an extra heavy drop or a hailstone has been known to splinter one. He was relieved when he drove into sunshine again.

Towson kept his bag close beside him. Wilcox noticed that Montinello looked down at it once in a while, then turned his head and stared at him and Harris.

The man gave him an uneasy feeling. Everybody else was admiring the scenery, but Montinello paid no attention to it. He seemed at home in the air, and when he glanced toward the horizon it was as though he were merely noting the position of the plane on a route that he knew almost as well as the pilot.

When the plane reached the Virginia capes, they were glorious in the sunshine. A west wind was blowing, and from 2,000 feet in the air the whitecaps looked like painted waves on a painted ocean. It was hard to see that they were moving. The steamers in Hampton Roads were like toy boats scattered about by a child.

Wilcox reeled his scroll chart up to keep in sight the part of it that showed the land and water that he could see. An automobile on a highway along the shore tried to race him, but soon was left behind.

Montinello unbuckled the leather flying coat that had been loaned him at the airdrome for protection against the weather. He opened it far enough to take a cigarette box from a pocket in his own coat. Wilcox felt sure that he would not try to light up with the wind whistling over the shield at 100 miles an hour; but he watched him closely, for smoking was prohibited. The box was empty and Montinello made a movement to throw it away.

Wilcox leaned forward like a flash and struck him on the shoulder. The big propellers suck in everything from the air in front of them, and a cigarette box might easily smash a blade. Montinello made an apologetic gesture and put the box back in his pocket.

The great plane flew on along her southerly course, her propellers and exhaust deafening those outside the cabin with their continuous roar, while those in the interior, protected from noise and wind, lolled in their comfortable chairs and enjoyed the sensation of speeding with velvety smoothness over rolling ocean, foaming breakers, promontories, fields, and forests.

A few minutes later Montinello took out a handkerchief and pushed up his goggles. The wind caught the glasses and swept them from his helmet.

Wilcox sprang up and made a one-hand catch that would have done credit to a Giant outfielder. The heavy goggles with the strap that went around the head would certainly have smashed a propeller. He handed the goggles to the mechanician, who stood up, leaned forward, and fastened them through the loop in the helmet, as they should have been in the first place.

Montinello turned half around, shook his head, and bowed his thanks.

During the next ten minutes Wilcox glanced at Montinello as often as he could spare a second from watching the controls, gauges, chart, coast, and air.

Montinello kept moving his hands nervously. Perhaps he missed his cigarette. He seemed nervous. He kept flipping his thumb, like a boy shooting marbles.

THE oil feed of the starboard engine showed signs of irregularity for a few seconds, and Wilcox and Harris leaned down to examine the gauge.

The next instant there was a crash of slivering wood. Splinters flew with piercing screeches. Some clicked against the wings, struts, and fuselage. The noise could be heard even above the roar of the engines. It sent a chill of terror to the heart of every man on board.

Wilcox knew from the sound, from the way the engine raced, and from the swerving of the plane, that the starboard propeller had gone, even before he glanced up and saw that there was nothing left of the prop but the hub.

He waved his hand toward the cabin to quiet the passengers there, and adjusted the controls to keep the plane on an even keel and turn her toward the coast. Everybody in the cabin was staring out of the windows, pale as ghosts.

One engine and propeller could not be depended on to keep the plane up with such a load, but they would carry her to a landing place within any reasonable distance, and Wilcox always had definite plans as to where he would land in case of accident at any point on his route.

He did not have to worry about Towson's doing anything foolish. The bank messenger grinned back over his shoulder as though it were a good joke on himself, running into two accidents the same day. That also helped to calm the panicky feelings of the passengers inside the cabin.

Wilcox was more worried about Montinello than anyone else, and kept his weather eye out for jumpiness on his part as he brought the plane down. But Montinello looked as though he had expected just what happened. If anything, he was too cool.

Wilcox picked out a smooth stretch of beach, came around into the wind, and throttled down to landing speed. The plane did not need much throttling, because the one engine could not pull the loaded plane much faster than sixty. The big balloon tires and the shock absorbers let the ship down as softly on the sand as she would have landed at Long Island. But, just as she was losing headway, with the engine dead, the port landing wheel struck a soft place and threw her nose against an old wreck that lay on the beach with a stump of a mast sticking out from her deck. The ancient hulk was on her beam ends, and the mast was at the same height as the nose of the plane. As Towson ducked, a fist caught him under the chin and knocked him unconscious.

Montinello, still in the rear seat, did not have so good a chance.

The plane skidded a few feet and stopped. Wilcox looked back and saw that nothing serious had happened in the cabin. Then he sent Harris back to open the door and help the passengers out, and straddled into the front seat to examine Towson, who was slumped down in his place. Wilcox thought he had been hit by the spar.

It was some time before the pilot's first-aid treatment brought the bank messenger to. The first thing that he did, after he opened his eyes, was to feel on the floor.

"My bag—where is my bag?" he asked Wilcox.

[CONCL'D ON NEXT PAGE]

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L. June

[PLEASE MAY I BOB MY HAIR?]
Continued from page twenty-nine

way of hair. There are heads whose outlines do not look well if too clearly revealed. There is the occasional Junoesque and imposing woman who with too closely trimmed locks would look inadequate—slightly indecent. Small bodies, small heads; large bodies, large heads.

It seems a natural law of proportion from which there is no logical escape, unless one aims at the bizarre and the eccentric.

Speaking of exceptions, I am one myself. And you may wonder why, if I hold such definite views on the merits of short hair, I have thus far clung to long hair. I may seem to fall into that very exasperating class of people who wisely prescribe a course for other people, but fail to take their own prescription, like the gourmet who pauses in the midst of a feast to rhapsodize over the great virtues of dieting.

But I have had a rather compelling reason up to the present time for keeping my long hair. My small-girl parts which I have done on the screen have demanded a luxuriant growth of curls. I could not very well have got along without them, for young girlhood is the one age that, until recently anyway, has remained unshorn.

BUT now that I am thinking of doing slightly older parts, say the girl of seventeen or eighteen, the reason for bobbing it seems just as impelling. For if I am going to represent the modern girl, the first thing I have got to do is to look like her. I cannot very well interrupt the picture with a long subtitle explaining why, although I am a modern young woman, I don't look like one.

I know when the moment comes to confront the hairdresser, I won't be as calm about it as I sound. I suppose I have even better reasons than the average woman for feeling sentimental about my hair and panicky about parting with it. I have lived with it a long time, and I have always washed and cared for it myself. In more ways than one I am attached to it. In the early days I have no doubt it impressed people from whom I sought work. People have been kind enough to say that it was the symbol of some individual thing I had to offer the screen. At any rate, it is an old friend, certainly not deserving the punishment I am planning for it. But I will spare the reader the further spectacle of a woman growing sentimental over her hair. These are feelings, not reasons, and I am trying to be convincing, not emotional.

To make my case as strong as I can, I should like to explain that I plan no wholesale destruction. If such a thing is possible, I am going to cut my hair and have it. It is always the violent extremists who bring a cause into disrepute. I think it is those women who have pared their hair to the quick, who have reduced it to an absurd minimum, who wear it plastered to their heads until it looks like something painted on the scalp—I think it is these fanatics who have created whatever prejudice there is against bobbed hair.

Just because we revolt from one ugly extreme of wearing too much hair, there is no reason why we should fly to another extreme which is just as ugly and instruct a hairdresser to fall ruthlessly upon our hair as if it were a blight upon womanhood.

Let us bob with moderation. From extreme boyish bobs, from ultra shingles, from closely cropped heads resembling a harvest field just after the reaping, and in particular from shaved necks, Heaven defend us!

Say what you will, a certain modicum of wavy hair seems to be inseparable from what we call "womanly charm." Shorn of this effect of softness the contours of the face grow harsh and even angular. For all I know, in some distant future we may all be hairless, and the bald, shining human pate may be fashionable, but let us leave such a horrid image to an age which will have mercifully become reconciled to it.

The illustrations which accompany this article will tell better than words the kind of bob I expect to have. It will be done, as I say, with moderation. What I want to do is to get rid of the weight, the inconvenience, the wholly disproportionate length of the back hair. But I do not intend to be too drastic even with this.

I DO not take very seriously the rumor that long hair is coming back into vogue, although I wouldn't be surprised to see some of the young girls who are growing up today try the experiment, since, never having had long hair, the novelty may appeal to them. But I do not believe the mode, if it comes in at all, will be more than temporary.

I haven't yet met the woman who has enjoyed the freedom and comfort of short hair and wants to return to hairpins and all the annoyances of long hair. Besides, you will notice that when fashion in its unceasing cycle comes to a vogue that is comfortable and sensible, it sticks at that point for a long time. Short hair and short skirts are due, I think, for a long stay.

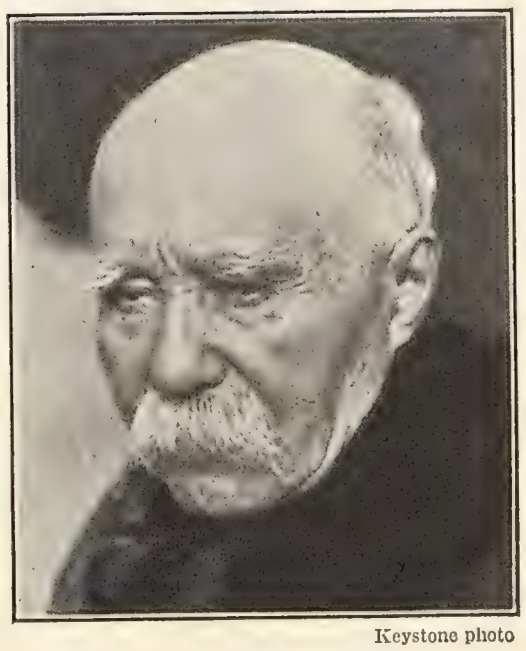
I have just thought of one advantage in having long hair. While it is long you can amuse yourself with all kinds of pleasant plans of when and how you will bob it. You can convert the dream into a reality any time you want.

But once it is short you are denied all this speculation.

You can no longer play with the two alternatives. If you decide you want it long again, no hairdresser has the magic to restore it. Only time—a long, long time—can perform the transformation.

But since I do not mean this as a serious consideration, and I have found no real arguments against it, I ask you again: Please may I bob my hair?

THE END



Keystone photo

Georges Clemenceau

NEXT WEEK—

A REMARKABLE interview with the man who led France out of war into peace. From his retirement on his little farm in La Vendée Georges Clemenceau, at eighty-seven, speaks with amazing frankness and vigor of his life, philosophy, and views on troubled international affairs.

WATCH FOR

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By George Sylvester Viereck

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Big Del's 4 Homers

How a Slugger of the '90s Set Baseball's Greatest Batting Record

By
HUGH FULLERTON

(Reading time: 4 minutes 45 seconds.)

THERE were Ruths in other generations of baseball. And the greatest of these was Big Ed Delehanty, oldest and greatest of all the Delehanty family that helped make baseball history.

There was one batting feat in the great career of Ed Delehanty that never has been equaled, and which perhaps will stand alone in the annals of the game for many years.

Delehanty spent most of his career with the Philadelphia Nationals. He was the hardest right-handed hitter in a generation that produced many. He was a harder hitter than Anson, or Brouthers, or Big Dave Orr.

There is no way of comparing the modern with the old-time batter, nor of estimating how many home runs Big Ed Delehanty would have made had the ball now in use been pitched to him. But the dents in the granite and brickwork of the Phils' park still remain to attest his power and his skill.

Delehanty had one theory of baseball. He managed the Philadelphia team once and used only one signal, which was: "Hit it."

It was Delehanty who made the greatest batting record ever scored in any baseball game. The records will indicate that he was tied with the famous "Link" Lowe of the great old Boston infield of Tenney, Lowe, Long, and Collins. I was fortunate enough to see both these feats, and, while each man is credited with making four home runs and a single out of five times at bat, Lowe's performance was as nothing when compared to that of Ed Delehanty. Of Lowe's hits, three dropped over the short fences, while Del's hits would have been home runs even in a game on an open prairie.

Those hits were made on the old West Side grounds at Polk and Lincoln streets in Chicago—a large and well shaped field, with a short fence directly on the right field foul line. The fence there was more than forty feet high, and canvas was raised over that to keep spectators on roof tops from looking into the park.

Big Ed Delehanty as he looked when he was busting fences in the '90s.

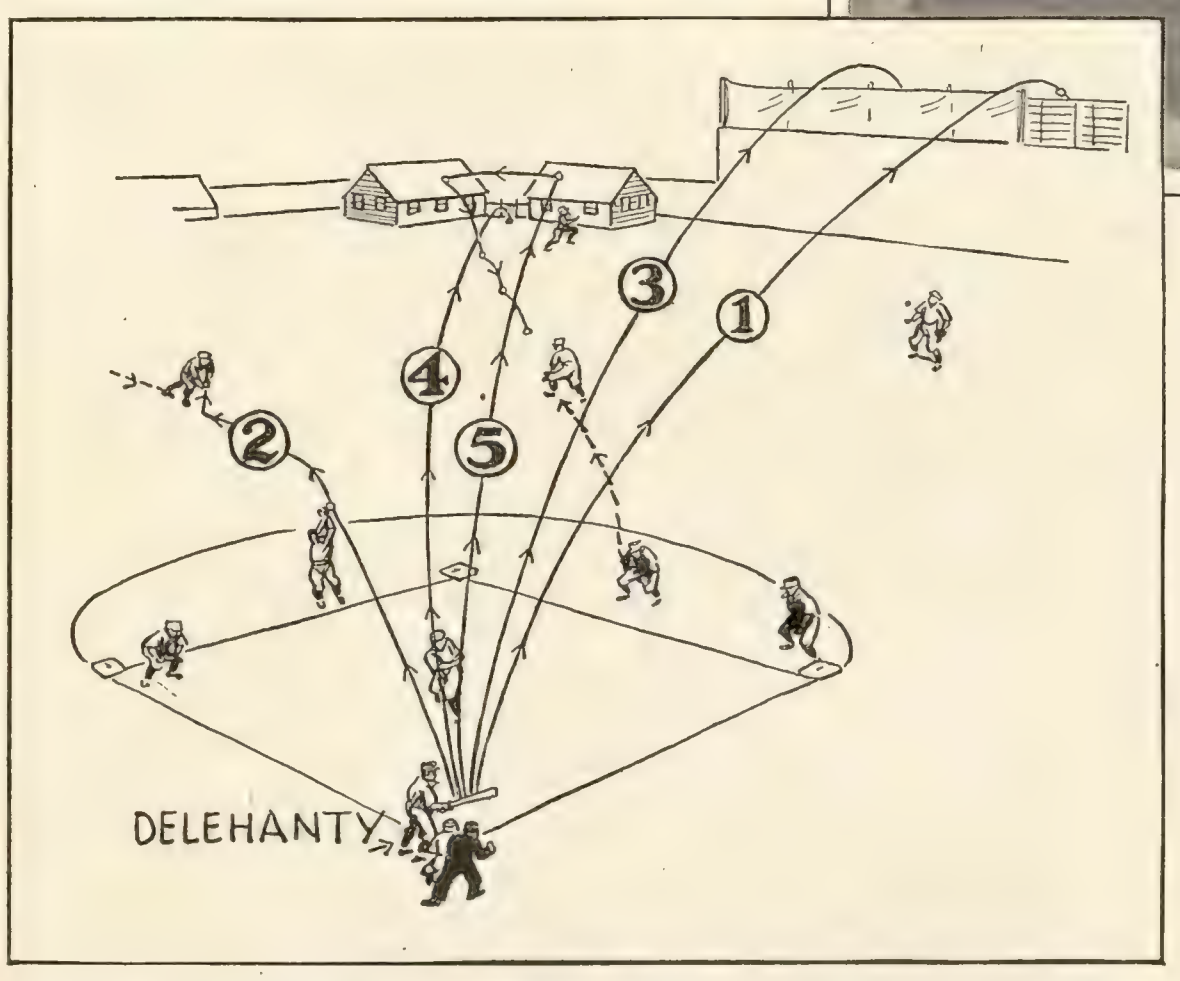

Diagram of Big Del's home run fusillade. 1—His first homer, over the right field score board; 2—A single that dropped in left; 3—His homer over right center field fence; 4—His homer to deep center; 5—His fourth homer, to the clubhouses.

The game was played on July 13, 1896, and nothing much depended upon the result, as neither team was going high in the race.

An odd feature of the feat was that the hits were made off a great pitcher who, until that day, always had been effective against Delehanty, and who afterward held him in check. The pitcher was Bill Terry, the famous Adonis of Brooklyn and Chicago, who, with the possible exception of Handsome Sid Farrar, father of the famous Geraldine of opera, was the handsomest player in the game.

Terry's magnificent sweeping overhand curve ball was good that day. It stopped the Philadelphia batters so that, while Del drove home or scored six of the Phils' eight runs, Chicago hammered Garvin's pitching hard enough to win the game.

DELEHANTY made his first home run in the first inning. One runner was on. The big fellow caught one of Terry's curves in the act of breaking, and hit it over the top of the score board in right field—perhaps forty feet inside the foul line. The ball hit the top of a house, and bounded down into Taylor Street.

The next time up Del hit what was perhaps the hardest hit ball of the day—and was credited only with a single. He hit the ball on a high line over shortstop, with his natural swing

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

and all the power of his 220 pounds behind it.

Bill Dahlen, the shortstop, leaped and stuck up both hands. The ball struck Dahlen's hands with such force as to handcuff him—that is, to break his hands apart and twist them so that his wrists were crossed. Dahlen was actually knocked off his balance, fell sideways, and alighted on one shoulder. The ball, going on, reached the left fielder on the first bounce in deep left.

It was certain then that Del had the range of Terry's curves, and in the fifth inning, with one runner on bases, he smashed the ball again and drove it over the right field fence far around toward center. This hit was more of a high line drive than an ordinary fly. So terrific was the force behind it that the ball passed over the canvas on top of the fence, entirely over a house, fell into Taylor Street, bounded through a window into a house, and broke up a pinochle game.

When that ball's course was traced, the owner of the house refused to believe the ball had been hit from within the park.

In the seventh inning, when Delehanty slouched to the plate again, the Chicago partisans were calling to him to hit another. He responded by hitting the first ball pitched on a line over center. Big Bill Lange raced backward. He leaped, and came near touching the ball with his hands, but it went on and struck a gate between the two clubhouses, Delehanty circling the bases before Lange could retrieve the ball.

THE BOX SCORE

CHICAGO

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Everitt, 3b	3	1	2	1	3	0
Dahlen, ss	2	2	0	0	0	0
Lange, cf	4	2	2	4	0	0
Anson, 1b	3	0	1	12	2	0
Ryan, rf	4	1	1	2	0	1
Decker, lf	4	1	1	0	0	1
Pfeffer, 2b	4	0	2	1	4	0
Terry, p	4	1	2	2	3	0
Donahue, c	3	1	0	5	0	0
Total	31	9	11	27	12	2

PHILADELPHIA

	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Cooley, lf	3	1	1	1	0	0
Hulen, ss	4	1	1	1	4	0
Mertes, cf	5	1	0	1	0	0
Delehanty, 1b	5	4	5	9	0	0
Thompson, rf	5	0	1	2	0	0
Hallman, 2b	4	1	1	5	3	0
Clements, c	2	0	0	5	3	0
Nash, 3b	4	0	0	0	3	1
Garvin, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Total	36	8	9	24	14	1

SCORE BY INNINGS

Philadelphia	2	1	0	0	3	0	1	0	1	—8
Chicago	1	0	4	0	4	0	0	0	x	—9

Two-base hits—Lange, Terry, Thompson, Decker. Three-base hits—Lange, Pfeffer. Home runs—Delehanty 4. Sacrifice hits—Hulen, Everitt. Stolen bases—Everitt 2, Dahlen 2, Lange, Anson, Mertes, Thompson. Struck out—By Terry 5, by Garvin 4. Bases on balls—By Terry 3, by Garvin 5. Double play—Hulen, Hallman, and Delehanty.

By that time the 800 spectators realized they were witnessing an extraordinary performance. When, in the ninth inning, Delehanty came to bat again, the Chicago rooters were yelling for him to break the record.

Lange, a big, mischievous fellow, retreated far out to center. The clubhouses of that day were set at an angle—partly facing each other, partly facing toward the playing field—and Lange played directly between them, so far out it seemed impossible to hit a ball to him. But Big Del more than did.

The ball, passing second base, was scarcely higher than the baseman's reach, and, running over, he leaped at it without touching it. But so hard was the ball hit that it was curving upward, and it looked as if Lange had guessed right and would wreck Delehanty's record by catching the ball. He raced across between the clubhouses, but the ball sailed higher and curved until it struck the roof of the clubhouse on the right field side, bounded at an angle struck the top of the other clubhouse, and caromed back into the field toward second base.

So great was the force of the blow that the second baseman reached it before Lange could do so—but before he could whirl and throw, Delehanty had completed his fourth circuit of the bags.

After the game Terry said that Delehanty hit three curves and two fast balls. All the explanation Del could make of his feat was:

"Oh, I had my eye today."

THE END.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Bringing Up Grandpa

Grandfather had just learned to drive the new car, and was taking his little granddaughter for a ride, when, going down a steep hill, he lost control of the machine, with the result that they landed up against a stone wall.

Quickly collecting herself, the little girl looked severely at her grandfather, and, shaking a finger at him, exclaimed:

"Now, grandpa, don't you ever do that again."—Mrs. Ada C. Glenn, Bellemoor, Del.

* * *

She'd Make an End On't

Dolores had been playing with a toy tea set and requested her mother to fill the teapot with water.

After several such requests, the busy mother said, "Oh, Dolores, you worry me with that water!"

A few minutes later, Dolores returned with the pot and said, "Mother, give me just two more *worries* and then I'll stop."—Mrs. M. K. Sendon, 1410 S. Tenth St., Waco, Tex.

* * *

Some Do; Some Don't

Auntie was trying to be friendly to little Bernice, but was regarded with some suspicion by her.

"I hope you are getting along well at school," remarked Auntie. "I wonder if you can spell horse?"

"I could if I wanted to," replied Bernice airily; "but don't you think it's rather old-fashioned?"—Mary Shroad, 439 Broadway, Newport, R. I.

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Wallace Reid in Deerslayer, one of his first pictures, when he was nineteen.

The Life Story of WALLACE REID

The Tragedy of an American Idol

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

(Reading time: 21 minutes 15 seconds.)

THE author told last week of the childhood of Wallace Reid, one of the greatest motion picture stars, son of Hal Reid, the famous playwright. When seventeen years old, he left school and went West to be "on his own." She goes on here to describe his experiences.

PART TWO

IT is never an easy thing to estimate the impress of events upon a man's character. But it has come to me, in going back over Wallace Reid's life, that it is well for us if we take our knocks early, while the resilience of youth is there to resist them and the years are ahead in which to profit by them.

It is rather like playing a hand of bridge at no trump: you are more apt to make game if you lose what tricks must be lost while you still have control of all the suits.

The year which Wally spent in Wyoming, following his decision not to go to Princeton, was what he afterward called a lean year. But he took no real bumps even then.

Bumps? Why, they were adventures any boy might envy him. He was seeing life and having, as he so well knew how to have, a grand time doing it. His enthusiasm, a priceless quality which always added zest to everything he did, held then the glow of youth as well. In all his thirty-one years of glory and tragedy, I don't think Wally ever knew what it was to be bored.

Let us stop and look for a moment at this young man—who was eventually to face a fight against odds, a spiritual fight such as few men have been called upon to enter—upon that morning when he descended from the train in the town of Cody, Wyoming.

Wally thought of those days as the happiest that ever came to him. He was seventeen. He was a young giant in strength, for he had filled out as he grew to his six feet one of clean-limbed, slim-waisted, broad-shouldered manhood. He had the merriest blue eyes, the quickest, most appealing smile, the smoothest blond head a boy ever carried into a strange land. He was "on his own" for the first time, free in a country which his romantic young imagination had invested with all the glamour of Western tales pored over for years.

What if he had only fifteen cents in his pocket? That was part of the fun to a boy who had always been supplied with everything by an indulgent but not very wise father. No longer was he just "Hal Reid's son." He was Wally Reid, a man and an individual.

Also, beside the nickel and dime in his pocket rested his most prized possession, a letter from Buffalo Bill Cody himself to his sister, "Aunt May," recommending young Reid to her special care. Nobody knew that Wally had that letter, but it was in fact the prime factor in his determination to go West.

Some months before, Buffalo Bill had gone to New York in search of a play. Naturally, he found his way to the door of that prolific playwright, Hal Reid. While they were working out the play, Wally Reid had many times met the man who symbolized the Wild West. The boy sat around and listened to the two men "gas," and, boylike, erected a shrine to the great Westerner.

© Brown Brothers

The old Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, where Wallace Reid wanted to be a director, but became Florence Turner's leading man.

One day he and Buffalo Bill were alone for a few minutes on the porch of the Reid home that overlooked the Hudson. Wally seized the golden opportunity. Already he had definitely made up his mind not to go to Princeton. A bad decision, undoubtedly. His character and mind needed slow and steady molding, needed contact with men who were his equals—above all, needed the mellow traditions and calm atmosphere of such a university as Princeton. He needed to be held back until his strength and knowledge matched his quick mind and his full-grown body.

BUT he was greedy for life; so he said to Buffalo Bill, "I'd like to go West for a while, Mr. Cody. I think it would do me a lot more good than going to college."

Probably Mr. Cody agreed with him. At any rate, stroking his goatee, he said, "All right, young feller. I'll write you out a letter to my sister. If you ever get out to our town, I reckon she'll see you get 'cakes,' anyhow."

If he ever got out to their town! He took the next train, and landed in Cody on a bright, clear morning in 1909, ready for anything.

In those days Aunt May Cody and her husband Lou Decker ran the Hotel Irma.

"But," Wally said, "Aunt May did most of the running, believe me."

Shyly, for there was always a shy quality about Wally, young Reid walked into the hotel and presented his treasured letter. Aunt May read it over her glasses, looked up at the tall youth before her with a long, penetrating glance, and then took him literally and figuratively to her heart.

"Well, now," said Buffalo Bill's sister, "we need a night clerk around here, and I reckon you'll do. I'll give you thirty a month and cakes."

That night found Wallace Reid presiding behind the desk of the Hotel Irma.

The clientele of Cody's leading hostelry was varied and picturesque. It made up in color what it may have lacked in refinement. Plainsmen gathered regularly in its lobby, cowboys put up there on their visits to town, Indians were no novelty.

Every night a circle of old-timers occupied the brown leather chairs and swapped yarns full of the events and personalities and flavor of the never-to-be-forgotten days when Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane and Billy the Kid were stars in the firmament of the West.

© Brown Brothers

How they made the movies when Wally entered them. A set used in the 1912 vintage of Vitagraph pictures.

White photo

With his mother, Mrs. Bertha Westbrook Reid, during his first year in pictures.

Photo from the Albert Davis Collection

At the beginning of his meteoric rise to popularity.

Not quite the West of Owen Wister and The Virginian, but the closest thing to it.

The young night clerk reveled in it. He was all eyes and ears. But at last he could look and listen no more. The need of action gripped him. He must go out and do some of these things for himself. He must feel a good horse under him, sleep on his saddle blankets beneath the stars, shoot a mountain lion, and possibly—who knows?—"get his man." He hadn't come West to be a clerk.

WHEN he told Aunt May of his decision, she cocked a wise old eye upon him. "I hate to lose you," she said, "but I reckon it won't do you any harm. You're too young to stay put yet awhile."

For six months, then, Wally roamed Wyoming. He earned his living as a "hand," and after a few ignominious failures reached the place where, as Bill Nye once put it, he didn't afford the spectators a view of the scenery between him and the saddle. He was a member of a surveying gang on the Shoshone dam for a time. And in between were glorious days of shooting, fishing, and riding through the mountains with men who knew every fork and peak in the country.

There is a tale of those days which Wally used to tell. He always swore it was true, and one perforce believes him, for it was never his habit to lie. He was too truthful always. In later days, when his greatness made him a target for the envious, his truthfulness about himself gave people the ammunition to use against him. He admitted his faults too readily, and people who did not understand the humility of the boy's soul misjudged him cruelly.

As for the tale—Wally and two or three other cowboys had gone into the Big Horn basin after mountain sheep and other game. The third day out, Wally shot an antelope. The woods and underbrush were thick there, in a little region of cañons and rocks, and he wanted to find his prize himself.

By the time he had located the antelope, darkness had fallen, and he found that he had lost his way. A shot from his rifle would probably have brought his companions, but, boylike, he hated to admit that his woodsmanship had failed him. Already he had lived down the title of tenderfoot and he didn't intend to have it hung on him again if he could help it. So he decided to spend the night where he was and find his way back by daylight.

He went to bed under a tree, with the antelope laid out in front of him. His sleep was sound and dreamless. But when he wakened there was nothing left of his antelope but bones. The tracks of a big mountain lion circling the skeleton established the identity of the thief.

"I never knew why he didn't eat me too," said Wally with a grin. "Guess he filled up on antelope and didn't want any dessert."

HOW long that life would have satisfied him it is difficult to say. Probably for some years. The outdoors, the beauty of the big, half-tamed country, the bodily activity, the companionship of men, were very pleasant things to him.

This time the decision was taken out of his hands, but, in a way, it was as unfortunate as his own decision not to go to college.

Undoubtedly a few more years in that environment would have helped him greatly,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Quick! Conquer Sunburn

Sunburn strikes quickly—be ready

HE'S treacherous, Mr. Summer Sun. He catches you when you're least on guard,—when the breeze is coolest, when the beach is brightest and friends are gayest.

You know sunburn—the sting of hot crimson skin, nights and days of torture; precious hours, the best days of the year, lost forever.

Be ready. Keep Unguentine in your outing kit and apply at the first sign of redness. The smart is soothed, terrible blistering is prevented. Yet you tan brown as a berry.

Unguentine is the surgical dressing physicians use for all burns. It helps prevent the formation of the sunburn poisons that can cause severe sickness. Use it before exposure, too, to avoid even a touch of painful burns. At your druggist's, 50c. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N.Y. Canada—193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Unguentine

Apply Unguentine liberally at the first sign of burn

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page thirty-seven

would have given him judgment and coolness to use in the coming days of fame and luxury. For it was a good environment, a clean environment, for a young man, and there, for perhaps the only time in his life, he stood upon an equal footing with other men. His charm, his good looks, his breeding, told against him rather than in his favor.

Instead, he was rushed, with that strange swiftness that marks his whole career, into a life where the external things alone were sufficient to give him opportunity and success.

HAL REID wanted his son. Letters were unavailing. Wally liked Wyoming, he was eating regularly, and he proposed to stay there. But when Hal Reid wanted anything badly enough he was entirely unscrupulous in his method of getting it.

A telegram from his father arrived at the bunk house, one night, saying that Wally's mother was seriously ill. In a panic, the boy packed his things, rode into town, and caught the first train East. When he arrived, a little pale and shaken with anxiety, his mother was out driving with his aunt. She had never been ill. But Hal Reid had his son once more and he thought it all a huge joke. I am afraid it was a costly one, and certainly it was a cruel one.

However, he was at home and he stayed there.

Everyone's life is formed to a great extent by circumstances, by little things, by chance. But Wally's, it seems to me, was controlled thus more than most people's. The versatility of his talents prevented any strong and definite urge that might have driven him on one straight course. He had loved the Western life, but not passionately enough to return to it now, in the face of his mother's plea, his father's opposition, and the joys and comforts of home.

He had grown in that year beyond all possibility of going back to school, although his mother renewed her urging in that direction. Her farseeing love, her deep instinct, seemed to feel always the need of going slowly with this handsome, gifted son of hers. But it was useless. Wally loved speed.

He was trying in those days to find himself. Sometimes I think he never did.

Anyway, the thing that now came to him was the desire to write—stimulated, of course, by his father's precept and example.

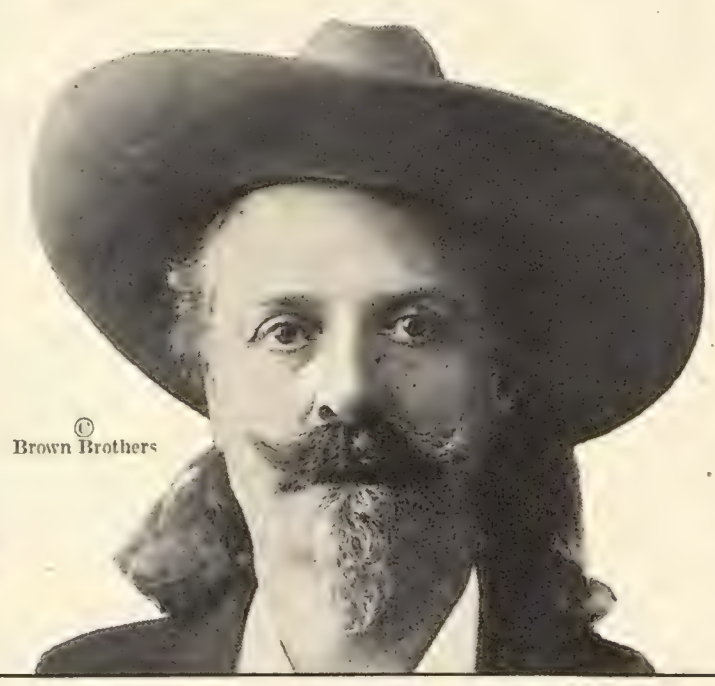
So he went to work as a reporter on the Newark *Morning Star*. He wrote a daily column for that paper under his own name. He became Atlantic Coast correspondent for the New York *Journal*. His work was good. He showed the same facility with words, the same keen sense of the dramatic, that had made his father's tremendous success.

But he lacked the ruthlessness of the star reporter. Drama, pathos, unusual angles, sentiment, he could see. But he had no "nose for news." The ferret quality of diving down deep and bringing up what is hidden wasn't in him. The truth is that he lost his last newspaper job because he suppressed facts in a story which he had been sent to cover. The rival paper printed them.

I had been a newspaper reporter myself, and in the days when he and I used to spend many long hours discussing everything under the sun, we touched upon the job of newspaper reporting. It was then he told me how he lost that last job.

"But, Wally," I said, "didn't you realize that you were throwing down your paper? Where was your loyalty to your paper?"

"What the hell is a paper?" said Wally, and looked at me rather wistfully. "I—I guess I'm wrong, but I couldn't throw down a human being for anything so abstract as a paper."



© Brown Brothers

Brown Bros. photo

Cody, Wyoming, where Wally at seventeen went for a taste of frontier life, armed with a letter of introduction from Buffalo Bill Cody (above).

But the writing bee was still in his bonnet, so he tried his hand at editing.

Perriton Maxwell, then editor of *Cosmopolitan*, had known Wally since he was a boy. The Maxwell home adjoined the Reid home on the banks of the Hudson and was part of Wally's boyhood playground. Among other magazines with which Perriton Maxwell was connected was one called *Motor*.

Wally's passion for automobiles, which led to one of the most dramatic and heart-rending episodes of his life, of which I shall tell you later, was a thing the editor had noticed about his youthful neighbor. So he offered him a job as assistant editor of this publication.

The love of a man for a horse has been immortalized in song, story, and painting. Great works of art owe their inspiration to the love of a sailor for his boat. But the love of a man for an automobile has yet to be adequately sung.

WALLY adored automobiles. I have seen him sit on the curb and gaze at a new roadster literally for hours, pointing out its lines, emphasizing its beauties, explaining its mechanical perfections. He was the finest driver I've ever ridden with.

From his kid days until the day he died he got a kick out of a fine automobile. But that love crystallized during the days he spent on *Motor*. Not much of his time was devoted to the business of editing, I'm afraid. But he was invaluable to the magazine just the same, because he always knew everything there was to know about improvements, new models, and men connected with automobiles.

But, happy as he was in this work, his mind rapidly concentrating on mechanics and invention and keenly alive to the great future of the automobile industry, fate seemed determined to force him from this channel as it had forced him out of the West, back into the dangerous artificial world of playacting, of make-believe.

He never had displayed the faintest leaning toward the profession of acting—though once, during a summer vacation, he had appeared in a tryout of a play called Unto the Fourth Generation, in which Robert Edeson was starred.

Henry B. Harris and Daniel Frohman, two of the biggest producers in New York, came to see the opening performance. Both of them spoke afterward to the big, handsome boy who moved so nat-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY]

Announcement

EVERY ROOM *now* $1.95

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ALL WITH PRIVATE BATH OR TOILET

FOR EACH ADDITIONAL PERSON
$1.00 extra {Room with Bath} 50¢ extra {without Bath}

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CHICAGO.

All other charges are economical in proportion. All rooms outside, modern, comfortable. Eighteen stories, fireproof. One of the most convenient locations in Chicago—directly across from La Salle Street railroad terminal, and Board of Trade, and a few minutes' ride to all other terminals—a block or two from every national motor highway—and right in the heart of the shopping, theater, financial, wholesale, and business districts.

FORT DEARBORN HOTEL
La Salle *and* Van Buren Sts.
CHICAGO

The MAXPAR is made by DUNLOP

need more be said?

SOME of the characteristics of the Maxpar have already created a demand that is in excess of present manufacturing capacity.

75¢ DUNLOP

MAXPAR

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID Continued from page thirty-eight]

urally and charmingly through his small part.

They offered him contracts. But Wally only laughed.

His mother, Bertha Westbrook Reid, told me recently that she could never remember at any time hearing him mention acting as a possible life's work. Invention, engineering, medicine, ranching, writing—all these appealed and came under discussion between them. But acting—never.

When he was at the very height, when he was better known and better loved by the world than any other actor has ever been, he still felt that it wasn't quite a man's job.

The pictures he loved were the ones where he had to do stunts—where he could ride, or drive a racing car, or go on location into Yosemite Valley and sit around the fire with the forest rangers. I never heard him belittle his work, but I know there was always a sense that he might have done something more manly.

"When you put grease paint on the face," he said one day, when I was watching him make up in his dressing room, "something goes out of the heart."

And he laughed. But there was a wistful sound in that laugh.

NO, acting was not Wally's choice. He always said that acting was all right for a woman; that women had always acted, because they had to; that it was natural for a woman to make the most of her charm and her looks. But those things were not natural for a man. And he quoted Arnold Bennett's famous line, "A great actress is something more than a woman, but the greatest actor is something less than a man."

He was switched into it over and over again, as you will see. And that little feeling of self-contempt told against him later.

First there had been his own decision not to go to college.

Then his father's telegram calling him home from the West.

Thirdly, the illness of a man who meant nothing in his life.

Hal Reid had written a vaudeville sketch called The Girl and the Ranger, in which he himself was to be starred. Wally had helped him in writing it, and had attended some of the rehearsals. The piece was ready to open, the dates were booked, the night set. Suddenly the young actor who was to play the important juvenile rôle became seriously ill.

There was no time for anyone else to get up in the part, so his father suggested that Wally should play it for a short time.

There was a bitter battle over this step between the boy's father and mother, the bitterest they ever had.

During the years since she had been the sweet and gay and pretty young Bertha Westbrook, Wallace Reid's mother had known much that was bitter in life. Success and money had not been entirely adequate to gloss over some of the disappointments she had sustained through her genius husband. Her simple trust in life was gone.

She had looked face to face upon much that was ugly, and these experiences, which had forced her to grow spiritually, had also implanted in her a great fear of what the wear and tear of life and the mirage of temptations can do to facile and gifted natures.

Whenever Wally and the theater were mentioned in the same breath, this fear took possession of her.

Brown Bros. photo

Buffalo Bill with "Aunt May," his sister, who welcomed Wally to Cody and gave him a job in her hotel.

THE hot blood of Hal Reid was strong in Wally's veins, for all the boy's fine, clean sweetness. And she dreaded, with some intuition stronger than mere reason, his contact with the glittering, free, careless life of the stage. Wally himself had no consciousness of his own charm, of his masculine beauty. But his mother knew.

And thus, for once in her life, she gave battle royally. But Hal Reid ignored her, and Wally, not understanding the deep fear of the future that prompted her, laughed. She was making a mountain out of a molehill, he said. He was a grown-up man—at nineteen—and he knew what he was doing. Perhaps it was the final outbreak of a boy who rebels forever against his mother's apron strings.

Wally opened in the sketch in New York and went on the road in it with his father.

It wasn't a very long tour, and Wally enjoyed it as he always enjoyed new things and new people. Vaudeville is a world apart. Its people speak a fascinating language. It is full of color and excitement. Wally drank it all in.

Thus in a brief space of a year and a half, and before he was twenty, Wally Reid had been cowboy, hotel clerk, surveyor, reporter, editor, and vaudeville actor.

"Sometimes," he said to me once, when he happened to drop in and found me tearing my hair in an effort to find a situation to fit somewhere, "sometimes I think it's a shame I can't write. I've seen so much. I've really been close to and had a lot of experience with all sorts of unusual people and places. When they let me quit acting, I'm going to write my own scenarios and direct them myself."

IT was true that he had seen much of many kinds of people. It had given him a wide tolerance, a tolerance far beyond his years; for tolerance is the virtue of age, not of youth. It is not well for youth to be too tolerant, too familiar with human frailties and temptations which make mellowed age, itself beyond the reach of such things, forgive and condone.

The engagement of The Girl and the Ranger ended in Chicago, and a momentous event took place there in consequence—an event momentous for Wallace Reid and for the world.

There, in 1910, Wallace Reid touched motion pictures for the first time.

His father went out to the old Selig Polyscope Company to confer with them about some stories. Wally went along. The father and son were very close in those days. Wally was once more entirely under the spell of his father's brains and wit and easy ways with the world.

And there, in that little old Chicago studio, the boy saw something that he wanted to do. He wanted to be a cameraman. There was a combination of mechanics and art—the thing he had been searching for and never found. So he decided to stay in Chicago and turn the crank on the little black box that made motion pictures.

But directors saw his great photographic possibilities, and almost before he knew it he was in front of the camera.

Wally tried hard to be everything in motion pictures except an actor. He was a cameraman, a writer, a director—and preferred any of them to acting.

The next months were swift steps in motion pictures. He went

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-TWO]

You'll get it with the Readyset—
Just open · · aim · · SHOOT!

"I hope it's focused and set right!"

"Forget that! Remember you're using a Readyset —the camera you don't have to focus or adjust!"

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That one feature of the Ansco Readyset Camera does more to assure good snapshots than any device, or combination of devices, that could be *added* to its design.

Why? Because snapshotting has an art of its own —alertness, dexterity, speed. Fumble one thing, or wobble another—and the picture may be gone!

There is nothing about the Readyset to fumble or fuss with. All you can possibly do is Open—Aim —SHOOT.

Your fingers encounter none of the tricky cams and buttons useful in technical photography but confusing to millions of snapshotters.

Every Readyset comes to your hands focused and adjusted for the work you want it to do—this made possible by the fact that the vast majority of snapshots are made under much the same conditions. Why add complications when the task itself is so simple?

Buy* or borrow a Readyset. Use it yourself; note the high percentage of "perfects"—the pictures you want taken as you want them. Then you, too, will join the chorus: "You'll get it with the Readyset. Just Open—Aim—SHOOT!"

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Three popular picture sizes:
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The Ansco Readyset

No. 1 (2¼ x 3¼), $10.50.
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Pictures that satisfy—or a new film free! That is the spirit and the letter of the Ansco Guarantee, packed with every roll of Ansco Speedex Film. It means that the film which comes in the red-and-yellow box is all that a film can possibly be. Nothing short of the finest could make such an offer!

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"If the results from this film do not suit you, no matter whose fault it is . . . we will send you postpaid a new roll free of charge, together with suggestions of real help to you in obtaining fine results with your camera."

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The guaranteed film

The lather's the thing—

MENNEN lather won't sharpen a dull razor, but it will soften the toughest, horniest beard that grows. And that's the most important part to any shave. For unless your beard is thoroughly and actually softened, the keenest razor is up against a stiff handicap. When the razor edge runs up against a partially soft beard it does one of two things. It either hurdles the hairs or hooks part way in, yanking and tugging painfully at the hair roots and nerves.

When your razor slides into Mennen lather it does just one thing. It shaves the beard off square, smooth and close at the skin surface without pulling or scraping. It's *dermutation* that does it—that special property in Mennen lather which completely softens the horny stiffening in every hair, while relaxing and smoothing out the tiny skin mounds at the base of the hair. No more nicking or scraping or rawness. No caustic to burn. No slapped, tight-drawn feeling when you're through. It takes only the addition of water—hard or soft, hot or cold—to put *dermutation* to work in the rich, heavy, moist bank of lather that rolls up under your brush without messy finger rubbing. What a difference *dermutation* makes! Five soothing emollients in Mennen lather cleanse and tone up the face, leaving it smooth and fit for hours to come. 50c a tube.

Also made Mentholized

There's a reviving coolness in a dash of menthol in your lather that's refreshing and luxurious. For those who revel in its brisk, tonic feel we now make Mennen Shaving Cream with and without menthol. To get the mentholized, ask your dealer for the Mennen tube with the red ball. Either tube—50c.

There's only one Mennen Talcum for Men!

It was the first Talcum for Men, made neutral tinted not to show. It's the only one they'll have, too. Tones down that after-shave glitter. 25c a tin. In stick form—50c.

[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page forty

back to New York to be near his mother, who had been injured in an automobile accident. But he had decided to stick to motion pictures.

Directing was the thing that appealed to him. In consequence, he took his father's play, The Confession, to Vitagraph and offered to write a scrip and direct it himself. They agreed, but in the end he played a part as well. And before long he was acting as Florence Turner's leading man. They just wouldn't let him direct — naturally enough, they didn't want to hide Wallace Reid from the eyes of the public.

Later, he and his father worked for Reliance, writing and acting.

During that winter in New York romance entered Wally's life for the first time.

Florence Turner, the famous Vitagraph star, for whom Wally Reid was leading man.

The Confession, Hal Reid's last big success, opened at the Bijou Theater before a brilliant first-night audience. Artists, society leaders, titled visitors, and civic celebrities turned out in force. Mr. and Mrs. Hal Reid and Wallace held an impromptu reception in the lobby afterward.

AMONG those in the throng were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood of Los Angeles, and their daughter Elizabeth.

The handsome young screen actor, very tall and blond in his new evening clothes, and the slim, dark girl, all in gauzy white, met, touched hands, and fell head over heels in love.

Elizabeth Modini-Wood at that time occupied that particular throne reserved for the most beautiful, talented, and popular débutante in Los Angeles society. Her people were California pioneers, and she looked like a Spanish infanta, with great, glowing dark eyes and masses of black hair. And she wore brilliant combs and lace mantillas that enhanced the effect.

In addition, she had musical ability of so high an order that she had resolved to forsake the social whirl and go abroad to study for grand opera. She and her mother and father were preparing to sail for Italy in the spring.

Two months after their first meeting—two months spent in dining, driving, dancing together—Wally and Elizabeth were engaged. It was love's young dream, from which they were rudely awakened by the opposition of Elizabeth's parents.

They did not, perhaps, object personally to young Wallace Reid. That would have been a rather difficult thing to do. Nor could they object to his family tree. Nor did they object to Mrs. Reid, who received them with her usual graciousness.

It may be that they did not altogether admire Hal Reid, but at the same time he was a famous man, a celebrity of the first water.

No; their real objection was to the idea of marriage for their young daughter. A great career appeared to lie before her. She was barely nineteen. Time enough for marriage later. And—a motion picture actor? Just what was a motion picture actor? A grand opera prima donna was on thing, but they had hardly expected to have an actor in the Modini-Wood family.

So there was one last moonlight ride in Central Park, promises, a heartbroken farewell, and the fairy princess, as Wally called her, was whisked away to Europe, out of reach of the young actor and the chance of one of those rash elopements by which young people sometimes circumvent the wisdom of their elders.

They never met again until both were happily married and Wallace Reid had become the idol of millions. They could afford then to laugh over their youthful heartbreak—for who hasn't had at least one unhappy love affair in youth? But in those days it was no laughing matter and New York became unendurable for Wally.

THEN, suddenly, in an hour, a new life opened for him.

He was going to Hollywood. Not as an actor. "I'm never going to act again," he said. He was going as assistant director, scenario writer, second cameraman, and general utility man to Otis Turner, the big Universal director. The chance of a lifetime. The creative end of this great new art and industry which was then actually in its infancy.

There was a last-minute luncheon at the Knickerbocker Hotel with his mother. Perhaps if either of them could have looked into the future, that luncheon wouldn't have been so gay. But they didn't know what the Hollywood years were to hold, and so they were very festive; for Wally was all elation, and his mother unselfishly sunk her grief at losing him.

Hollywood! There was to be no

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

Yesterday = Today = Tomorrow

In 1848—just 80 years ago—in what was then Wisconsin Territory the first rail of the present Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Pacific Railroad was laid. Today it is a system of 11,200 miles, stretching from the Great Lakes to the North Pacific Coast.

Yesterday's hardships have endowed the people of the West with courage and vision, and both are manifested in their institutions. The Milwaukee Road, while owned by stockholders residing in every State, is essentially an institution of the great West, and it takes pride in the fact that it has had a part with other pioneers in the development of the West and Northwest.

Today the Milwaukee Road furnishes transportation to the people of twelve great States. To do this well is its constant endeavor: by furnishing fast and dependable transportation to and from the markets of the world; by opening new gateways that the national parks may be more easily accessible; by actively interesting itself in the welfare of the people; by locating new settlers and industries; and by assisting in every other practical way in the upbuilding of the country with which it has cast its lot.

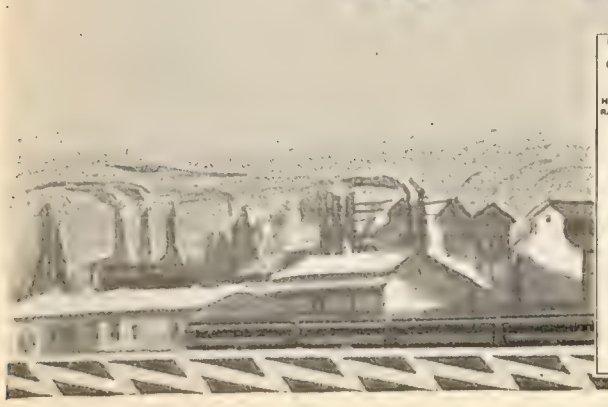
For *tomorrow* the outlook is encouraging. The territory is rich in varied resources. The people are intelligent, industrious, courageous, and look with confidence to the future. A better era in agriculture and business conditions seems under way. The Milwaukee Road can aid in this improvement and its entire personnel of over 50,000 loyal and competent men and women is pledged to this end.

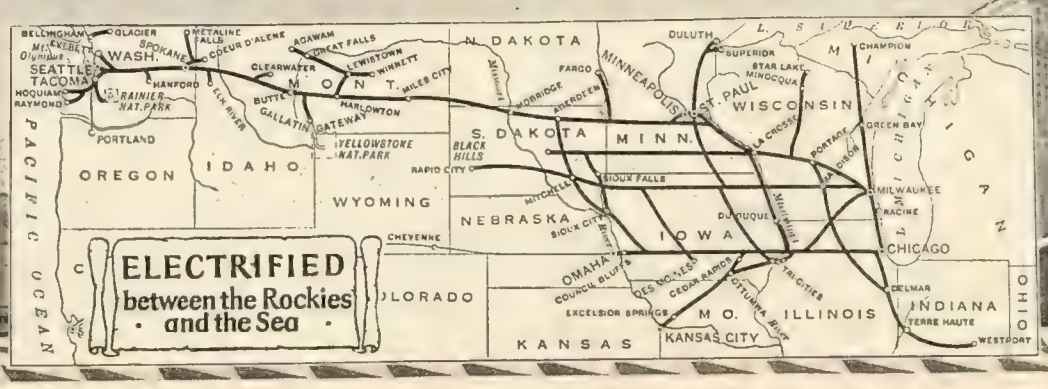
H. E. Byram

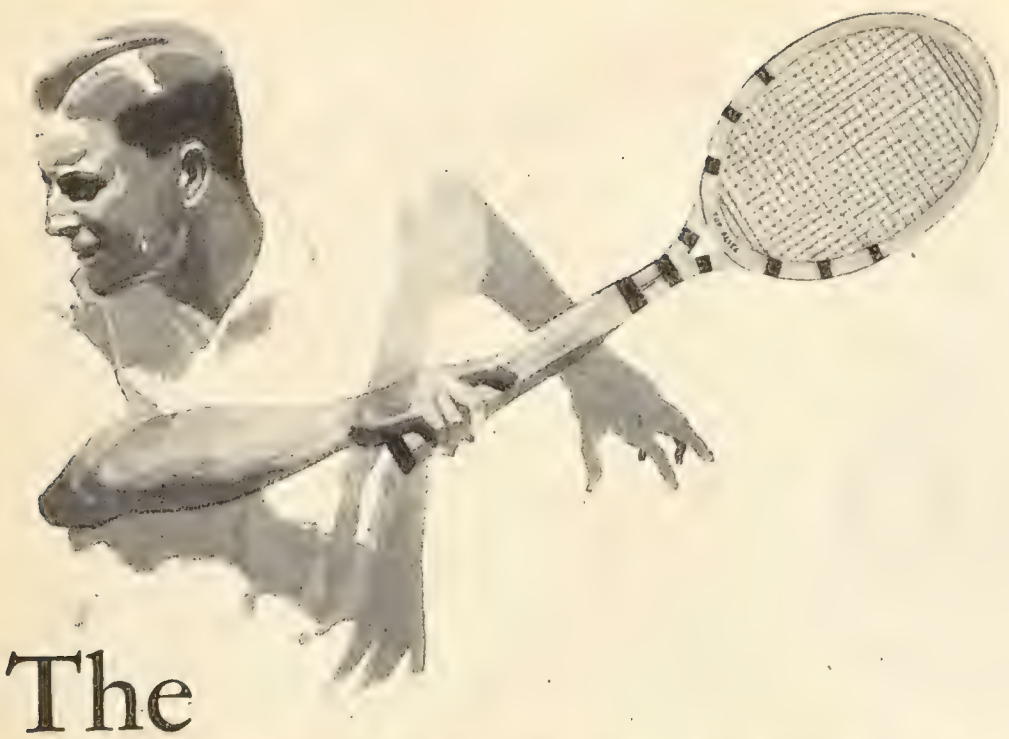
PRESIDENT

CHICAGO MILWAUKEE AND ST. PAUL PACIFIC

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

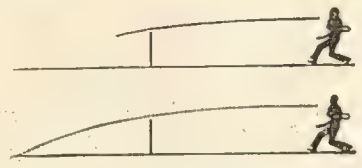






The chain-lightning speed of this faster bat

gives you a split-second gain with every smash you make!



Gets the ball there a split-second quicker

THE Top-Flite—the world's fastest bat—gives you what no other tennis racket can give you—*a split-second more speed* with every drive and every smash you make!

And that vital split-second advantage is often a *point-winning* advantage!

From the time it was first handed to champions, this lightning-fast bat has been the talk of the tennis world. Last year, when it was made available to all tennis players, major tournaments throughout the world were won with it—tournaments in England, the Continent, Australia and Canada, as well as in the United States—a record no other tennis racket has ever equaled or approached!

The secret of the Top-Flite's amazing speed lies in its new principle of construction. No other bat is made like it. The Top-Flite has a lighter, smaller head, making possible tighter stringing. It has a new perfection of balance making it easier, faster to handle—shoulder construction that gives it strength for many restringings—and a new *reinforced* open throat that gives it a "whip" never before attained in a tennis racket.

Play it! There's a Top-Flite with exactly the weight, balance, and feel you like—at your favorite sporting goods or department store or from your tennis professional—it's $15.00.

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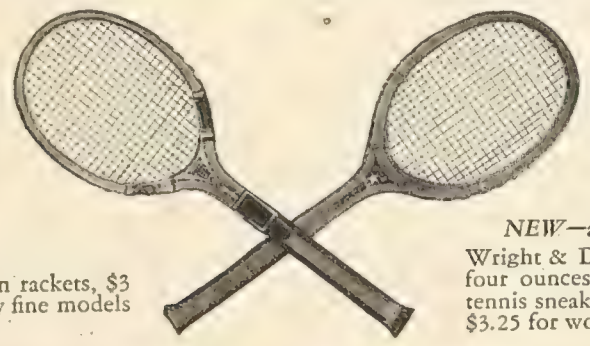

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[THE LIFE STORY OF WALLACE REID]
Continued from page forty-two

turning back now. Forever in the past the ranches of Wyoming where he was going to live, the editing of magazines he was going to make, the study of medicine through which he might benefit mankind. He was definitely launched in the motion pictures.

THE Hollywood of those days was by no means the Hollywood of today. It is worth while to glance back, briefly, upon the Hollywood to which Wallace Reid came as an unknown assistant director in 1912.

One main street, the Hollywood Hotel and the residence of the famous artist, Paul de Longpré, its outstanding architectural features. No two-storied buildings. I was attending Hollywood High School about that time and I had scarcely heard of motion pictures. Oh, yes, that funny shack on the corner of Sunset and Gower—that was the Universal studio and they made motion pictures there. The cowboys and Indians who occasionally dashed up and down Hollywood Boulevard were making "Westerns." The Birth of a Nation, the first great picture, was still in the future.

The coming to Hollywood was the beginning of a new life for Wallace Reid, a complete break with the past.

He was twenty years old. He was, I think, as fine and clean and high-minded a young American as could have been found in the forty-eight States. He was big, handsome, strong, full of the joy of life.

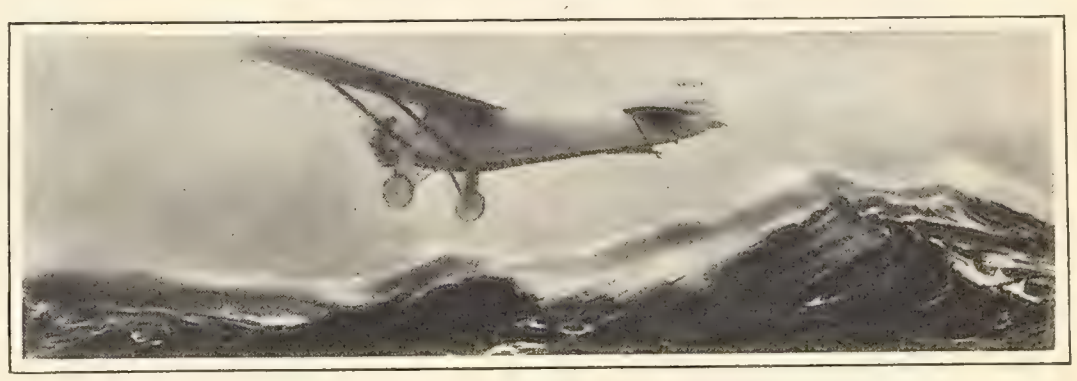
It would have been difficult to imagine that he had already lived two-thirds of his life.

He stayed in Hollywood for eleven years, and at the end of that time was glad, I think, to die there.

What happened in those eleven years?

How Wallace Reid rose to stardom and married Dorothy Davenport is told in next week's Liberty.

Poems You Ought to Know



The Parting *of* Lindy *and* The Spirit

By H. I. PHILLIPS

(H. I. Phillips (1887-) was a newspaper man in New Haven, Connecticut, until 1917, when he transferred his activities to New York. He now conducts a column of verse and comment in the New York *Sun*. The Parting of Lindy and The Spirit appeared in this column shortly after Colonel Lindbergh flew The Spirit of St. Louis to Washington and turned the plane over to the Smithsonian Institution.)

SLIM:
Well, good-by, old girl!
You've earned a rest;
You're very tired.
It'll be very quiet here.

THE SPIRIT:
What? Is this a joke, Slim?
Tell me you're just fooling.
I need a rest? I'm tired?
Where am I going?
What's this all about?

SLIM:
Listen, old girl—
You're going into a nice
Warm, comfortable, clean,
High-class museum—
The Smithsonian Institution;
It's run by nice people;
You'll love it.

THE SPIRIT:
Slim, you can't mean it;
Me in a museum!
Me in a musty old hall
With a lot of stuffed lizards
And skeletons and armored
Dummies, spinning wheels,
Death masks, Colonial skillets,
And ball gowns of
Dolly Madison and Mrs. Cleveland!

SLIM:
I know it'll seem strange
At first, girl. But
You'll come to like it
After a while.

THE SPIRIT:
Do you mean it, Slim?
I am
Never to rise again?
Never to leap in the
Cool of the morning air
And soar through the sunlight
Into the skies?
Never to see the stars again,
Know adventure, overcome odds,
And feel the joy of triumph?
Tell me it ain't so, Slim!

SLIM:
They've made me do it
With a lot of talk about
Custom, tradition, history,
Education, and such stuff.
They say "we" owe it to
Future generations.
It's a kind of duty, old girl.

THE SPIRIT:
Duty, eh? Well, all right . . .
I'm game, boy. I'll go through;
But I'll be mighty lonely
Without you, Slim.
Drop in once in a while
For old time's sake.

SLIM:
Sure I will! I'll come in
Often. But I'd better be
Going now, old girl.

THE SPIRIT:
G'by, Slim . . . and good luck!

The Man who was HANGED for a SONG

By FLORABEL MUIR

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE

(Reading time: 22 minutes 9 seconds.)

CAPTAIN J. A. SLADE, world famous bad man and one of the most picturesque rogues who stalked through the frenzied scenes of Rocky Mountain frontier towns, achieved distinction in his death which is in a class all its own.

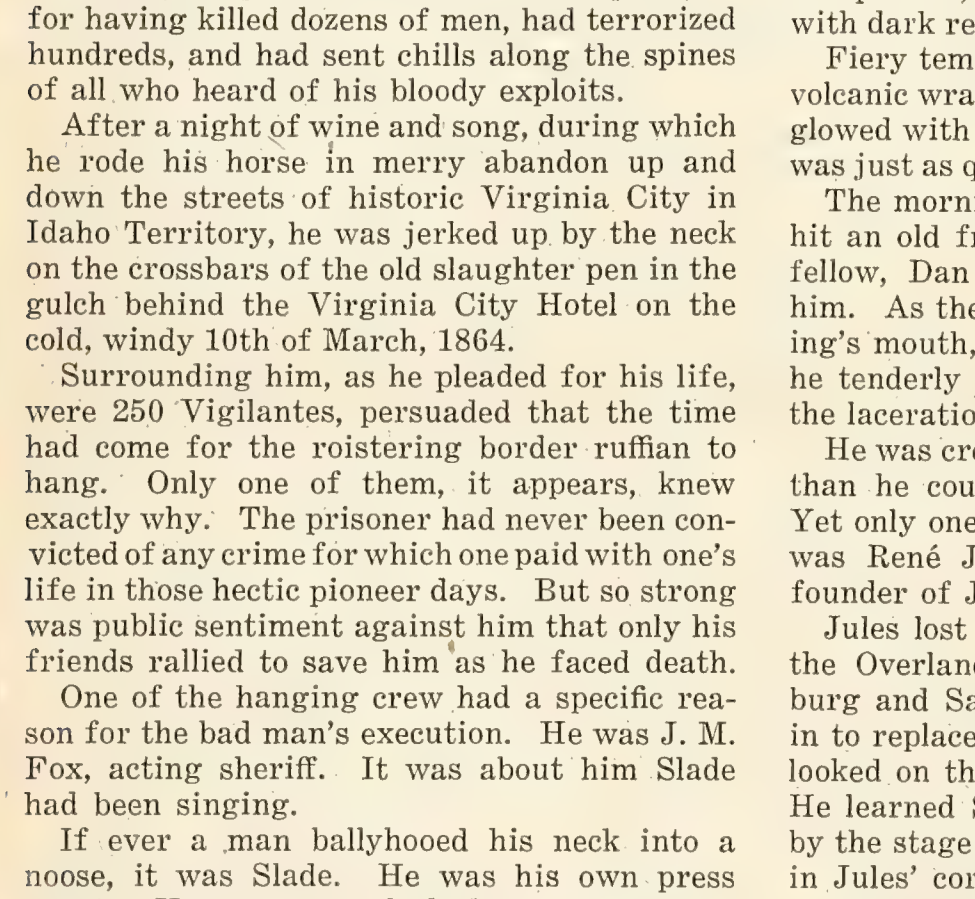
He was hanged for singing. His vocal organs tripped him up after he had won a reputation for having killed dozens of men, had terrorized hundreds, and had sent chills along the spines of all who heard of his bloody exploits.

After a night of wine and song, during which he rode his horse in merry abandon up and down the streets of historic Virginia City in Idaho Territory, he was jerked up by the neck on the crossbars of the old slaughter pen in the gulch behind the Virginia City Hotel on the cold, windy 10th of March, 1864.

Surrounding him, as he pleaded for his life, were 250 Vigilantes, persuaded that the time had come for the roistering border ruffian to hang. Only one of them, it appears, knew exactly why. The prisoner had never been convicted of any crime for which one paid with one's life in those hectic pioneer days. But so strong was public sentiment against him that only his friends rallied to save him as he faced death.

One of the hanging crew had a specific reason for the bad man's execution. He was J. M. Fox, acting sheriff. It was about him Slade had been singing.

If ever a man ballyhooed his neck into a noose, it was Slade. He was his own press agent. He never overlooked an opportunity to convince the public he was a terror at pulling a trigger, fingering a knife, or fastening the lyncher's rope.



All night they sang their song in the saloons.

J. M. Venable, mining man of Boise, Idaho, is the only living witness of Slade's hanging. He knew him well and describes him as weighing about 160 pounds, five feet eight inches tall, with dark red hair and dark hazel eyes.

Fiery tempered, he flared easily into volcanic wrath. At such times his eyes glowed with an almost reddish fire. He was just as quick to forgive and forget.

The morning of his hanging he had hit an old friend in the mouth. This fellow, Dan Harding, had displeased him. As the blood gushed from Harding's mouth, Slade's anger cooled, and he tenderly wiped with his own handkerchief the laceration he had made.

He was credited with having killed more men than he could count on his fingers and toes. Yet only one of his victims was identified. He was René Jules, blustering Frenchman, and founder of Julesburg, Colorado.

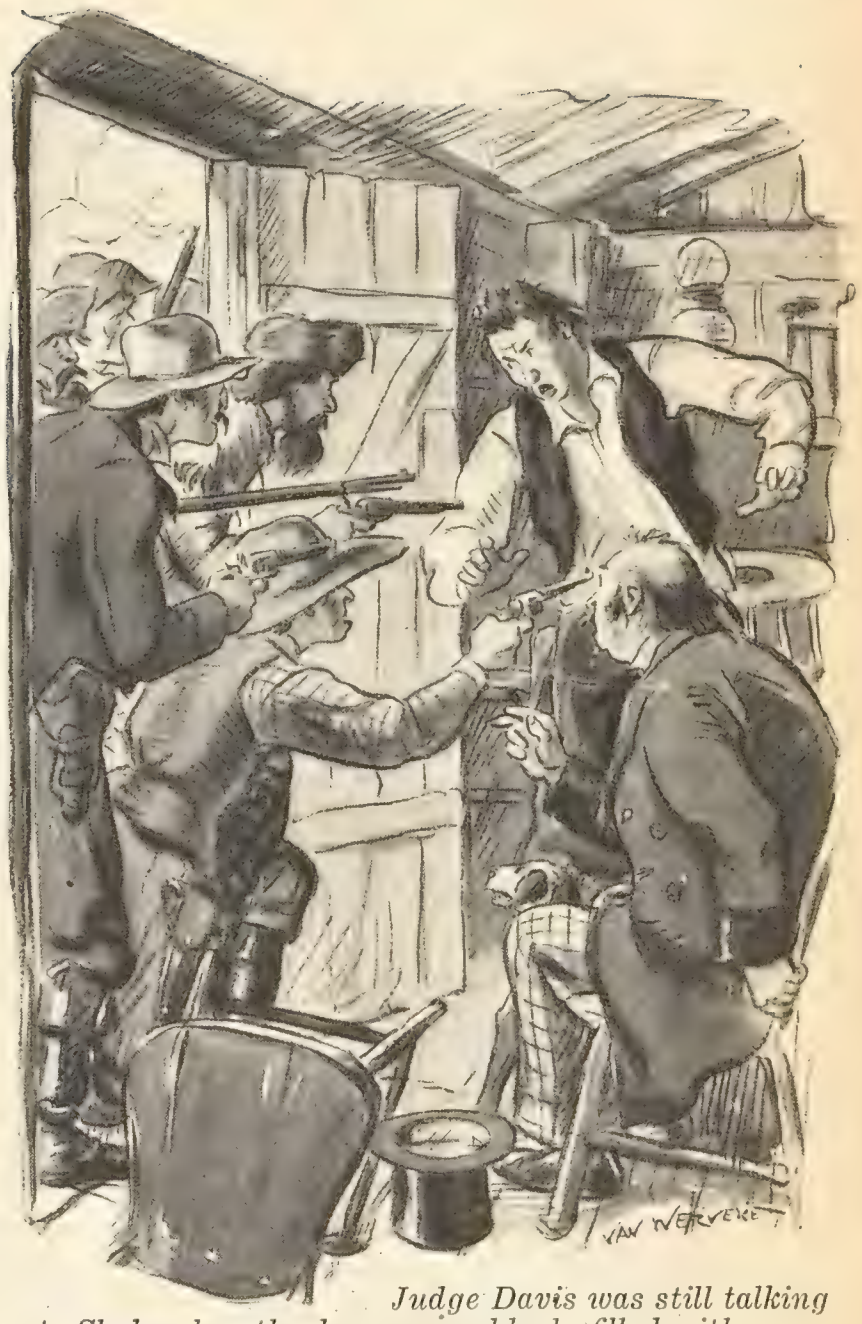
Jules lost his position as division agent for the Overland Stage Company between Julesburg and Salt Lake City, and Slade was sent in to replace him. Jules was disgruntled. He looked on the newcomer with a jaundiced eye. He learned Slade was hunting horses claimed by the stage company which had last been seen in Jules' corrals. His grouch grew.

One day Slade rode to those corrals and took some mares he believed Jules had stolen from the company. Jules' wrath flared. He lay in wait and pumped Slade full of lead, then fled. After weeks in bed, Slade hobbled back to work; but he carried some of Jules' lead with him to his grave.

"This is one tough job," he remarked to his boss, Ben Halladay, owner of the stage company. "Looks like freightin' is peacefuler."

"J. A.," replied Halladay, "the way to get along is to make folks scared to death of you. Make them so scared they run when they see you. Get that fellow Jules, and let everybody know you got him."

Slade thought it over. Then he opened his campaign. He went gunning for Jules. Ordinarily, he would have ended the Frenchman's life with one well placed shot. But, from Kearney west to Salt Lake, the public must never forget this killing. It must be a lesson to others with itchy trigger fingers and a yearning for company horses.



Judge Davis was still talking to Slade when the doorway suddenly filled with guns.

The public never forgot. Many writers have devoted chapters to that killing, and the yarn echoed and re-echoed from coast to coast. It grew until perhaps Slade might not have recognized himself as the hero. It set him up for all time as a killer with a fiendish imagination.

One of his men lassoed Jules as he ventured forth in the town he had ruled as a bullying tyrant. Jules was dragged, bellowing like a steer, to his slaughter.

Slade, according to those who tell the story, had coldly planned every unspeakable detail of that killing. Calmly he dragged his victim to a fence post in the stage company's corral. He taunted the whimpering wretch as he fastened him with baling wire. Then, backing off fifteen feet, he raised his pistol.

FOR half an hour Slade occupied himself with placing shots in the hands, arms, legs, and feet of the fallen frontier king. When he decided Jules had passed beyond the suffering point, he shot him through the heart.

"I put almost as much lead in him as he put in me," the grim avenger cackled, whipping out his knife to put the finishing touches to his horrid efforts.

He walked to the drooping figure. Jerking up the head, he sliced off his victim's ears. These he kept in his vest pocket long after. He would pull them out and offer them for a drink at the bar. He owed much of his fame to them. They set him apart as a unique villain.

Mark Twain, traveling west via the Overland Stage Company coaches, encountered Slade at Fort Bridger, and was shown the gruesome trophies of the kill. When the humorist wrote Roughing It, Slade was given a prominent place

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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In "B.V.D.", your every movement sets up a "bellows action" that keeps fresh air in circulation next your skin. Fresh air passing through and around loose-fitting "B.V.D." undergarments, made of specially woven and treated nainsook, accelerates evaporation of perspiration and keeps the body cool.

Exclusive features, such as the patented closed crotch and encircling waist-web of "B.V.D." union suits—highly specialized methods of cut, finish and tailoring used in the making of all "B.V.D." garments—provide such fit, wear, and cool comfort as exist in no other underwear.

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Men's Union Suit $1.50. Shirts and Drawers the garment 85c
Youths' Union Suit 85c
Shirts, Drawers, Shorts, Men's and Youths' Union Suits obtainable in fancy materials at various prices.
Children's Reinforced Taped Waist Suits 75c the suit.

The B. V. D. Company, Inc., N. Y.
Sole Makers "B. V. D." Underwear

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"Next to Myself I Like 'B.V.D.' Best!"

[THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED FOR A SONG
Continued from page forty-five]

he might never have attained except for Jules' ears.

Slade was wise enough to insist upon trial for slaying Jules. He was promptly acquitted.

The belief grew that Slade would as soon shoot down a man as look at him. It worked out wonderfully for the stage company.

In 1861 the Overland Mail Company contracted with the government to carry mail the 1,860 miles from Atchison, Kansas, to Placerville, California. The time limit was twenty-three days in winter and twenty in summer.

Brown photo

The Pony Express rider—from a drawing by G. H. Andrews.

The mail company sublet the contract from Atchison to Salt Lake to the Overland Stage Company, which was owned by Ben Halladay. He agreed to send the mail through over the 1,200 miles of his territory in fourteen days.

During the time Slade ran the ponies over the worst part of the trip, the mail and express outfits went through on time and at a profit to the company. An article printed in the San Francisco *Bulletin* in 1862 praised the prompt service and commented on the fact that the mail usually went through in seventeen days instead of the limit of twenty-three. Riding like a demon through blizzards of the night or galloping through the blistering heat over the alkali flats in the Red Desert, the indomitable, fiery haired Slade ruled his world with a blood and iron policy.

Over Sherman Pass, down across the Laramie Plains, up over the rough backbone of the Rockies, down into the bleak stretches of the Red Desert, across the turbulent Green River, full of quicksand, up the grade again at Fort Bridger, and over the Wasatch Range into Salt Lake, it went hard on any miscreant who attempted to halt Uncle Sam's mail.

IN the early part of '61 the Indians had almost paralyzed the mail service. But all this changed when Slade convinced them that he was a tough *hombre* to monkey with.

Evidence of his standing in the Rocky Mountain district may be had from the *Deseret News Weekly* of Salt Lake for July 16, 1862. The editorial reads:

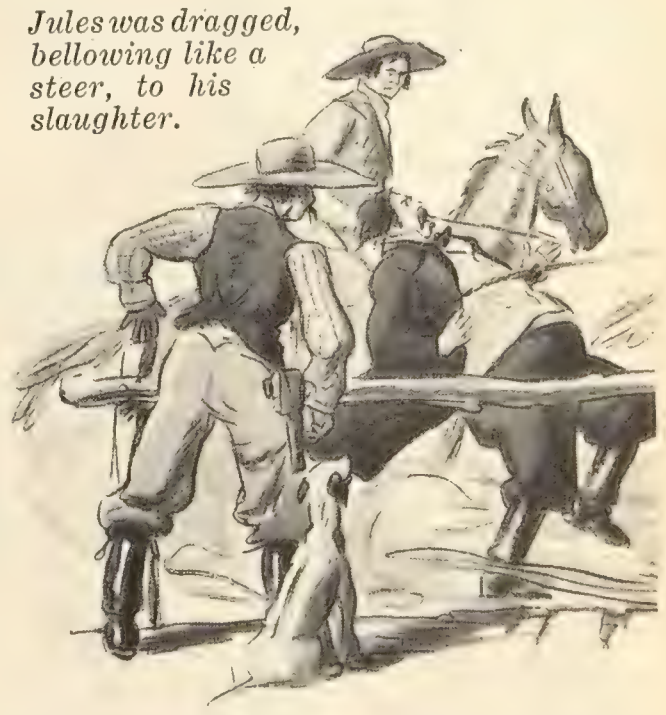
> The *Silver Age* has of late been commenting upon and giving some historical relations in reference to certain employees and station keepers of the Overland Mail Co. eastward from Great Salt Lake City, holding them up to the public view in no enviable light.
>
> Among the most prominent characters thus referred to are J. A. Slade, division agent, and Thomas Miles, station keeper at La Bonte. The former of these two notables, as alleged, killed by shooting and hanging about 20 persons within the last year and committed divers other acts and deeds rendering him the terror of all the settlers between Pacific Springs and Julesburg, and earning the dislike of all the drivers and employees on that division of the road. Several of his bloody deeds are related which correspond with the reports circulated here at the time or shortly after those tragic occurrences.

Ben Halladay went to see the editor and denied that Slade was such a demon. Nobody listened to him. Didn't they know better? Didn't he know that Slade himself bragged of his violent deeds? There is no evidence that Slade took the editor to task for libel. He apparently didn't deny the story. No doubt he was flattered.

SWAPPING yarns purporting to be the history of one's brave deeds was the principal amusement in those days. Slade's voice is said to have led all the rest. He told of his youth in Carlyle, Clinton County, Illinois, where he was born. He described himself as having been a tough kid from the time he could tote a gun. One time he related an incident in which he was caught without his revolver.

"I didn't have a knife or a gun, but I knew I had to kill him," he explained. "As we fought, my fingers gripped a big boulder and I let him have it in the head. His skull was caved in, and I took it on the run. A sheriff trailed me for four years."

Jules was dragged, bellowing like a steer, to his slaughter.



Much of his bragging touched on his soldier days in the war with Mexico—out of which he came with the title of captain. His reputation as a bad man began to worry him. He was pointed out wherever he went. People shunned him. When he stepped into a saloon, it emptied as soon as the convivial drinkers could break

away. It was always expected that shots would be flying wherever he went.

His wife resented this. Maria Virginia Slade was a proud, beautiful woman. Nearly as tall as her husband, with flashing black eyes and long black hair, she won admiration wherever she went.

She loved the hell-bent division agent devotedly. She knew his better and tenderer side.

She had taken from his arms the shivering body of the little half-breed Indian child, Jemmy Huff, whose family had been wiped out during a battle between the Indians and the company's employees. They had adopted the child, and Slade loved him.

Map showing route of the Pony Express in the days of Slade.

Because his wife was unhappy Slade was worried. He began to drink too much. Halladay didn't like this. It wasn't safe to let a heavy drinker run his stage lines. He was convinced of this when Slade joined in a brawl at Halleck and amused the onlookers by shooting holes into barrels containing a groceryman's supply of molasses.

Halladay sent Robert Spotswood, an express messenger, from Denver to tell Slade he was fired. Everybody told Spotswood he was going to certain death—Slade wouldn't stand for being fired. Instead, the latter met Spotswood affably and seemed relieved to hear he was through. He started immediately to make an inventory of the stage company's property.

SLADE next took up a ranch not far from Fort Bridger in western Wyoming, and began freighting. He was in the midst of his enemies—without the protection

of the armed stage company employees. Maria never knew what day her man would be brought home full of bullet holes. She persuaded him to seek new territory.

Early in June, 1863, the big gold strike at Alder Gulch on Grasshopper Creek in Idaho Territory was attracting men from far and near. Slade decided to join the rush.

Something of the life in the three new mining camps in the Alder Gulch discovery may be imagined from an article published in the San Francisco *Bulletin* that summer concerning the rush northward. It read:

> The northern gold fields around Alder Gulch continue to be the center of attraction. All classes are leaving this community and other Western diggings. The bummer and the attorney, the merchant and the gambler, the miner and the general sport—all go in, cheek by jowl, on the principle of root hog or die.

Virginia City, Nevada City, and Bannack City flourished, as the stages, freight outfits, and conveyances of all sorts spewed their motley passengers into the whirl of the gold greed.

INTO this maelstrom of merry-making and death, hard work and boisterous play, gambling and honest endeavor, the swashbuckling Slade rode with all the glamour of his mighty gun fights. Fate had cast him as a villain and his public would accept him in no other rôle.

The last chapter in his life is described by Mr. Venable, who was a young miner in Virginia City and who had been called upon to join a posse organized by Sheriff Fox to arrest Slade a short time before he was hanged.

Following is Venable's version of what he calls Slade's murder as he told it to me:

"I have recently received a copy of the third printing of Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale's Vigilantes of Montana, in which is to be found a chapter justifying the lynching of Slade.

"My opportunity of knowing the facts concerning the lynching of Slade was as good as that of the average citizen living in Virginia. I lived with Dr. J. M. McCann, Charles Willson, and J. Tom Argyle in a cabin on Elkhorn Bar, between Virginia City and Nevada City.

"Major A. V. Brookie, a partner of Dr. McCann's, was also with us part of the time. After the lynching of Sheriff Henry Plummer, who had proved to be the head of the notorious road-agent band that terrorized that district for a year, Major Brookie had been appointed sheriff.

"Montana was still a part of Idaho and the capital was Lewiston. It would have taken weeks to get another man appointed, and Brookie accepted, with the provision that another sheriff be named as soon as possible. J. M. Fox was highly recommended to Brookie for a deputy and he was given the place. Since Brookie was out of the district much of the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Real Lubrication

if you've re-cartridged the

PUROLATOR

THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTOR CAR

every 8,000 *miles*"

When does lubricating oil cease to be *lubricating* oil?

That sounds like a conundrum. But it isn't! It's a mighty important question to every motorist. And here's the answer:

Lubricating oil ceases to *lubricate* efficiently when it contains dirt, metal particles and hard carbon. That's when motor wear begins.

The Purolator on your car will take all the harmful foreign matter out of the oil for 8,000 miles. After that it has all it can hold—and it might as well not be there.

To be sure of clean oil—*lubricating* oil—always have your Purolator re-cartridged after every 8,000 miles of driving. You'll have a sweeter running motor, longer, at less expense. Ask your garage man.

To re-cartridge the Purolator the garage man simply detaches the old metal housing and puts on a new one, containing a new, clean filter element.

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Getting your MONEY'S WORTH *out of your Vacation*

DO YOU know how this man used to spend his vacation? Believing he should get a complete change, he'd pick out some nice place in the mountains.

Then he'd spend the whole two weeks trying to get his system adjusted to the change of water, air, food, and routine. And then when he got back home he had to get re-adjusted all over again. Often he didn't feel as well as before he left.

This year, though, he came back feeling like a million dollars. "The first real vacation I have had in years," he declared enthusiastically. "And the others might all have been just as good as this! Believe me, if I were running a tourist agency, I'd recommend Nujol as part of a person's equipment for any vacation trip. It certainly does the trick. I'm so sold on it that I'm going to keep it up the year round."

Nujol keeps the body functioning normally under all conditions. It works so easily and naturally that it has no upsetting effects. It can't possibly hurt you or disagree with you because it is a pure substance that contains no drug or medicine. It not only keeps any excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal.

When you go on your vacation this summer, pack a bottle of Nujol. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories of the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey). It will do you more good than the extra two days you'd like to sneak. And if you want to prove to yourself what it will do try it out *now*, before you start. Be sure you get the genuine.

Folks Do Lose Fat
without hard work or starving

It is evident on every hand that people do lose fat in these days without starving. Look about you—note how slenderness prevails. Abnormal figures have largely disappeared.

One great reason lies in a discovery made by leading scientists. They found a cause for excess fat in a certain gland deficiency. In a gland which assists nutrition. Thousands of tests proved that fat reduction came by correcting that lack.

A great medical laboratory then embodied that factor in Marmola prescription tablets. They have now been used for 20 years—millions of boxes of them. In every circle you can see the results. Almost anyone has friends who can tell them.

The users of Marmola have told others, and the use has grown. Now people are using some 5,000,000 tablets a month. And excess fat is fast becoming an affliction of the past.

Abnormal exercise or diet is neither required nor advised. One simply takes four Marmola tablets daily until weight comes down to normal.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. The full formula is given in every box, and a book states the reasons for all good effects. You will know that you are taking what modern physicians prescribe, and why the effects are natural and helpful.

Don't suffer longer from abnormal fat. It blights beauty, health and vitality. Learn how Marmola corrects the conditions, and why. Go get a box today, and this day may be a red-letter day in your calendar.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1.00 a box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce

[THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED FOR A SONG
Continued from page forty-seven]

time, he allowed Fox to carry on all the affairs of the office.

"In the late summer or fall of 1863, Slade came to Virginia City with a small but well equipped freighting outfit. The Hardie brothers, J. V. and W. H., had left St. Joseph, Missouri, too late in the summer with a steamboat loaded with general merchandise. It was to come up the Missouri River.

"The water was too low and the boat was unable to reach Fort Benton. Its cargo was unloaded at the mouth of the Milk River. J. V. Hardie had come by stage to Virginia City to arrange for the freighting of the goods, and although it was late in the fall and there was no feed for the stock except the dry wild bunch grass, Slade entered into a contract to deliver the freight.

Slade convinced them that he was a tough hombre to monkey with.

"John Ely, afterwards of Ely, Nevada, who had taken out several thousand dollars from his placer claim in Lower Alder Gulch, joined Slade in the project and furnished funds for buying mules and wagons. Slade went alone, and brought his outfit over the new and partly finished Parsons toll road, later the direct road from Virginia City to Helena.

"PRIOR to this all the teams' travel had been over the old Mullen military road, which crosses the range from east to west into Deer Lodge Valley, thence back again over the Deer Lodge Pass on to the Big Hole and Beaver Head rivers, and up the Stinking Water to Virginia City. I am telling you this to show the resourcefulness and determination of Slade.

"The goods were delivered to the Hardie brothers about December 10, and you can well imagine the roads were almost impassable from snow at that late date. Then came the problem of finding a suitable place for wintering his weary stock. Slade bought a ranch on a small creek over the high hill from Virginia City that empties into the Madison River.

"There was a small dwelling, a small stable, and other buildings—but, best of all, a stack of wild bunch-grass hay, which carried his stock through the winter storms. A comfortable home was soon made, where friends and acquaintances were welcomed. But, alas! it was too close to Virginia City and congenial, I might say convivial, companions. Slade made the eight-mile trip to town too frequently.

"Alex Davis had just been appointed judge. He had his offices in the store of P. M. Pfoutz. Davis had been a good friend of my father's. The acting sheriff, Fox, slept with Pfoutz in a corner of the Pfoutz store, which was partitioned off with canvas. Two brothers, William and Arthur Hunt, kept their roll of bedding in the Pfoutz store and slept on the floor.

"In the winter of 1863 Fox went to Colorado. He married a woman with whom Henry Edgar, one of the discoverers of Alder Gulch, had boarded. Soon after Fox got back with his bride, she met Edgar again. She left Fox to set up housekeeping with Edgar. Each of the partners in the Alder Gulch had a long sack of gold dust. Edgar's sack was said to have contained between eight and ten thousand dollars' worth of gold. After a few weeks he intrusted his gold to Mrs. Fox, and she promptly returned to her husband—taking the gold with her, Edgar asserted.

"Fox and the woman then left in a two-horse wagon for Colorado. Fox returned in a short time, and said he had gone only as far as Fort Bridger, but that his wife had continued her journey by stage. Edgar freely expressed the opinion that she would never reach Colorado.

"The Hunt brothers quit sleeping in Pfoutz's store. These brothers did not have any too good a reputation, but Edgar and his partner, William Fairweather, were ready to believe everything bad about Fox.

"The Hunt brothers told of having overheard a conversation between Pfoutz and Fox in which it was planned to get Edgar's gold. Few people believed them. I, for one, did not—because Pfoutz had too high a reputation to maintain to allow his name to be mixed up in anything of that sort. The Hunt boys also told a fantastic story of the friendship existing between Fox, Pfoutz, and a courtesan of the town called Featherlegs.

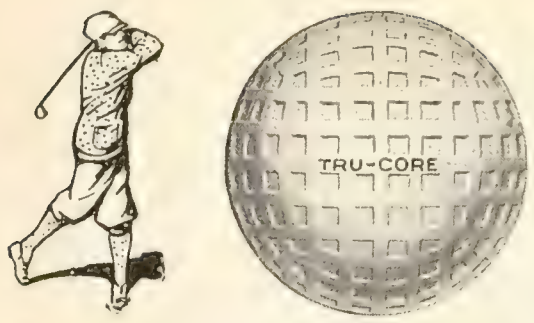
"Slade and Fairweather had become great cronies. Whenever the former was in town he hunted up his friend Bill. He also took in the yarn spun by the Hunt boys, and when the cronies went on a spree they would go from one saloon to another, shouting and singing about Fox, Pfoutz, Featherlegs, and company!

"THEY would end up by singing and hollering at the top of their voices, 'What's the matter with Pfoutz, Fox, Featherlegs, and company? To hell with Pfoutz, Fox, Featherlegs, and company!'

"They would make up songs telling how Edgar was cheated out of his gold dust. This boisterous manner of connecting their names with the Fox-Edgar affair and with a courtesan was very annoying, especially to Pfoutz. He and Fox both went to Slade and Fairweather, when they were sober, and ordered them not to use their names again in public.

"Fox threatened them with arrest if the offense was repeated. The next occasion was even worse.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



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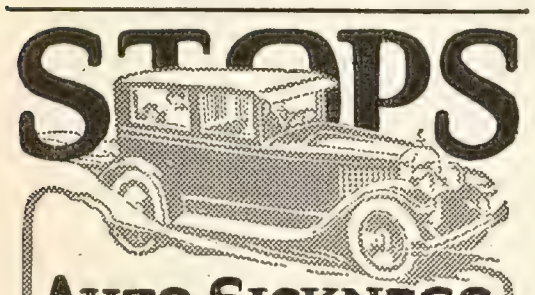

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-EIGHT]

All night they sang their song in the saloons. The acting sheriff was furious. He was a man of violent temper and the ribaldry put him in a terrible mood. He tried to fine Slade, but the sturdy freighter ignored the fine.

"About this time Brookie went to Argenta, a mining camp, to obtain the property where he later built the first smelter in Montana Territory. I am not sure that Fox hadn't been appointed sheriff by the early part of March.

"On the morning of March 10, 1864, Dr. McCann, Argyle, Willson, and myself were walking up the street, when our attention was called to a rumpus in one of the small saloons we were passing. The door was open and we could see Slade wiping blood off Dan Harding's mouth.

"The third or fourth door above the saloon was the Pfoutz store. We four stopped in at the office of Judge Davis. Fox had gone to investigate the row. He was sore at Slade and Fairweather because they had been singing their favorite song all through the night.

"THE disgruntled sheriff entered the judge's office a few minutes later, and asked for warrants for Fairweather and Slade for disturbing the peace. While the judge was making out the warrants, Fox turned to us and summoned all four of us to act as a sheriff's posse in helping him make the arrest.

"We all tried to argue him out of such a course.

"While Judge Davis was still writing the warrants, Fairweather, George Oer, and two other men whom I did not know burst into the office. Word had been carried down the street that Fox was getting warrants. They stood silent while the judge finished the documents and handed them to Fox. Evidently Fairweather and his friends had been whooping it up.

"As Fox turned to them with the warrants, Fairweather snatched them from his hands, shouting, 'To hell with you and your warrants!' He tore the papers into bits and threw them on the floor. George Oer and the other men covered Fox with their guns, as he made a move as if to draw, and they all backed out.

"Fox turned to us with a faint smile and said, 'We will do nothing more about the warrants just now.' Then he dismissed us as a sheriff's posse.

"A few minutes afterward Slade came in and derided the court. He told Judge Davis he was too good a fellow to be mixed up with any such petty business. 'This court doesn't amount to anything,' he said. 'Why don't you quit it? No court can keep peace in this district.'

"Judge Davis smiled and refused to argue.

"About noon our party went home for dinner, and met Fox coming up the gulch on horseback. He called to us, 'Hurry back, boys. You'll see some fun!'

"We had been unarmed that morning, and we left our guns at home again so as to have an ex-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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(a bit smaller than the Master)

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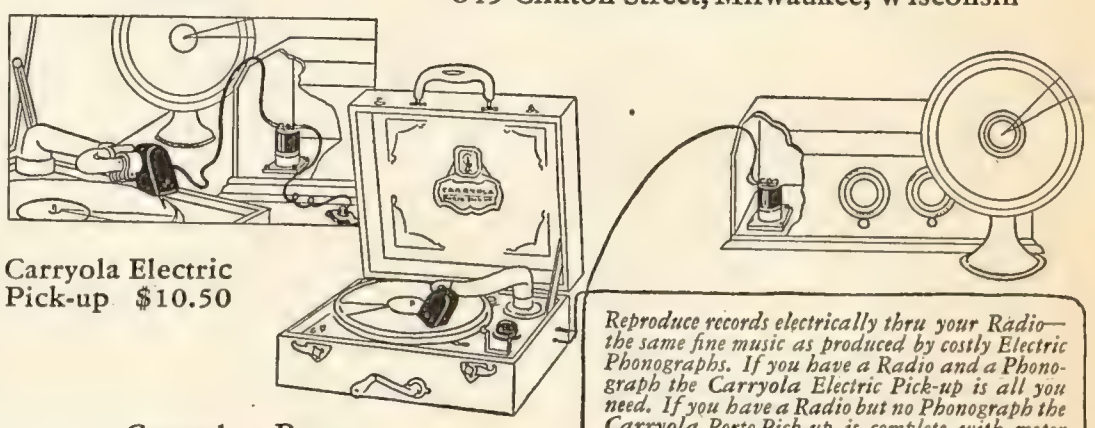

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[THE MAN WHO WAS HANGED FOR A SONG
Continued from page forty-nine]

cuse if Fox called us again to act as a posse. We walked up the street, and I left the others to go into Judge Davis' office. Pfoutz was there, and as we sat talking Slade came running in.

"'Judge,' he cried, 'the Vigilantes are after me and you've got to protect me! I want to apologize for my talk this morning.'

"He had intended to start for his ranch, and his horse was hitched up the street only a block away. But the Vigilantes had marched into town, part of them coming up Main Street and the rest up Wallace Street in such a way as to cut him off from his horse.

"When he saw he was trapped he fled to Davis. The judge assured him that he did not believe the Vigilantes meant to do more than warn him. Judge Davis was still talking to Slade when the doorway suddenly filled with guns. Some of the men holding them were kneeling and others were standing.

"'Who's in command here?' Judge Davis called.

"'You're not needed—you'd better leave,' the leader of the crowd warned him.

"I started toward the door, but was halted. Pfoutz put his hand on my shoulder and said, 'This boy is all right; let us pass.'

"We walked out through the crowd. I looked back at Slade standing there, pale with fright.

"THE leader again advised Davis to get out. He joined us across the street. In less than ten minutes the Vigilantes had started with Slade to the old slaughter pen about a hundred yards up the gulch that runs parallel with Main Street.

"Nailor Thompson, one of Slade's friends of the Overland stage days, called for help, pulled his gun, and started to Slade's rescue. He found himself staring into a hundred guns. His friends pulled him back behind the Castner Hotel.

"Judge Davis climbed on the corner of the slaughter pen and began a plea for Slade's life, but was pulled down and pushed away. He made a second attempt, but a dozen guns were leveled at him, and he too was pulled out of danger by his friends.

"Slade was pleading for a last chance to see his wife. The crowd agreed. The whisper went around that if this time were granted his friends could muster enough guns to rescue him.

"'Give him time to see his wife! Give him time to see his wife!'

"The chant grew louder and louder. When the executioners first appeared a friend had ridden in mad haste to the Slade ranch with the news. There was not a man from Virginia City in the band intent on lynching Slade. I don't believe there was one, outside of the actual instigators, who knew what was going to happen. We, as the sheriff's posse, had not been told—and it is likely that if Fox had told anyone in Virginia City he would have told us.

"He had ridden down the gulch five miles to German Bar and enlisted the services of Captain James Williams, who during the active days of exterminating the Plummer gang had been the leader of the volunteers for law and order from his district.

"Williams gathered men and marched into town to carry out Fox's orders.

"Fairweather was just as guilty, but no one thought of accusing him of having anything but a hilarious good time.

"Men who took part in the execution were told that an investigating committee had ordered the lynching. Many did not know who had been sentenced or why. John Burnham told me, after it was all over, that they had been called together hurriedly and few of them knew what was going on in Virginia City.

"Slade was hanged because he sang too loud about Fox. He had never been convicted of murder, and the only man he ever killed, as far as I could learn, was Jules. He was acquitted of that. His death was the aftermath of mob law.

"As the body hung limp in the blustery wind, Maria Slade came riding into town, straight as an Indian in her sidesaddle, with tears drying on her cheeks. She was in time to see them cut Slade's body down and lay him out in the parlor of the Virginia City Hotel.

"Bitterly she denounced his slayers and swore to avenge him."

A contemporary drawing of a typical Western hanging, by a pioneer artist.

EMERSON HOUGH describes the burial of Slade. He credits Mrs. Slade with such hatred of the place and people that she would not let her husband be buried in Montana. Instead she ordered a zinc-lined coffin and preserved the body in alcohol until she could travel to Salt Lake with it, where the funeral was held on June 20.

Slade was laid at rest in the old Mormon cemetery. The records of the cemetery list Slade as having been "killed by the Vigilantes in Bannack City." This was evidently a mistake due to the fact that Bannack City was the most important of the three mining camps. He was allotted a single grave in Lot B. There is a notation on the record that he was to be moved to Illinois in the fall.

Maria evidently wanted her man to take his last sleep far from the scenes of his many battles. I was unable to find any record of his having been moved from Salt Lake. It is unlikely that he was, because Maria went back to Montana.

She probated his will, which was the first one on file in Montana Territory. She realized $7,000 on the sale of his ranch and live stock. Records of Montana show that she married James Kiskadden on March 22, 1865, in Virginia City, a little more than a year after her husband's death. She was destined to find only brief happiness, for the records of Salt Lake County show that on October 29, 1868, Maria Virginia Kiskadden and James H. Kiskadden were divorced.

The decree was written with pen and ink on a piece of paper torn from a small tablet. Legal verbiage in those days was brief, and this decree is one of the shortest on record. It reads:

> This couple married in Montana Territory, March 22, 1865. The defendant is now living in St. Louis, Mo. At this time they have not lived together for three years. It is impossible for them to live again in peace and union and their welfare requires their separation.

Later Kiskadden married Annie Adams, a popular young actress of Salt Lake, and Maude Adams Kiskadden, one of the best known actresses in the history of the stage, was born of their union in 1872.

SLADE'S obituary, as printed in the *Utah Vedette* of Fort Douglas, Utah, on March 25, 1864, indicates how well he had sold his world on the idea that he ought to have been hanged even for singing. It reads:

> The Vigilance Committee is still in full blast in Idaho Territory and pursuing with vigorous measures the desperadoes who have so long infested the mines. A few days before the express left Bannack, the committee arrested and hanged at Virginia City one Slade, a man well known hereabouts. He was formerly a division agent on the eastern Overland Mail Line, and is represented as having been both brave and dangerous.
>
> Prior to his migrating to Bannack, we believe he had several difficulties and killed at least one man.
>
> Of the circumstances connected with the affair we know nothing. With what particular crime he was charged by the Vigilance Committee we have been unable to learn, save that he was represented as a "bad character"; but, having for some reason fallen within the ban of that organization, he has at last paid the penalty.

THE END

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Laundries	5 minutes
Theatres	5 to 10 minutes
Garages	5 minutes
Dining Rooms	5 to 15 minutes
Machine Shops	15 minutes
Lodge Rooms	10 minutes
Foundries	5 to 10 minutes
Retail Stores	5 to 15 minutes

* This table is based on climatic conditions in Central United States. Other tables for specific localities are available.

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Mary said let's throw the ball down to them.

Now I'm Nobody's Child

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 27 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

It's a HARD life.

That's what 'Lizbeth says. She says it only because it is raining. And she can't hang out the clothes. But rain doesn't make it a HARD life if you can go out in it. 'Lizbeth can go out, in her rubbers and um-brell-a. I can't. I have rubbers and a raincoat. But I can't go out. I guess I'll never be able to go out in the rain again. I'll never be able to go out in anything. I'll have to stay in this bedroom forever. And Mary has to stay in the other. They won't let us be in the same room. Maybe they won't ever let us see each other again.

I've tried every way to go out. I'm DIS-curged. I can hear Mary crying. She's DIS-curged, too, I guess. If I could only cry in the same room with her it maybe wouldn't be so bad.

The house is so quiet. It frightens me. Nobody talks. Not to us, I mean.

We've been in wrong lots of times before. But this is the worst. We did something seer-e-us this time. Something Ter-RIB-ly seer-e-us.

I'll never do anything seer-e-us again. Not ever so long as I live. And I bet Mary won't either.

A few minutes ago I heard footsteps. I thought I knew whose they were. I opened the door. I peeked out. I said, "Mommy, dear!" That always made Mommy stop and listen before. But the footsteps didn't stop. And nobody answered. So I cried louder: "Mommy, honey!" But there was no answer. "Mommy, honey," I said, "I'm sick." I waited a minute. Then I said, "I'm very, very sick." No answer.

I went back to bed. I cried my hardest. It wasn't so hard to cry. I was sick. I was sick of the bed. I was sick of being all alone. I was sick of not being able to go out. But I was sickest because nobody would come near me. Nobody'd look at me. Nobody'd talk to me or look at me or kiss me. And I guess I'm going to be sick from that for a long time more. Anyway, until Daddy comes home. And if they tell him maybe I'll be sicker.

I wish I had a bad cold. When I had one I had to stay in this room. But everybody was nice to me.

I tried coughing hard just now. But nobody cares how bad a cold I have.

I wished I had the measles. When I thought of that I opened the door and called, "Mamma, dear, I've got the measles." But she didn't care what I got. I couldn't think of anything else to get. I wish I knew something awful you could get in a dark room all by yourself so somebody would come.

When I was first put in here, a long, long time ago, I was told I could stay here until I learned not to throw things down on people's heads. Also, till I learned not to spit like a bad little boy. I don't know how else to spit. I only learned it from a boy. And his nurse says he is a bad one.

Anyway, that's why I'm here and Mary's in the other room.

Mary can throw things better than I can. She's bigger. But she can't do the other so good. And I guess I won't try to teach her any more either. Mom says it's a nasty word to say, much less do. That a child of hers should be cape-ble of anything so LOW is something she can NOT understand.

That's when I was a child of hers. Now I'm nobody's. Nobody loves me. So I'll never use that word again or do it. I'll say it like Mary does. Mary lisps. She can't say *s*. So I'll say pit when I have to. The song the bad boy taught me I'll say like this:

> We climbed up the steeple
> And we pit on the peepul
> But the p double e p peepul
> Couldn't pit on us.

No. I won't say that song again either. I might have to come back in this room.

WE were up on the roof this morning. There is a wall around it. But there are places in the wall where your head will fit. The rest of you won't.

Mary put her head through first. She saw people down on the sidewalk. She said let's throw the ball down to them. I said wait a minute till I get something, too. She threw the ball. I threw the other ball. Then Mary took a pillow that was lying in the sun. It was a baby's pillow. The big one wouldn't go through. But the little one did when we both shoved it. While we were looking down to see who'd catch it I said to Mary let's pit. (That was before I knew it was such a bad word.)

Mary said she didn't know how. I showed her. I was showing her some more when something pulled hard at me from behind. It was a man. He called us something I never heard before. He took Mary by the same place with the other hand. He was rough when he took us downstairs and rang our bell.

"Do these belong to you?" he said to Mom.

"Yes, Mr. Nelson," she said. "It was very kind of you. I was just coming up for them."

"You wouldn't have come any too soon," he said. "Whaddeye mean by leaving them up there alone?"

"I wouldn't have, Mr. Nelson," said Mom, "if I didn't know it was safe for them."

"It may be safe for them," he said, "but not for passers-by on the street."

"What do you mean, super-intend-ent?" said Mom.

"I mean I was standing down on the street looking up at that building they're putting up across the way. It was only a pillow that hit me, but I thought it was one of them gir-ders. And you'd better bawl them out for spittin', too—"

"Leave them with me, please," said Mom.

He did. Only we're not with her. We're all alone. I'm in here and Mary's in there. And I guess none of us will ever see each other again.

I peeked out. I said, "Mommy, dear!" But the footsteps didn't stop.

Life's just one thing after another with Toni and something's sure to happen again. But you'll have to wait for next week's Liberty to see what it is.

Where Does LIBERTY Belong?

LIBERTY is just four years old—and the lustiest youngster in the magazine school yard.

LIBERTY belongs to the age that has forsaken black for its automobiles and has adopted color for its bathrooms; the age that considers the mustache cup an antique and accepts the policy of whole family appeal for its barber shops. LIBERTY sees a great gulf between the lady of long ago with her fifty cent rust-proof bustle, and the active, interested woman of today; and realizes that the activities of capable, busy men are so varied and extensive that every moment counts.

LIBERTY'S editorial and advertising policy is tuned to a *fast moving world.* It is essentially the magazine of people who have kept pace with the changing world. In both editorial and advertising make-up, it recognizes the need for action, visibility, interest.

The finest illustrations, in marvelous reproductions, are given generous space. Good titles, catchy heads sell every story, every article, every feature. There are no buried advertisements in LIBERTY because there is no dead space in the magazine.

In no other magazine does the advertiser get all of these advantages:

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Whole family appeal

3
99% newsdealer circulation

4
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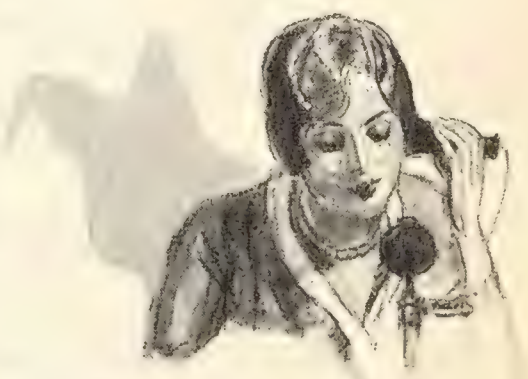
And now, LIBERTY announces another innovation: a quantity discount to advertisers using 13 pages or more within a year. LIBERTY is doing this to get more business. Greater volume on definite campaigns in cycles means a lower percentage of production overhead. The advertiser now gets the benefit of this saving. Just another point of difference that helps LIBERTY advertisers!



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Pinwheel Puzzle

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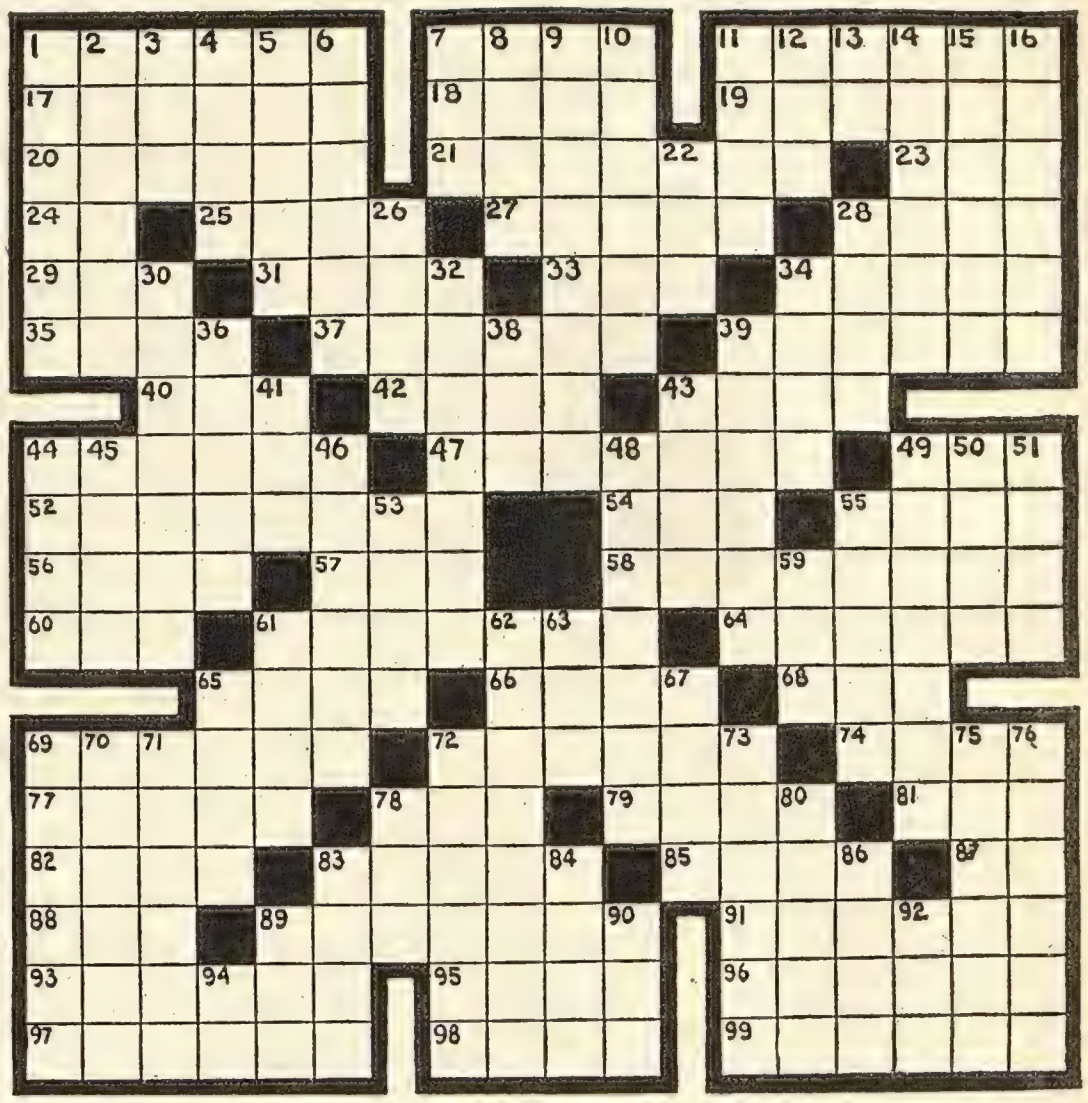
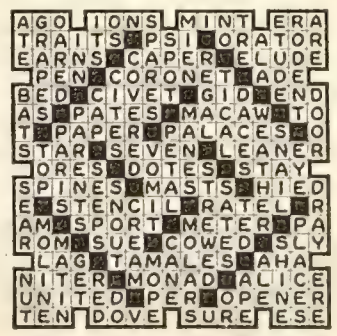


HORIZONTAL

1 Painful muscular contractions
7 Mountain range in Europe
11 Large scissors
17 Withdraw
18 To harvest
19 Tenant holding a lease
20 Dish prepared from eggs
21 Legislator
23 To convert into leather
24 The symbol for nickel
25 Looked fixedly
27 Scatter
28 Victim of deception
29 Letter of the alphabet
31 Ovule
33 Fowl
34 Bishop's headdress
35 Stitches
37 Navigated
39 Disjoins
40 A tree
42 Den
43 Parent
44 Confederates
47 Gesticulation
49 Definite article
52 Mule driver
54 Exist
55 Silkworm
56 Roman public road
57 Large wave
58 Building that houses several families
60 A color
61 Most serene
64 Serves scantily
65 Thrusts with violence
66 Vegetable of the onion kind
68 Craft
69 Desire to attain
72 Erected
74 Weeps convulsively
77 Stems of certain coarse grasses
78 Entreat
79 Percolate
81 Insect's egg
82 Taverns
83 Wanderer
85 Members of a Mongoloid tribe
87 Symbol for tellurium
88 Perch
89 European robin
91 Woolly
93 Exalts the spirits of
95 To disfigure
96 A lacquer
97 Sober
98 Withered
99 Lassoers

VERTICAL

1 Withered old women
2 Relinquishment, as of a claim
3 Devoured
4 Measure of distance
5 Plunders
6 Long seats (variant spelling)
7 Metric measures of area
8 Dregs
9 Wild beasts of the cat kind
10 Used stintingly
11 Dilatory
12 Possessive pronoun
13 Suffix used to form some plurals
14 Keen in discernment
15 Harvester
16 Large drains
22 Cardinal number
26 Distribute
28 Plunge
30 Expanded
32 Mechanical plan
34 Nothing but
36 More crafty
38 Recline
39 Shrill whistles
41 Joined
43 Certain
44 Mohammedan noble
45 A wind instrument
46 An East Indian herb
48 Ragged clothing
49 A city in New Jersey
50 To imply
51 Devours
53 Lampreys
55 Independent Mohammedan princes
59 Letter of the Greek alphabet
61 Conveyances
62 Polish; refinement
63 Body of water
65 Frees from
67 Part of a ship
69 Springs forth
70 Pertaining to old age
71 Period of five years
72 Negligent
73 Distributor
75 Poignant
76 Hardens
78 A man's nickname
80 Musical instrument
83 Part of the head
84 Costly
86 Break off suddenly
89 Steep or soak
90 Italian word for three
92 Glucose made from rice paste
94 Symbol for tantalum



Answer to last week's puzzle

How Often Do You Say YES *and Mean* NO?

A Problem in Human Nature

By RILEY BARNES

Picture by FRED MIZEN

THREE of the foursome appeared; the fourth did not. He spoiled the afternoon for the three others, and the host was angry.

(Reading time: 3 minutes 54 seconds.)

"WELL, keep in touch with me. There isn't anything open here just now, but you never can tell. Drop in this time Wednesday and I'll see whether we can place you."

The caller thanked the office manager and departed. The boss, who had overheard, swung around in his chair and said:

"Jones, that's a rotten way to handle things. You're doing that fellow injustice, and perhaps harm, and wasting your own and the firm's time."

"I—I—" Jones stammered. "I didn't want to hurt his feelings; he was a bit discouraged. What should I have done?"

"It was damned cruel and thoughtless of you to raise false hopes in that fellow," said the boss. "I'm not blaming you so much, because I know it is a common thing to put them off that way. But you know as well as I do we are not taking on any new men; in fact, have had to trim down the force in spots. Yet you tell him to keep in touch with you—to come up again Wednesday. It isn't right."

The boss stopped talking, bit into his cigar, and, after a minute, said:

"I didn't mean to go rough on you, Jones, but as a matter of fact that hit me hard—because I've been through it and know what it means. I was twenty-two when I was married and was getting a salary of twenty-eight dollars a week. A few weeks after our first baby was born I was let out; it was a dull season.

"The doctors and nurses had eaten up most of our small savings. I needed a job desperately and went to an office where I hoped to obtain one. The man in charge was kind—there was nothing immediate, but he expected an opening soon. When it occurred he would place me. I went home, delighted and hopeful. He strung me along for three weeks. I was in his office every other day; lost chances to find other employment—and in the end he told me, gently but cruelly, the vacancy had not materialized."

"I never looked at it that way," Jones replied thoughtfully.

"Put yourself in his place," continued the boss. "I don't know that man, but the chances are he is walking to save carfare. He may spend a nickel that is needed at home to ride down here and get another disappointment.

"The best thing to do is to tell a man frankly and honestly just what the situation is. If you don't want to hire him, tell him there isn't a chance. It may sound brutal and unfeeling, but it is kindest, after all."

The custom of saying yes when no is meant is one of the commonest evils of American life.

I have a friend who employs a number of persons and who is charged by many with being brusque, unfeeling, and unsympathetic. He has to buy a great many things and is constantly besieged. His manner is curt and quick.

"No. I don't want it. Won't buy it. Have no use for it. Good day."

"No. There isn't any job open, and will not be."

That is his style.

"I have found that it is best," he says. "If I need any workers, or want to buy a thing, I say so just as quickly. I simply refuse to waste my own time or that of my callers by raising false hopes. If I don't need them, someone else may. They want work, so why should I waste their time that they might use calling on others who may need them?"

IT is not only in employment that this "yesing" habit causes unnecessary waste. Two men meet downtown, say on Wednesday.

"How about playing golf Saturday afternoon? Can you run out and play with us?" asks one.

"Yes," the other replies.

How many such engagements are kept? Perhaps not one in three—and more than half of those kept are accompanied by some regrets. I will wager that more than half of the times you say yes, and make a positive engagement in that manner, you regret it within the next hour; wish that you had not said yes and bound yourself to go. The fact that you like golf, that you enjoy getting out and playing, has nothing to do with your unmeant acquiescence.

When you say yes, you do it impulsively, thinking how nice it would be to go out into the country and golf. Immediately after saying yes, you begin thinking of how far the club is, how soon you will have to leave the office in order to reach the course, and in many cases you will recall that you had half planned to go somewhere else or to do something around the house, or had partly agreed to take the wife or children somewhere. You know you should not have said yes; you regret it.

In the majority of cases you will spend a lot of time on Thursday and Friday wishing you had said no, and figuring reasons why it is going to be impossible for you to go. Then Friday night you tell your wife about the golf engagement. She says you had planned two weeks before to take her to the country on that day—and either late Friday night or early Saturday morning you call up your friend and advise him that a crisis has arisen which makes it impossible for you to keep the engagement.

Now confess; how often does that happen with you, whether the engagement is to golf or to do something else?

Such broken engagements frequently result in loss of friends.

There is a case in Chicago where the man breaking such a thoughtless engagement suffered heavily. The man who had invited him to golf had fixed up a foursome, a little party, and had gone to considerable pains and expense to make the arrangements. Three of the foursome appeared; the fourth did not. Later he explained he had tried to telephone, had sent word, and had done everything else. He spoiled the afternoon for the three others, and the host was angry.

A few weeks later an occasion arose in which the agreement breaker needed the aid of the host badly. He approached the man and was unceremoniously turned down. The result has been a bitter feud between the two—all because one did not say no at the outset.

THE psychology of the thing is this: When anyone asks you to golf, to take luncheon, to go on an automobile ride, or to do something you would enjoy, your first impulse is to agree—because you desire to do it. You say yes, whereas you mean "Yes, I would love to do it."

After you have committed yourself by saying yes you hope that you may be able to keep the engagement and that you will have as pleasant a time as you visioned at the invitation.

It was merely Desire versus Reason. Your heart said yes and your head knew that you should have said no.

Psychologists declare there is a certain way in which to avoid this situation. You can say the proper thing merely by altering the form of your reply to invitations.

Never start your reply to an invitation with either a rejection or an acceptance. Instead of saying, "Yes, I will be glad to go," say, "I would be glad to go"—and by that time your reason will warn you that, in all probability, you will not be able to do so; therefore you will add, "but I cannot say positively."

Try this. It will enable you to avoid a lot of useless regret, worry, and explanations and excuses. I know, because I have tried it.

THE END

VOX POP

"These Are My Jewels"

CLEVELAND, OHIO—This writer was very much surprised at a statement made by you in your editorial, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments," wherein you made it clear that you did not believe that the Negro in the South should have the right of suffrage.

You gave as your reason for this view, "the horrors of Reconstruction," but this is a very poor one, as we are no longer living in the "Reconstruction days" and the Negro has advanced along by the side of his white brother.

The Negro has amassed thousands of dollars' worth of property in the Southland, has some of the greatest schools and universities in the country, and maintains and operates his own banking institutions.

You'll find Negroes contributing to the foremost magazines of the country. Among them are great scholars, artists, musicians, preachers, and yet you can say these people should be denied the right to vote!

Let me say to you that one bright morning, instead of hounding the Negro—one bright morning, instead of lynching and burning at the stake—one bright morning when the true citizens of the Southland wake up to universal brotherhood, they shall come forth leading the new Negroes by the hand, and proudly say: "These are my jewels."—*O. A. Childress.*

A Yankee Opinion

CHICAGO, ILL.—May I put in a few lines concerning Mr. Sidney Sutherland's articles, "The 14th, 15th, and 18th Amendments"?

There are many more "Yankees" besides me who hold the same opinion concerning these above amendments. Ignorant Northerners don't know their onions concerning the South and the Negro question. Let them go South and find out. Then they'll open their eyes, and that'll be durn quick, like I experienced during my stay there.

The South is the guardian of the Negro race, and raised it from cannibalism to a human stage. The black man's presence in the South was brought about by the so called pious Yankee Puritan slave dealer.

Let the South alone!—*An Illinois Sucker.*

And One from the South

HOUSTON, TEX.—Your straightforward editorial in the June 2 issue of LIBERTY strikes me as a magnificent exhibition of moral courage and common sense. As a descendant of some of those who went through the bitter days of Reconstruction, to me your assertion that you do not believe the Negro should vote in the South rings like a bugle call.

Having keenly followed Sutherland's articles on the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, and Eighteenth amendments, I had assumed that you were predicating such an editorial attack as has often heretofore been directed at the South, and was doubly gratified to discover my error. Would like to shake hands with you.—*J. M.*

These Modern Mothers!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read Elliott White Springs' latest air story, "Fed Up." And "fed up" exactly expresses my own feelings about your running so much air stuff.

In fact, I'm so sick of hearing about longerons, ailerons, undercarriages, and fuselages that I barely restrained myself from smashing my little son's toy airplane with a hammer the other day.—*Mrs. F. D.*

No Kidding?

MIDLAND, TEX.—That boy that writes those editorials is a corker! Without question his writings are the most logical, pithy, pointed, and instructive I have ever read in any magazine.

Just wanted to say a little word of commendation while you boys are living, rather than lay a blossom on your graves when you pass out.—*R. J. Moore.*

Oh, All Right

MARION, IA.—I like LIBERTY, but in some cases I'd rather have an ice cream cone.—*George Hennesy.*

No, We Smuggle It Out of Other Countries

MARSEILLES, ILL.—Let these Canadians rant and ridicule the U. S. Anyway, we don't manufacture and then smuggle booze into other countries.—*Charles A. Winans.*

What'll We Do?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—The only thing I don't like about LIBERTY is that it's so darn long from one Monday to the next.—*C. Delevan.*

50-50

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I read and reread Katherine Mayo's article, "Companionate 'Marriage'—and Marriage," and I am wondering how she gets that way.

I most certainly *do not* believe in the so-called "companionate marriage" so much in vogue at present. Neither do I believe in Katherine's "back to the stone age marriage," with its right for a man to play around with another woman other than his wife. And when he gets through having his little fling, she is supposed to gather him to her bosom and lay a cool hand on his feverish brow.

What's the matter, Katherine? Wake up and snap out of it! Don't you know people just don't play that way any more? Women have privileges now. If friend husband has an illicit love affair, what's wrong if the wife has one also? Nothing—absolutely nothing.—*A Female.*

Here's the Picture

PIQUA, OHIO—To me, your issue containing "Companionate 'Marriage'—and Marriage" would have been complete had it carried a picture of Katherine Mayo. I would have liked to study her features. Surely she must be a highly cultured woman.

Her article struck me squarely between the eyes. I was in the army, and I had a good wife. A year ago she died, leaving me with three babies. In memory of her I have carried on and will continue to do so—nor will I turn "yellow" nor a "quitter."

In memory of her I will raise those babies to be clean, decent men. And I will do it by setting a good example for them.—*Salesman.*

V. P. vs. Delmar: Round 2

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Viña Delmar is one of the best writers you have—regardless of what the men slurringly remark. One of her stories is the cause of this letter. Note that all the *men* complained, in Vox Pop, about "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her." Say, that story hit the spot, and how.

Of course the men would kick. Infidelity is *their* privilege. But since we've usurped the rest of their privileges they'd better make up their mind to face the gaff.—*M. Salm (no relation to the Count).*

UTICA, N. Y.—I think your story, "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her," was interesting, but rather misleading, as one would not like to think the authoress really meant that it was better to have a sweet disposition at all times, and be loving and kind to one's husband, than to be true to him.

I would far rather my husband *did* have a bad disposition—that he were selfish, conceited, and had *all* the minor faults—and *know* that when he left me in the morning, he would not go to some *other* woman's arms before I saw him again.

Your Vox Pop letters regarding this story—all from *men*—only set forth the same old "double standard" idea.

Men *must* have a pure woman. Yes! But they excuse their own sins under the guise of "wild oats."—*Stella Eggers.*

DALLAS, TEX.—A few more foul stories like "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her," and you can be sure that the decent people of America will know absolutely in what class you belong—definitely.—*J. E. Warren.*

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—That story of Viña Delmar's called "She Saw Two Feet Ahead of Her" seemed to cause a lot of unfavorable comment, but I can't see why.

Silly men, when you say it isn't true to life. Even your own wife may be the same.—*E. MacDonald.*

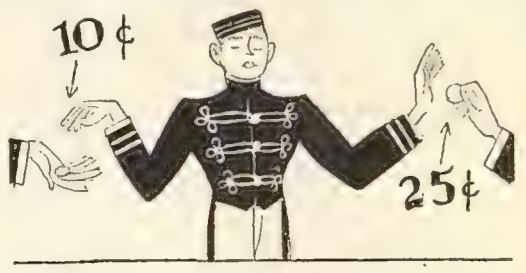
HEMET, CALIF.—I like Bert Green, "Show Girl," "Twenty Questions," many of your articles, and most of your stories. But this brings me to my sole complaint: the stories written by Viña Delmar.

It isn't any one special story that I object to, but all of them. I can't recall a single one she's written that hasn't some rottenness to it. The whole theme of each story, it seems to me, shows signs of moral decay in the writer.

Heaven knows I'm no hard-shelled Baptist—if I were I wouldn't enjoy Bert Green—but those stories by Viña Delmar leave a bad taste in my mouth.—*M. D. Lyon.*

Must Be Some Mistake

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I was interested in the article called "The Movie Usher and How He Got That Way," and the later denial sent to Vox Pop by S. L. Rothafel, in which he stated



that none of his Roxy Theater ushers would accept quarters.

I do not know whether they would refuse a quarter or not, but one of them accepted a dime from me not many weeks ago, and immediately found for me an excellent seat, about twelve rows back in the orchestra, when I had previously been told that I would have to wait in line, as there were no seats.

The usher did not seem to be offended in the least, but snatched at the dime like a turtle and raced me down the aisle so fast I thought we were going to a fire.—*Gwen Sears.*

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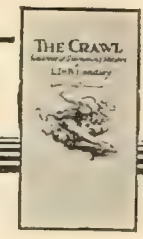

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Carnation Chocolate Charlotte—1⅛ tbsp. gelatine, 2 tbsp. cold water, ¼ cup sugar, 1½ cups Carnation Milk, ½ cup water, 1 square bitter chocolate, ½ tsp. vanilla, ½ dozen lady fingers. Soak granulated gelatine in 2 tbsp. cold water five minutes. Melt shaved chocolate in double boiler, add sugar, ½ cup water, ½ cup Carnation. Cook five minutes or until smooth; pour over gelatine; stir until dissolved. When cool, add vanilla. Whip 1 cup Carnation which has been chilled two hours; gradually add chocolate-gelatine mixture; stir until it begins to thicken. When well thickened, pour into mold lined with lady fingers. Chill thoroughly; serve on flat dish, cover with whipped cream; garnish with maraschino cherries or nuts.

Write for Mary Blake Cook Book

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Summer Time Is Preserving Time

By ETHEL SOMERS

THIS midseason offers strawberries, cherries, pineapple, rhubarb, and peaches—more than enough fruit to supply our early canning needs. Here are some hints that will go far toward success in making preserves:

Work in small quantities. Never have more than 2 quarts in one kettle; 2 cups is better. Large, flat-bottomed kettles are recommended for even small quantities. Cook rapidly.

Oven methods are especially practical for the richer preserves. The cleaned fruit with its sugar is prepared as for cooking on the surface burner and is placed uncovered in a 350° F. oven for about 30 minutes. Mix gently when about half done. If the fruit is not tender in 30 minutes, continue the cooking. The syrup should attain a rich thickness and the fruit should be tender and plump.

Do not overcook, as this destroys the natural color of the fruit and results in a gummy, "ropy" product.

Strive for uniformity of appearance, whether the fruit be sliced or left whole.

Store the preserves in cool, dark cupboards.

Strawberry Preserve

1 pound strawberries
¾ pound sugar, *or* 1 pound sugar for rich preserves

OR

½ pound strawberries
½ pound rhubarb, or pineapple, or both combined
¾ pound sugar, *or* 1 pound sugar for rich preserves

SELECT fruit at least a portion of which is underripe, so that it will be rich in pectin. Pick over and wash the fruit. Do not peel the rhubarb, but cut into ½-inch lengths. Shred the pineapple, if used, by scraping off thin slices of peeled pineapple, working from the core out and using a silver fork. Mix the fruit and sugar. Let stand for 15 minutes to extract some of the juice, or crush a few berries in the bottom layer. This will prevent burning. Mix well and cook quickly in a large, shallow kettle. Oven-cook or boil on top of the stove to the jelly stage (220° F.) from 5 to 30 minutes, depending on the ripeness of the fruit and whether the harder fruits are used. Pour into hot, sterile glasses. Seal as desired—with rubbers, clamps, or paraffin.

Cherry Preserve

1 pound cherries with pits removed (wild preferred)
¾ pound sugar, *or* 1 pound if rich preserves are desired

OR

1 pound dark red cherries
½ pound shredded pineapple
1¼ pounds granulated sugar

OR

1 cup pitted cherries
1½ cups sugar, *or* 2 cups if rich preserves are desired

1 cup red raspberries

WILD cherries are preferred because of their tart flavor. Common sour cherries may be used, or sweet ones if lemon, orange, or currant juice is added. Use ¼ cup lemon juice, ½ cup orange juice, or 1 cup currant juice to each pound of sweet cherries. Put a layer of pitted, washed cherries in the kettle to be used for cooking. A flat-bottomed kettle of 3 or 4 times the volume of the fruit to be cooked allows rapid evaporation and quick cooking.

Sprinkle the layer of cherries with sugar and crush to extract enough of the juice to prevent burning. Add the fruit juice if used. Add the remaining cherries and pineapple, if used, in alternate layers with the sugar. (For shredding pineapple, see directions given under Strawberry Preserve.) Crush only the first layer. If raspberries are used, add these as the cherries begin to cook tender.

Oven-cook or cook as rapidly as possible on a surface burner, stirring carefully from the bottom to prevent burning. When the mixture reaches the jam stage (218° F.) it will hang in two heavy drops before sheeting off the spoon. Pour into hot, sterile glasses and seal at once.

For safe results, use a thermometer to test for the proper consistency of fruit syrup.

Pineapple Preserve

1 pineapple
¾ pound sugar for each pound of fruit

OR

1 cup fresh ripe apricots
1 cup shredded pineapple
2 tablespoons almonds
1½ cups sugar
1 cup water

SLICE the peeled pineapple thin and tear it with a silver fork into rather large pieces, working from the core out. Place in a large, flat-bottomed kettle and add water enough to prevent burning. Cover closely and cook gently until tender (from 30 to 60 minutes). Skim out the pineapple and add the sugar to the water. Boil to a medium thin syrup. Add the cooked pineapple. Put in the washed, but not peeled, sliced apricots. Mix well and oven-cook or cook rapidly to 220° F. on a surface burner. Then the pineapple should be clear, the other fruits tender, and the syrup thick. Just before this stage add the shredded, blanched almonds, that they may become heated through and sterile. They should boil for at least 3 minutes to sterilize, but prolonged cooking extracts their oils and spoils their flavor. Pour into sterile glasses and seal.

Rhubarb Preserve

4 pounds pink rhubarb
4 pounds granulated sugar

OR

2 cups rhubarb
2 cups sugar
1 orange, juice and grated rind
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
¼ cup almonds

CUT the washed, drained rhubarb into ½-inch lengths. Do not peel. Arrange the fruit in alternate layers with the sugar in a covered kettle and let stand for 30 minutes, or until some of the juice has been drawn out by the sugar. In these two recipes the rhubarb is the main fruit and rapid cooking makes it lose its shape. Therefore oven-cook or simmer gently, stirring often, for 1 hour or more, depending upon the shallowness of the fruit mixture in the pan. Cook to 220° F., and 3 minutes before removing from the fire add the blanched, shredded almonds. Pour into sterile, hot glasses and seal.

Economize time by using all your surface burners.

Peach Preserve

1 pound sliced peaches
¾ pound sugar
1 cup water

OR

1 pound sliced peaches
1½ cups sugar
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
1 cup water

OR

2 cups diced peaches
1 cup shredded pineapple cooked tender
2½ cups sugar

1 orange, juice and grated rind
1 lemon, juice and grated rind
1½ cups water

MAKE a syrup of the sugar and water and boil to 200° F. Meanwhile blanch the peaches in boiling water and dip in cold. Remove the skins and slice from the pits. Thin, uniform slices are most attractive, excepting when cooked with pineapple and then the fruit should be diced. Combine the remaining ingredients called for in any one of the three recipes and add to the hot syrup. Mix lightly and cook rapidly until thick and clear, with occasional gentle stirring, from 218° to 220° F., depending upon whether you like a bit of syrup with the preserves or more or less of a thickened jam. The higher the temperature to which they are cooked, the thicker the resulting product.

AFTER the supply in your fruit cupboard has been replenished, you will surely welcome new suggestions to serve preserves that will tempt the most particular palate. Learn of the new ways to use them. Follow an expert dietitian's recipe for quick desserts and delicious sandwich fillings; recipes for tasty cakes and cookies that are even more tempting when served with preserves. You will find them, in addition to many other suggestions for palatable dishes, in LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. Each cookbook is 10 cents—but you can get the three for only 25 cents. Send for them today. Use the coupon, please.

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6-30-28

Two Hard-Boiled Eggs

A Love Story: 1928 Model

By RUTH HAWTHORNE

Pictures by R. PALLEN COLEMAN

At half-past 3 Rosemonde started to do

(Reading time: 28 minutes 37 seconds.)

MR. and Mrs. George Arundel Armstrong were seated at the breakfast table on a pleasant May morning. Their world was in perfect order and they were serene. Mr. Armstrong's latest play, Moonlight and Youth, was still doing seventeen thousand and some odd dollars per week on Broadway, despite the waning season. Mrs. Armstrong had firmly established the fact that, in her case, stage and society could meet on equal terms.

Cynthia, their one child, was a source of continued and placid satisfaction to them. For years, now, she had been away at a good church school.

Mrs. Armstrong helped herself to another fish cake and looked out of the window.

"What's that?" she said—quite suddenly, too.

"What's what, my dear?" asked Mr. Armstrong.

"Coming up the drive," replied Mrs. Armstrong.

Mr. Armstrong leaned over to get a view of the drive.

"An automobile. And not a very good one."

"Nobody we know around here has a car like that, I'm sure," said Mrs. Armstrong.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Armstrong. "It's Cynthia!"

"Cynthia? No, it can't be. George, you're mistaken."

"Not this particular time, my dear. It is Cynthia and a red-headed young man I have never seen before."

Mr. Armstrong left his coffee. Mrs. Armstrong left her fish cake. And by the time the strange car had reached the curve of the drive that passed close to the open window they were standing there, waiting for it and their daughter.

"Hello, darlings!"

The car stopped, and Cynthia got out.

"I've left the dear nuns flat. This is Bobby Delafield, but he can't stop now. He's got some laundry to deliver in New York."

She turned to Bobby with the most casual of gestures.

"Thanks a lot, old bean. Stop in sometime on one of your delivery trips and we'll pass the time of day."

Bobby nodded, a trifle coolly, and shot away down the drive as one delivering messages to Garcia.

"Cynthia, what is the meaning of this? Come into the house and explain yourself!"

Mrs. Armstrong went back into the dining room with what she hoped was the proper motherly attitude on such an occasion.

Mr. Armstrong followed. He had seen so little of Cynthia in the last five years that he felt, somehow, *de trop*. Still, he couldn't help being interested in any possible explanation.

"Can't I have some breakfast? I've had a fifty-mile drive on one hot dog, so I feel a little woozy in the head," remarked Cynthia.

"Pour yourself some coffee. What does this sudden appearance mean?" Mrs. Armstrong sat down opposite her daughter. Yes, she looked quite normal. A little wind-blown, perhaps.

"Well, it's a long story. But, for your sweet sakes, I shall sum it up in one brief word. I'm a flat tire, and I came home to take steps about it."

Mr. Armstrong lit himself a cigar and settled back in his chair. He had been right. It was going to be entertaining. Mrs. Armstrong sniffed.

"Cynthia," she said, "stop talking nonsense. Why have you left St. Felicia's-on-the-Mountain? And in this disgraceful fashion, with some laundry boy?"

"Oh, don't worry about Bobby. He isn't a regular laundry boy. Though it might have been more romantic if he had been. However, I mustn't think that way about it. I've made a vow to two saints never to think romantically of anything again. Bobby's all right. In fact, mother, from a family standpoint, he's much better than we are. Can't I have one single piece of toast?"

"GEORGE, give the child some toast, please. Go on, Cynthia."

Mrs. Armstrong's voice had a faintly hysterical note in it. Life had been too kind to her, of late, to keep her in training to meet calmly so bewildering a situation as this.

"Now, mother," Cynthia went on, between bites of marmalade and a little toast, "if you really want the whole story I'll give it to you. It seems I have been living in what the dear nuns—and you too, father—would call a world of books. And that doesn't get a girl anywhere. Not today, anyway."

"Where do you want to get, exactly, Cynthia?" put in her father.

"You'll see," said Cynthia, "because I'm going to get there. It'll take money, though, to begin with. I'm going to New York this afternoon, and I want—I think—yes, three hundred will do for a start. Pull yourself together, mother."

Mrs. Armstrong pulled—hard. "Three hundred dollars! What for?"

"Clothes. And, by the way, is there any liquor in the house? I'm planning an entertainment of sorts for Saturday night."

"Cynthia," said her father, "if I may interrupt you, will you please tell your mother and me exactly why you left—whatever school you have been attending?"

"St. Felicia's-on-the-Mountain, dearie.

bottom. Everybody had stopped dancing to watch.

That's the name. And I left because I realized that soon, if I didn't make a change, I'd be left all alone on the mountain. Just me and St. Felicia."

Mrs. Armstrong put down her coffee cup with a slight crash. Mr. Armstrong patted his wife's arm.

"Patience, my dear. We are getting somewhere—slowly. Cynthia, I gather that you have decided to step out, if I may coin a phrase. Is that the idea you wish to convey?"

"Exactly. Step out. I woke up to myself last week-end. It was a terrible awakening, let me tell you. And it was only by accident, too. I might have gone on all the rest of my life never knowing what was wrong with me, like people in advertisements, if it hadn't been for Alice Scott's tonsil."

Mrs. Armstrong pushed her coffee cup and saucer vigorously four inches across the table.

"Cynthia, I warn you, when your mother begins to throw the china about it's time to come down to plain facts. What is the matter with you, and why are you here?"

"That's what I'm telling you. It's all your fault, mother, and yours too, father, because you've brought me up like an old-fashioned valse. I didn't know anything about life."

"And just what," Mr. Armstrong asked, "have you learned about life that you didn't know before?"

"A lot. Some of which I don't think I had better tell you. It would take too long to make you understand. Especially you, mother."

"Cynthia, if you weren't too old—"

"You'd spank me. That's just what I was afraid of. That point of view, I mean. I knew you wouldn't understand. I didn't myself, until I spent the week-end with Rosemonde Thompson. Now, there's a girl!"

"Who is Rosemonde Thompson?" Mrs. Armstrong said this as one fighting for air.

"A very brilliant girl who is coming to spend this week-end with me. She'll probably bring a crowd. I don't know where we will sleep them all, but I guess we can manage. Would you mind cots in your bedroom, father?"

"No—no. Not at all. Just the sort of thing I dote on—cots in the bedroom."

"Well, I must get ready to start for New York. Leave a check for me on the hall table, father dear, if you go to work before I come down."

Cynthia kissed her father somewhere between the collar and the right eyebrow and started for the door.

"Now, mother darling, don't look as if I'd suddenly had twins."

Cynthia was out of the door before Mrs. Armstrong was sufficiently herself to reply. But Mr. Armstrong was still there, calmly smoking his cigar.

"George, can't you say something? Don't sit there looking like a critic at another critic's play!" Mrs. Armstrong was coming to.

"I beg your pardon, my dear. Yes, it is upsetting, isn't it? Still, it's interesting. The fundamental idea seems to be that our daughter has gone modern."

Mrs. Armstrong rose to her feet and, with one tense gesture, handed the whole matter over to Mr. Armstrong.

"I wash my hands," she said, "of the whole affair."

Mr. Armstrong was still sitting, cigar in hand, when the telephone rang—the long, nagging ring of long distance. He answered it.

"Hello!" he said. "Yes, this is the residence of George Arundel Armstrong. Who is this, please? . . . Oh, yes, yes. St. Felicia's-on-the-Mountain. . . . Yes, this is Mr. Armstrong. . . . No, Mrs. Armstrong is out, completely. Yes, she's out. Can't you talk to me? I'm her father. . . . No, not Mrs. Armstrong's father. Her daughter's father. You know. The father of Mrs. Armstrong's child. . . . Oh, yes, of course, her husband. Everything's quite legal, I assure you. . . . Yes, Cynthia's here.

"Wouldn't you like to talk to her? . . . No; you prefer me? Now, that's very flattering of you, my dear—I mean, Sister. . . . What's that? . . . But she didn't elope. In the technical sense, I mean. No, we won't send her back. Her mother and I decided. . . . No, we didn't exactly discuss it; we just decided that we'd let her do as she pleased for the present."

BY noon Saturday several changes of note had taken place in the Armstrong household. Mr. Armstrong had begun by shutting himself up over the garage, where it was his custom to work; but, what with Cynthia's comings and goings to and from town in the family car, and her frequent trips up the stairs in quest of money, nothing much came of his work.

"Do you know any young men, father?" This was during one of her visits.

"Young men? Mercy, no! How should I know any young men?" Mr. Armstrong was writing a check. "I warn you, my dear child, that it's the last this week," he said.

"Thanks, darling. I'll need another tomorrow, to pay for a black evening dress. You'll love it. I look thirty-five in it. Now, about the young man. I put it up to you. Here I am, giving a party for absolutely the fastest people I know at school. Every one of them will bring her own sheik, and you wouldn't have your daughter come in on the arm of her aged father! Besides, it might make talk. They know their Freud."

"Cynthia, I beg of you—" Mr. Armstrong paled.

"Father, will you ever get over being embarrassed when I mention life and the libido?

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

AND on the sacred desk of George Arundel Armstrong, dramatist, sat the unknown youth, a half-filled glass in one hand, a half-empty bottle in the other.

[TWO HARD-BOILED EGGS
Continued from page sixty-one]

Come on; think, darling, and see if you can't rake up an elegant young man for me."

"How about the laundry boy? Why not ask him?"

Cynthia looked at the check in her hand. "I—he is coming. With Rosemonde Thompson. He's her property. I hate him."

Mr. Armstrong looked at his daughter. "Umm—do you?" he said.

Cynthia's chin wabbled a bit. Then she set it in a firm line.

"No, I guess I don't. I mean, I didn't use to. You see, father—" Cynthia stopped and looked at her father. He smiled at her.

"No, I don't hate him," she went on. "That's the trouble. I wish I did."

"Tell me about him, my dear," said Mr. Armstrong.

"YOU see—well, I guess I might as well tell you the whole thing. I've known Bobby a long time—ever since I've been going to St. Felicia's. And then, last summer, when I stayed there while you and mother were in Spain, I—we were together most of the time. He's a darling, father, really he is.

"You see, he lived next door to the school. His father died years ago, and they were terribly poor; so Mrs. Delafield—that's Bobby's mother—thought she could make a little money by doing up the chapel linen, and now they do it for lots of the churches around there and some in New York.

"She doesn't really do it herself any more. She has three women in every day. And then Bobby delivers it himself, because once their delivery boy got entangled in a crap game, and somebody stole the laundry, and there was an awful lot of trouble, because it's very expensive laundry. And they are really making quite a lot of money. That's his life story.

"You're listening, aren't you, father?"

"With every ear. Go on."

"Well, everything was lovely. And—I guess I'd better tell you—Bobby and I are—I mean we were—engaged."

"Engaged!"

"Yes, engaged. Oh, father, you're going to begin talking about how young I am!"

"But, Cynthia, you're nothing but a baby!"

"I'll be nineteen next month. I've often heard you say what a wonderful woman your mother was just because she was married and had a family before she was twenty-one. And in every one of your plays you always have a girl fall in the hero's arms in time for the last curtain and her eighteenth birthday."

"But, my dear child, my plays are nothing but romances!"

"Are they? Well, what's life?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Armstrong sadly, after a little thought.

"Well, anyway," continued Cynthia, "I'm not engaged any more. Bobby threw me down. Gave me the air."

Now, the idea of his practically infant daughter plunging into matrimony had been upsetting enough to Mr. Armstrong, but the thought that she had been cast off by the young man of her choice was something else again.

"He threw you down!" Mr. Armstrong's usually so pleasant voice had quite a bite. "He threw you down! I'd like to wring his neck!"

Mr. Armstrong had an inspiration.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. You telegraph all these people not to come this week-end, and then, as soon as your mother can get packed, we'll go abroad. That'll cheer you up, now, won't it?"

"It will not," Cynthia said firmly. "I love Bobby, and if I can get him I'm going to. If it turns out that he really wants his Rosemonde Thompson, he can have her; but he's going to see first what he's missing when he loses me. I'm going to try to beat her on her own ground."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Armstrong.

"Being hard-boiled," replied Cynthia.

"Is this Miss Thompson very hard-boiled?" he asked.

"Oh, terribly. You've no idea. She's frightfully sophisticated. She was really quite a shock when she first came to St. Felicia's last fall. Right away she got to be the most popular girl in the school, and of course, Bobby being the only man around, she never rested till she owned him.

"She—well—she's converted him to this hard-boiled business, all right. She's quite made him over. She even psychoanalyzed him and showed him he didn't mind being a laundry boy because he had such a terrible inferiority complex. He fought her down on that, though, because he says running a good laundry is just as worth while as making gas stoves, which is what her father does, only in a large way, of course. Anyway, she got him away from me before I realized it.

"Oh, father, you have no idea what a dud I was! I didn't realize it myself until Alice Scott got sick and Rosemonde asked me to her last week-end party and he was there. I mean, there I was in a shirred taffeta dress trimmed with rosebuds, and everybody else in just little rags of chiffon; and hardly anybody danced with me, and I sat there and wished I was dead.

"Anyway, I made up my mind at that moment that there was life in the old girl yet, and so I asked everybody to come here this week-end. I said I was going to leave school because it bored me, and they must all come so we could have a party to celebrate.

"That's why I'm spending all your money this way, and that's why I want a really startling young man to sort of help me put it over. If it doesn't work, I'm never going to see any of them again. I'm going to call it a day and start out for myself."

"You're a sport, aren't you, Cynthia?" said her father.

"I—I hope so." Cynthia's voice wavered a bit. "It sounds silly, I suppose. But it's terribly important to me. You see, don't you?"

"I do, my dear. And I'll get you the young man, if I have to post a notice at The Lambs."

MR. ARMSTRONG found his man. It was Friday afternoon, and he had devoted two mornings in town to calling up old friends he thought might have sons or know someone who did, but no luck.

Weary and discouraged, Mr. Armstrong dropped into the Harvard Club. The place was empty but for one lone young man. He was sitting at a long table and he was surrounded by large and empty bottles. It was not difficult to engage him in heart-to-heart conversation.

It seemed that he'd just been fired from Yale for a totally absurd reason. He'd forgotten completely what the faculty quaintly called his scholastic duties. He'd fix them, though. He had planned a brilliant and subtle revenge.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Armstrong.

"Going to drink myself to death in the Harvard Club. Brought my own liquor in a suitcase—came in with a fellow I know for lunch, and am just going to stay here till the job's done. Sound scheme, don't you think?"

"Very sound, yes." Mr. Armstrong thought it over for a minute. "But I doubt if you'll die. You'll just get terribly sick, and they'll send to Bellevue for a stomach pump and an ambulance."

"No! Do you really think so?" The young man was hovering on the brink of tears.

"Sure of it," said Mr. Armstrong. "Now, I've a better idea. You come out to my place. Get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow night, being Saturday, we're giving a party for just the sort of people you are sure to like, and then you can start in all over again and do a good job."

The young man seemed to need convincing as to the merits of this idea. Mr. Armstrong thought again for a moment.

"You see, if you go out here this afternoon, it will make the Saturday papers only and you won't get good notices at all. Now, if you could put it off to catch the Monday papers— Publicity, I take it, is what you're after?"

"Publicity! Sure! That's everything today. Widespread publicity. Shame the dean."

The young man refilled his glass.

"Well," said Mr. Armstrong, "I think

you're perfectly right, understand. I'm all for shaming deans. And I want to help you."

The young man leaned over the table and shook Mr. Armstrong by the hand.

"That's darn nice of you. Never would have thought an ancient merry-go-round like you would understand problems of younger generation. You've sold me the idea, sir. You're a gentleman. Let's start now. Beginning to feel a little sick. Must be the air in this hole. Always hated Harvard air."

AT dinner that evening Mrs. Armstrong broke, for almost the first time in days, that which she herself called a dignified silence.

"What, George, if I may intrude upon your private affairs, was that I saw you carrying up the garage stairs?"

"Cynthia's young man," replied Mr. Armstrong.

"Oh, father—did you get him? What's he like? Is he good looking?"

Mr. Armstrong thought a minute.

"He looks like a cross between a worm and an advertisement for Clean-Cut Collegiate Togs, so he's probably considered extremely chic."

"Who," said Mrs. Armstrong, "what, and why is there a young man in the garage, please?"

Mr. Armstrong told her simply why and what. He didn't explain the why fully, either.

"As to who he is I haven't the faintest notion," were the words with which he ended his recital.

"Father, I think it's too wonderful of you to have found a college man and a drunkard, too. You're marvelous."

Mrs. Armstrong arose from her chair.

"If you two will pardon me," she said, "I think I will go upstairs and pack. I am taking the evening train to Bellport to stay with Cousin Louise. I can no longer stand for such proceedings. And"—here Mrs. Armstrong turned in the doorway—"and I don't know when I shall return!"

"I'll drive over for you Monday after lunch, my love," said Mr. Armstrong, as soon as he had finished thoughtfully chewing a strawberry.

Mrs. Armstrong didn't answer him. She was gone.

Cynthia looked a trifle scared. Mr. Armstrong smiled at her.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," he said. "Your mother always goes to see Cousin Louise in a domestic crisis. She—your mother, I mean—is a charming woman, and I am devoted to her, but she prefers to ignore all life outside herself."

The next morning Mr. Armstrong tiptoed up the garage stairs, bearing a large pot of black coffee. The door was ajar, and through it he heard, not the snores of unrighteous and tipsy slumber, not the sad groans of the morning after, but a low, vigorous humming, punctuated now and then by such words as: "Momma—baby—whee—red-hot gal!"

Suddenly Mr. Armstrong felt absurdly old fashioned with his pot of black coffee, and he stooped to hide it behind a pile of old newspapers on the landing. The humming stopped abruptly with a yell:

"Hey! Bend your back, there! What do you think you are? The Spirit of the Catskill Mountains? Action is what we want in this dance! Hey! Hey! Action!"

Mr. Armstrong spilled a little of the coffee across the face of "Vassar Bud Who Will Lead Daisy Chain," and entered the room.

His daughter Cynthia was standing, skirts in hand, knees together, and feet askew, making heroic efforts to touch her heels with the back of her head. And on the sacred desk of George Arundel Armstrong, dramatist, sat the unknown youth, a half-filled glass in one hand, a half-empty bottle in the other.

"Ha! Good morning, sir. And how are you today?" he said. "Nice little place you have here."

"We think so," put in Mr. Armstrong. "How about breakfast?"

"Oh, please don't bother. Never eat breakfast. Very dulling, breakfast is. Start the day right, I say. Borrowed some of your whisky. Didn't think you'd mind. Say, I was a little squiffo yesterday—I hope you didn't mind?"

"No, no; I never mind anything," said Mr. Armstrong. "Except possibly—I mean, would you object if I moved this manuscript before you go on with Cynthia's lesson in gymnastics?"

"Not at all." And the young man removed his person from the second act of Starlight and Dawn. "Your daughter tells me you are a playwright. Great line, isn't it? I have an idea for a play. Have to get around to writing it some day. Meanwhile, I've got a new interest in life since I saw you last."

"Great. That's fine." Mr. Armstrong sounded relieved. "Almost anything's better than suicide for a hobby."

"Think you're right. Suicide's kid stuff. No future in it. Now, this new idea of mine is to go around teaching girls of good family what the black bottom's all about. Take your daughter, here— Come on, now, Cyn, old girl, snap into it. You've got no time to lose, if you want to sizzle by tonight. Snap—"

Mr. Armstrong left quietly, and his going was unnoticed. He paused on the landing only long enough to reclaim the coffee pot.

CYNTHIA went to town right after lunch, taking the young man. At 4 o'clock she had not returned from town. At 4:30 she still hadn't. At 5 Mr. Armstrong heard horns blowing, brakes squeaking. Her guests had arrived.

He hurried out to greet them as a host should. They were an awfully solemn lot. Young—horribly, incredibly young—and oh, so healthy. But the weight of all the years before them seemed to bow them down as they unloaded themselves from four or five cars.

And then, around the corner of the drive came another car, the not very good car of Mr. Delafield. Beside him sat a girl—a determined girl, a solid clump of poise with trimmings of complacency, who, as she climbed out of the car, proved that what she lacked in grace she amply made up for in strength.

Miss Thompson, for it was she, as the chorus of shrieks from the front steps proclaimed, surveyed the crowd in a bored fashion—grinning, of course, but a bored grin, at that—and turned to brush the dust from Bobby's coat sleeve. Mr. Armstrong chuckled to himself. Miss Thompson, he gathered, was making her entrance.

Then, around the corner of the drive came a low, expensive, and decidedly foreign car, and at the wheel sat Cyn-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

BOBBY stood over the vanquished Fuzzy. "Do you still say Cynthia has thick ankles?" he demanded.

[TWO HARD-BOILED EGGS
Continued from page sixty-three]

thia, slender and smart in a dull red suède coat and a dull red suède hat pulled down over her ears. Beside her sat the unknown, looking very old—all of twenty-five—and even more beautifully bored than Miss Thompson.

"It's Cynthia!"

"It's Fuzzy Winslow!"

The stolid face of Rosemonde Thompson didn't change much, but her voice squeaked high.

"Now, how on earth did that child get to know him?" was her comment.

"Who's he?" inquired someone.

"Don't tell me you never heard of Fuzzy Wuzzy Winslow?" An outraged masculine voice answered the ignorant one. "Why, he's the fastest bird that ever went to Yale. He can't go back to Paris till the Chief of Police gives the word. He beat up a gendarme because he didn't like the way he parted his hair."

"Oh!" The "Oh" was that of awe.

Cynthia stopped the car as if she owned it.

"Hello, everybody! Aren't you glad to see me? You must know Fuzzy."

"Cynthia," said her father a few minutes later, under cover of the scramble of everybody trying to get in the front door at once. "Tell me. Was it accident your arrival was so beautifully timed?"

"No, it was not," Cynthia whispered in his ear. "We hid behind the freight station until they passed. We left your car at the garage in the village. Do you mind, father?"

"Do I mind? My daughter, I salute you!"

CYNTHIA was late for dinner. The entire party was assembled—in fact, they were actually hanging around the dining room door—when she came down the stairs, arm in arm with Fuzzy Winslow.

She was a Cynthia Mr. Armstrong, for one, had never seen before—a Cynthia in a wisp of a black dress, with a mouth that was a deep scarlet line, and with all, at least almost all, of her lovely silver-gold hair cut off and what there was left flattened against her head like a Cupid's that's just had his first haircut.

Mr. Armstrong heard a muttered sound emerge from Mr. Delafield, at his left. Bobby's eyes narrowed, his jaw set, and he seemed about to take a step forward. Rosemonde Thompson laughed—a nasty laugh, thought Mr. Armstrong—and he saw her put her hand on Bobby's arm, as if by accident. Cynthia tossed her head.

"Oh, have I kept you all waiting? I'm so sorry! Fuzzy"—she turned and tweaked his ear, with a laugh a great deal gayer and a shade nastier than Rosemonde's—"Fuzzy and I forgot all about the time. We were having a bottle of Scotch in the sewing room."

"Cynthia," said her father, a little later—and now his tone had nothing in common with any welcoming ceremonies whatsoever—"were you in the sewing room drinking Scotch?"

Cynthia grinned. "No, darling. We were in the sewing room, but not drinking Scotch. Fuzzy was showing me how to make up my mouth so I'd look terribly fast. Isn't everything marvelous?"

"It is," said Mr. Armstrong happily.

The party grew louder, if not funnier, as the evening progressed to midnight. And suddenly it died. Rosemonde spoke:

"How about moving on to a road house?"

"There aren't any road houses around here," was Cynthia's answer. One could see she was ashamed to say it.

"What a ghastly place to live!" went on Rosemonde. "Come on, Bobby. Let's you and I take the air."

"No," said Bobby, from the depths of an armchair where he had been most of the evening.

"Bobby, we're going for a drive. Come on."

Rosemonde's was the voice of authority. A silence fell loudly. Fuzzy Winslow rose to his feet.

"We cannot go to Mohammed, so we will bring our road house here. I have a little errand to do in the village, and when I come back I shall expect to find that all the proper arrangements have been made. Mr. Armstrong—"

"Yes?" said Mr. Armstrong.

"Sir, you would make a swell waiter. Find an apron and go to it."

"Yes," said Mr. Armstrong.

Fuzzy departed. When he returned, he was followed by another car, bringing the man who played the organ for the village choir, the young man who owned the village garage and who also played the saxophone, and a gentleman of color, one Lester de Witt Blocker, who whiled away most of his days perfecting the art of double stopping on the banjo.

Mr. Armstrong was crossing the hall, bearing a bucket of cracked ice, as they entered.

"Sir, as a waiter you're a knockout. Just the right amount of face. And now you see before you the Armstrong Armadillos. Finest little night-club band ever met the ear." He lowered his voice: "I rounded up these noble fellows this afternoon. Am I not the boy wonder, though slightly tight?"

"You are," said Mr. Armstrong, and left hastily as he heard calls of "Waiter! Waiter!"

About 3 Mr. Armstrong sat down for a brief rest from arduous waiting.

"Having a good time?" he asked.

"Yes," said Cynthia. "Yes, I guess so. The party rings the bell, all right. But—"

She glanced toward a corner where Rosemonde and Bobby were sharing a chair. Bobby was sitting on the narrow edge of the chair that was left over, gazing out into space.

"Has he deigned to speak to you as yet?" inquired her father.

"No. Not much. She won't let him. But"—and Cynthia smiled gleefully—"he's looked at me a lot."

At half-past 3 Rosemonde started to do the black bottom.

"I knew it!" said Fuzzy to Cynthia. "Didn't I tell you? Somebody always does. And look at her! A Percheron in pain. Look at her. No expression. No swing. Just footwork. Let her have the center of the floor. You start over here in the corner. Take your time. My money's on you. Snap into it, now, and don't forget your mother wasn't a cigar-store Indian."

Everybody had stopped dancing to watch Rosemonde. At stated intervals they applauded, and Rosemonde took it with a nod of her head. Rosemonde kept right on. But now something had happened. Her audience was walking out on her—the masculine half, at least. And Mr. Armstrong knew why. For over in the corner his daughter was making a most successful attempt to prove to a waiting world that when it came to dancing a black bottom that was a black bottom, she knew a thing or two.

She danced casually toward the aloof Mr. Delafield, standing a little back from the crowd, and as casually snapped her fingers at him in time to the tap of her gold-colored heels.

Someone—it probably was Fuzzy—touched a button by the door. Out went all the lights except one vivid ray that ended in a huge pool on the polished floor. Into this pool danced Cynthia, leaving Rosemonde Thompson to the outer darkness.

Faster and faster went the mad rhythm of Lester's banjo. Never once did Cynthia look at Bobby now, but always toward Fuzzy—a look

"Come on; think, darling

you can't rake up an elegant young man for me."

that was gay, provocative, and full of hidden laughter, as if they shared between them a little joke on all the world.

Bobby Delafield's face was silhouetted white against the darkness. Mr. Armstrong liked that boy, he decided. He had a strength, a fineness, about him; and for the moment he showed his hurt bewilderment at what life was doing to him. And then, as Mr. Armstrong was thinking all these things, the expression of Bobby's face changed. It grew firm and hard with a new resolve, and Mr. Armstrong followed the direction of his eyes.

Cynthia was still dancing, but now she was no longer alone. Fuzzy was dancing with her.

"You let my girl alone!"

The voice was that of Bobby.

"What?" said Fuzzy, stopping in the middle of a most beautiful step.

"Let my girl alone was what I said!"

"Your girl? Great cats, I wouldn't go near your girl! She's got thick ankles!"

The young man who had beaten up a gendarme in Paris and the young man who delivered laundry for his mother were, almost immediately after that, pounding each other's heads on the floor. The first blow was given by the young man who delivered laundry. And the last. Bobby stood over the vanquished Fuzzy.

"Do you still say Cynthia has thick ankles?" he demanded.

"Never said she had!" mumbled Fuzzy, as he wiped a bloody nose on Mr. Armstrong's waiter's apron.

"You lie! You did!" said Bobby.

"Did not! That's the one I meant. Thought she was your girl." Fuzzy waved the apron in the general direction of Rosemonde Thompson.

"It seems to me—" Mr. Armstrong cleared his throat. "It seems to me that there has been a slight misunderstanding here. Cynthia, will you lead Mr. Delafield to the upstairs bathroom and wash his face? I will see what I can do for Fuzzy in the pantry."

The rest of the crowd sat around for a while, none too spiritedly. Mr. Armstrong and Fuzzy sat long side by side on the edge of the sink—Fuzzy explaining how it was possible for a young man of his parts to be knocked out by a young man who had never traveled. It must be youth and a moral purpose. Finally dawn announced that the night was indeed over, and Rosemonde Thompson took the situation in hand.

"I am going to bed. This is a cuckoo house, and so are most of the people in it. But it's good enough to sleep in."

They all followed meekly up the stairs.

At half-past 5 Mr. Armstrong thought it would be nice to have a little coffee and perhaps a bit of bacon.

"Sound scheme," said Fuzzy; "and while you're getting things together I'll go out to the garage and get the rest of the bottle of Scotch I started this morning. Very tired. Feel need of a little drink."

FUZZY returned without the bottle—alone a sign of portent, if Mr. Armstrong had but noticed it. He was carrying in its place a large white envelope.

"Here, sir. Letter for you. Found note on my pillow from Cynthia. Says to give you this in morning. 'S morning now."

Mr. Armstrong took the envelope. Opened it. Read what it contained:

DEAREST FATHER:

Bobby says being a hard-boiled egg is a terrible waste of time. He's decided to give it all up, and would die if I grew into one, like tonight. I mean, he loves me as I was. So we are leaving now to go back to St. Felicia's to get married. I hate to go so far, but it's my favorite place, where I met him. About our future—I mean about money—Bobby has a splendid idea about enlarging the laundry that will make money for all of us. I said you would buy some shares, if necessary, and maybe Fuzzy's father would, too. I hope you don't mind. And please explain to mother.

Your loving daughter,
CYNTHIA ARMSTRONG
(soon) DELAFIELD.

"What's up?" asked Fuzzy. Mr. Armstrong gave him the note.

"The two blooming infants!" said Fuzzy. "Kids have no sense."

Fuzzy poured out two cups of coffee.

"Here, sir. Take this. It'll brace you up."

They drank their coffee in silence.

"Have another cup?" asked Fuzzy.

"Yes," said Mr. Armstrong.

"I don't know, though. Maybe they're right, those two. When people get to be as old as you and I are, they lose something," said Fuzzy.

Mr. Armstrong blinked.

"Now, you and I," Fuzzy continued, "would never go off on high like that. We'd think about it first. But they're willing to take a big chance. Maybe they'll take a big flop. Maybe they'll pull off something big. Anyway, they've had the nerve to risk it."

Fuzzy stirred his coffee. Mr. Armstrong stirred his.

"Yes, Fuzzy, you're right," he said finally. "That is the point of view I shall endeavor to sell to Mrs. Armstrong on Monday after lunch."

THE END

An elaborate sports frock (left) inprinted gray silk, with a ruffle round the skirt, which lifts to disclose a godet shaped ruffle on the slip.

Here (right) is a really practical sports dress in two shades of blue jersey, with a stripe of the darker shade going diagonally across the blouse.

This sports frock of loosely woven beige material is trimmed with ruffles of honey-beige grosgrain ribbon, made to represent rows of ruching.

Sports Frocks with Double Uses

By Mary Brush Williams

ONE is tempted to announce one's subject to be, Dolling Up the Sports Dress. This, at least, seems to be the French designers' favorite occupation of the day. They have got sports dresses garnished and generally elaborated until they are suitable for almost any kind of wear except sports. One dons them for teas in town and for one's job.

As we have said often, the only way any clothes are kept available for the highly practical purpose of wear when actually playing the game of golf or tennis or even croquet has been to divide all sports wardrobes into three parts—those that we wear in the evening, those that we wear when looking on from the side lines and later when taking tea from some country porch, and those in which we play the game.

The first kind is no longer to be seriously considered. The new vogue for the feminine in fashions has been ushered in through the evening styles, where it now is in full sway.

Of the others, here are three examples of the newest models, just off a French boat.

The first of the models, by Berthe, is so slightly a departure from an appropriate design of a frock for dancing that many young girls in Paris have violated the new rule decreeing that dresses appearing after 6 P. M. must bear no relation to the sports dresses of daytime, ordering the model made without sleeves and with a neck slightly different in cut for evening.

To state the case in another way, this is really a dance dress in spirit —or at least in skirt, which by the addition of sleeves and a somewhat conservative neck has been toned down only slightly to meet the demand for elaborate sports frocks. Thus, whether you call it a sports dress jazzed up or an evening dress played down, you have a model which, if it strikes your fancy, might serve you for one of at least two purposes.

It consists of a slip and a tunic, both of the same printed silk. At the neck the slip goes into a higher V than does the tunic which is put on over it, while the left side of its skirt carries a long godet shaped ruffle. The tunic also has a V shaped neck, the point of which falls lower than the other, and its skirt also is garnished with a ruffle that goes all of the way round the bottom and follows a line cut across the left side of the skirt to show the godet ruffle underneath. The tier of ruffles thus made on the left side is, needless to say, very decorative indeed.

As a young girl who bought it in Paris said, the dress has a sense of stability, produced by those double skirts, that is not usually common to any frock that is cool. She added in her letter that one has so many of those little silk rags that give one the sense of being not half dressed! Certainly one could never feel that way in this really handsome summer dress of printed silk in two shades of gray.

CONTRASTING with this model is the strictly practical design of the sweater costume in two shades of blue jersey, striped diagonally across the blouse. The V shaped neck is filled in with a scarf of blue crêpe de Chine of the shade of the dress, which is rather an Alice blue. It ties round the throat and the ends hang loosely at the right side. The frock has a box plaited skirt.

The third dress, made of loosely woven homespun, is one of those frocks that are sports in name only, except for the scarf round the neck—although we have long since grown accustomed to this accessory even on models for evening.

At any rate, the dress depends entirely for its color effect on the scarf, in orange, beige, and brown, on the hand woven material, and the rows of ruchings in honey-beige grosgrain ribbon which trim its long-lined silhouette.

It rests with you to decide what degree of dressiness the costume has achieved. It is limited on one side only by the requirements of actual evening costuming, and on the other is obviously barred from wear for any active participation in sporting events. In between these two extremes in costuming it can function *ad libitum* and with excellent effect. The foundation of the dress is in beige.

Summer's Spotlight Is On Your Skin!

And if there are blackheads, open pores, roughened patches from sunburn, stubborn "shine," disfiguring freckles—inactive creams and lotions are of no avail.

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Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste Special—a gently penetrative washing preparation which removes blackheads and other impurities and induces the pores to contract normally. 1.00.

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Valaze Beautifying Skinfood—the skin-clearing masterpiece—purifies, refines, bleaches. Unsurpassed for sallowness and light freckles. 1.00. Should be part of every woman's daily regimen.

Valaze Skin-Toning Lotion—firms tissues, removes fine lines. 1.25. Skin-Toning Lotion Special—for dry, sensitive skins. 1.25.

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Rubinstein Beauty Preparations are dispensed by skilled advisers at the better shops, or order direct.

An English Beauty's RÉGIME

By EILEEN BOURNE

"WHEN all is said and done, it's the most natural woman who is the most attractive—provided, of course, that she's a high bred sort of creature."

In these words Lady Mary Curzon, one of the five most beautiful women in London, sums up her ideas concerning feminine charm.

Lady Mary Curzon.

As she sits in her flower-filled drawing-room on Curzon Street, with long, slim, silken legs crossed and her smoothly bobbed head cocked to one side, she seems at first glance to represent all that is smart and dashing in a social set that has ever dazzled young novelists. Her clipped, gay speech, which contrasts sharply with a languorous manner, emphasizes the impression. So does her colorful nonsense over the adoring Peke, "Mr. Guppy."

And then, suddenly, just as the firelight begins to dance on the teacups, one glimpses the Lady Curzon whom artists love to paint. She rises up tall and stately in her blonde beauty. From the depths of her violet eyes looks out a fortitude veiled by gayety, and there before you, in characteristic informality, stands a great lady.

"Of course, I think it's true that every woman would like to be beautiful," she muses; "but sometimes we forget that beauty should be soul deep and—if people live wisely and think kindly—should last right up to old age."

And of what does wise living consist, in her opinion? It means to curb naturalness only by good sense and good manners. "Take this ridiculous cult of thinness, for instance. I've known women so rude as to eat nothing but a biscuit at formal luncheons to which they were invited. I've known silly things who have brought on illness from undernourishment.

"On the other hand, a stout woman who will insist on having her porridge and thick cream for breakfast and heaps of little cakes at tea is a disgusting joke. Weight is best kept down by eating moderately and regularly. Anyway, raw bones are awfully démodé. Nowadays all the smart women are wearing curves."

Slim curves, to judge by the speaker! It is incredible that the viscountess has a daughter old enough to be presented at court this season. But, since this is actually the case, she was requested to explain her method for preventing wrinkles and retaining that luster of youth.

As if in answer, her glance fell unconsciously upon a book beside her. It was a volume on thought control. But she said nothing about it. She only referred with some humor to her industrious use of two creams and a skin freshener which are commandeered three times a day to cope with *traces* of London smoke. Here is another advocate of soapless cleansing for face and throat and of a foundation cream for powder and the rouge she employs so discreetly.

"Then," she went on, "I have a nice woman come once a month to get me quite clean. She does all sorts of funny things to me with hot towels and tappings and lotions, and I'm as rested and refreshed afterward as if I'd had a week's vacation. I don't believe in too frequent indulgence in facial fancywork, but an occasional treatment is frightfully stimulating to a drooping interest in one's appearance. And, of course, it does get up the circulation."

LADY CURZON can hardly be called a sportswoman. Golf she deems rather dull, and of tennis she says, "After getting very hot and fearfully disarranged at that game, what have you accomplished? Nothing but the batting of a silly ball in air."

On the other hand, she adores riding. Its ever present spice of danger and the exhilaration of the rhythmic motion is entirely compatible with looking smart and tidy. Indeed, this horsewoman appears at almost her very best when riding in Rotten Row.

Perhaps, however, the most important item in the youth-preserving program of this English beauty is rest. She always manages to get eight hours of sleep.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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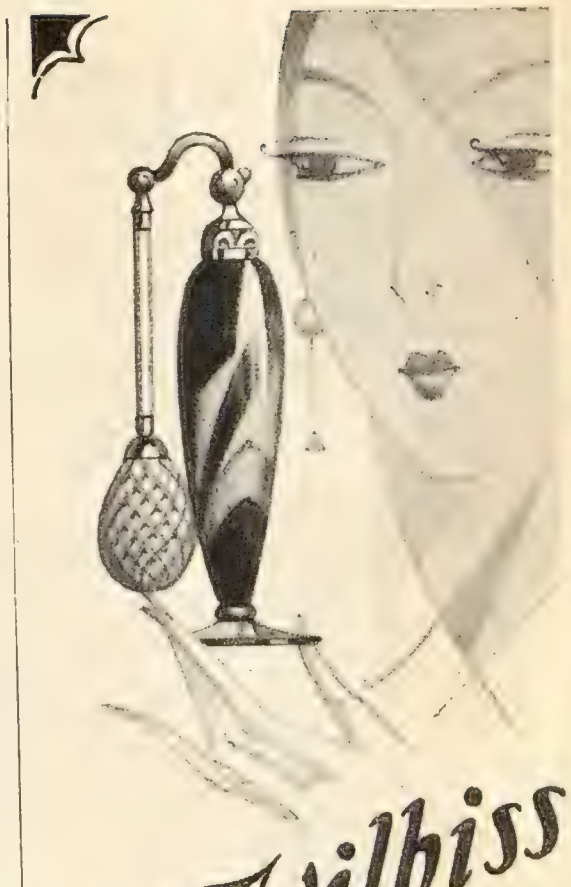

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When Queens Go Shopping

By BETTINA BEDWELL

A brown and beige printed chiffon afternoon frock made by Molyneux for the Queen of Denmark.

Worth created this ensemble (left) for the Queen of Spain.

Molyneux designed a silver-starred blue dinner dress (right) for Princess Astrid.

Rose and gold lamé was used by Worth in this evening frock for the Queen of Afghanistan.

Paris, June 4.

IF you are in Paris at any time, you are sure to be found sooner or later in one of the *grands couturiers'* salons. At least one. And if you are in Paris *and* in one of the great dressmaking salons during May and June you will be in the company of Society—the capital letter kind.

At this season the salons are comfortably filled, chiefly with society women, many of whom have faces that are familiar to the reader of Sunday supplements. The competent, shrewd faces of professional buyers are conspicuously absent. This is not their season. It is the heyday of the private client—the crowned and uncrowned queens of the world, the coroneted ladies, the famous and near-famous women who make up the Who's Who of many nations.

The mannequins undulate in and out, hesitating a second at the entrance to give each frock or ensemble an air of *empressement*. On one side of the salon sits the lady in waiting to a visiting queen, herself a comtesse, and advance scout for her mistress.

Under the windows that look out on the Rue de la Paix is a dowdy old woman who has kicked off her slipper and is sunning a swollen great-toe joint in a bar of sunlight that filters through the real-lace curtains. She is a grand duchess of one of the greatest families in the world.

Near her is an equally dowdy dowager who is in the front rank of New York's Four Hundred, with her slender, beautiful daughter, once wearer of a title, but now merely "Madame."

On the other side of the salon, sitting primly erect in the gold and crimson chairs which defy you to find a comfortable position, are a celebrated movie sheik and his cinema-famous fiancée, a peaches and cream blonde in a leopard coat, with big, odd looking bows on her frivolous slippers.

Over there, beyond, is a poverty-stricken marquise, a famous beauty for the pleasure of dressing whom the *grands couturiers* battle. There, between the Duchess and the Dowager, is the daughter of one of the richest men in the world, dressed in simple dark blue serge.

Suddenly there is a ripple of excitement, which begins down the corridor that you can see from the open door of the salon. *Vendeuses*, *directeur*, and ushers out there are fluttering around.

A queen is coming in! She enters, a charming, ladylike figure, and takes her place beside her lady in waiting.

The others, the uncrowned queens, do not bat an eyelash. They feel that they are as much to be gazed upon as she—and with reason; for such a gathering will be replete with notable women. In fact, there is very little staring. A queen may sit comfortably and choose her clothes just like us, if she wants to.

During this season, when queens official and unofficial are selecting wardrobes, the great couturier, or couturière, is usually decidedly in evidence. The job of catering to such distinguished patrons is a serious task.

The head of one of the greatest Paris houses in the Rue de la Paix tells me that, after a certain American social queen had chosen some forty frocks from his collection, he was at her hotel every morning thereafter for two weeks, at 9 o'clock to the minute, to oversee fittings and to satisfy this lady's exacting demands.

Often he waited there until after 2, without lunch, for her to decide that she was ready to get down to the question of clothes. He answered her telephone, he suggested a coiffeur, he ordered a trunk for her. And in the meantime a real, legal queen, with crown, coat of arms, and everything, was selecting *her* clothes over in his temporarily masterless salons.

PARIS style creators keep elaborate information card files of clients, and all sorts of details are noted which help them to please.

The saleswoman is supposed to know what is on the card, so that she too may successfully cater to the woman she serves; and sometimes, when she doesn't, serious trouble ensues. These women expect to be known, and they expect to be catered to, whether they sit on a regular throne or not.

What any one of these notables chooses becomes an immediate success, and many copies are demanded.

When it comes to taste, the clothes that are selected by a reigning queen are very similar to those chosen by any other woman of distinctive taste. The queen is a symbol of womanhood to her nation, and her clothes are selected for the public eye with far more meticulous care than is exercised for any woman less conspicuous. Simple, ladylike frocks, so the couturiers who cater to queens tell me, are invariably the ones that are made up for them.

I have chosen for our illustrations this week four Paris models of the new season which were recently designed for four royal ladies. They are the creations of Worth and Molyneux.

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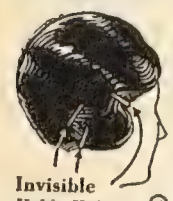

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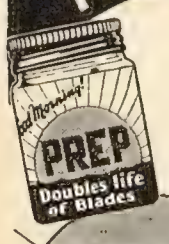

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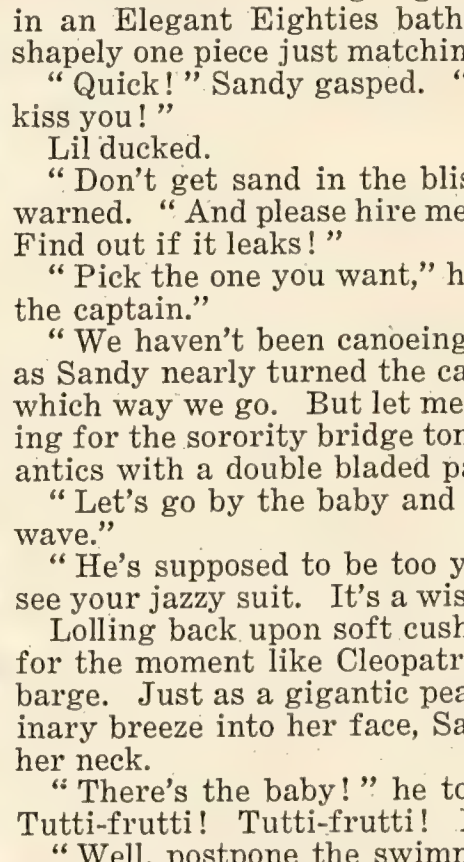
Showing Off

A New FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

"I GUESS you're glad I came too?" Mrs. Morse asked Sandy, as he installed her in a rickety beach chair, surrounding it with picnic lunch packages. "Here, hand me the baby before you try making the poor little cutie go wading. You'll kill him if you do!"

Sandy, who's nearly gone crazy for three hours listening to his wife's mother's Sunday motoring remarks from the back seat, opened up a wild horizontal-striped umbrella he'd bought for four fifty, and ground it into the sand behind her. Then Lil plunked the baby down in Ma's lap.



This week's cover picture

The first outing of the season! Lines of cars whizzing to the beach, rear seats packed with the drivers' sisters, cousins, and aunts. Resort pennants snapping in the clover and daisy scented wind.

Mrs. Morse watched Lil and Sandy disappear into the bathing pavilion, having minced thither and yon upon nail-filled planks so as not to get sand in their shoes. Ma had to laugh. A year ago Sandy had taken Lil for better, she had taken him for worse—and now she was carrying all their bathing suit paraphernalia!

"How marriage changes chivalry!" she sighed to her baby grandson. She tucked the checked afghan tightly around his little spine, felt of his miniature feet, looked to see if any sand had got around the thermos bottle top, and then kissed one tiny pink hand. "I think you're going to be an artist," she said. "Your fingers sort of bend!"

Sandy was starting the season right by waiting for Lil. He felt rather conspicuous in his new suit with its red and white top.

"The sun's nice and hot. I hope we get sunburned," Lil said, joining him.

She had taken so long to get ready that he fully expected her to appear in an Elegant Eighties bathing costume. But there she stood in a shapely one piece just matching her eyes.

"Quick!" Sandy gasped. "Duck behind the water cooler. I want to kiss you!"

Lil ducked.

"Don't get sand in the blister on the inside of your left heel," she warned. "And please hire me a canoe. Only seventy-five cents an hour. Find out if it leaks!"

"Pick the one you want," he told her. "I'll hand the wherewithal to the captain."

"We haven't been canoeing since our honeymoon, dear," she smiled, as Sandy nearly turned the canoe over while getting in. "Never mind which way we go. But let me face the sun. I want to get healthy looking for the sorority bridge tomorrow." And she watched her husband's antics with a double bladed paddle.

"Let's go by the baby and Ma," he suggested. "Maybe he'll see us wave."

"He's supposed to be too young to focus," Lil said, "but I bet he'll see your jazzy suit. It's a wise baby knows his own father!"

Lolling back upon soft cushions which had seen better days, she felt for the moment like Cleopatra cruising on the Nile in a flag bedecked barge. Just as a gigantic peacock feathered fan was wafting an imaginary breeze into her face, Sandy's paddle dripped an icy shower down her neck.

"There's the baby!" he told her. "Ma's making him wave to us! Tutti-frutti! Tutti-frutti! I can hardly wait to teach him to dive."

"Well, postpone the swimming course a year or so, dear," his wife said. "But I'll teach him to float in the little tin tub. Take me out to the high diving board. I want to see you dive," she giggled.

Sandy took a racing shell pose. Expert feathering of the paddle. He made believe he was breasting the rushing waters of the Colorado, calling out "Hip!" every time his paddle's tip touched the lake.

"I think I'll buy a canoe on easy installments as soon as we finish paying for the breakfast nook set."

"Oh, my goodness!" Lil said. "Summer will be dead and gone if you wait till then. Here we are at the raft. Go off the high dive so the baby can see. You won't hurt yourself. Just give a big kick and you won't have to think of anything else. If you land on your stomach you'll knock out all your breath—but never mind. I'll rescue you in the canoe!"

"I'm awful dizzy—but here goes!" Sandy called. "Tell me how my form was!"

Showing off!

(To be continued next week)

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THE rule governing the character of words permitted in WORD GOLF is an old story to the regulars, but to those who are having their first try at one of LIBERTY'S weekly prizes for *original* holes we say, avoid obsolete and foreign-language words. Also, keep away from others that may not be reasonably familiar to the average solver. There is the secret of your chance to be hole high on an award.

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every hole that it prints, but there are no prizes for solutions.

Solvers get a big kick out of breaking the par indicated by diagrams. CROOK to CRIME, for example, may be played in six. See if you can do it, and we'll show you next week how a stroke can be saved on the third shot.

Here are this week's prize holes:

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S	O	F	T

DORIS FEIGEL
St. Louis, Mo.

C	R	O	O	K
C	R	I	M	E

JAMES E. REMINGTON
South Whitley, Ind.

W	I	N	D
B	L	O	W

ALICE McLEES
Greenville, Miss.

R	O	P	E
H	A	N	G

E. L. MAYNARD
Littleton, Mass.

F	O	X
S	L	Y

WALTER ADAMS
Philadelphia, Pa.

C	A	M	E
W	E	N	T

Solutions of Last Week's Holes

FLOAT	CLAN	RAIN	GLUE	PORCH	SNAIL
GLOAT	CLAW	RAID	GLUM	TORCH	SNARL
GROAT	FLAW	SAID	SLUM	TOUCH	SNARE
GROAN	FLEW	SLID	SLAM	TOUGH	SHARE
GROWN	FLED	SLIP	SEAM	ROUGH	SHALE
DROWN	FEED	SLOP	SEAL	ROUGE	SHALL
	FEUD	SLOW		ROUSE	SHELL
		SNOW		HOUSE	

Address entries of *original* holes to

WORD GOLF, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

(Answers will be found on page seventy-four)

1—What is known as the Sunflower State?

2—In which of these games are playing cards used: faro, keno, baccarat, roulette?

3—What is a dumdum bullet?

4—Is Cuba represented in the United States by an ambassador or a minister?

5—What is common to all of these persons: Murillo, Correggio, Velasquez, Rubens?

6—With what nation did the United States come near to a serious clash over the Monroe Doctrine, during Cleveland's second administration?

7—What former Secretary of State, now living, has been a Justice of the Supreme Court and a candidate for President?

8—In what story does *Long John Silver* appear?

9—Is the city of New York east or west of Lima, Peru?

10—By what unit is the speed of a ship measured?

11—What does *sub rosa* mean?

12—What athletic events comprise the pentathlon?

13—What is seismology?

14—Differentiate between an auger and an augur.

15—How many feet in a fathom?

16—With what countries are the following dynasties identified: Tudor, Ming, Romanoff?

17—What is psychiatry?

18—What is plumbago?

19—What is the capital of India?

20—What cities have baseball teams in both major leagues?

A real sports watch! Keeps dependable time, and doesn't get out of kilter easily like delicate wrist watches.

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Show Girl

Dixie Hates the World—and the Plot Thickens

By

J. P. McEvoy

(Reading time: 15 minutes 20 seconds.)

[Who's Who, and Why: In love with Dixie Dugan, former night-club dancer, are Jimmy Doyle, reporter; Jack Milton, broker; Alvarez Romano, ex-tango dancer; and Denny Kerrigan, greeting-card salesman. Denny's now taking the air in the Middle West, having failed to sell Dixie; Alvarez—well, you'll see where he is shortly. Jimmy and Dixie are working together on a play he's written for her, with Jack as angel for it. The play's had a cool reception in Atlantic City. Jimmy's scared up new capital for a second try in New York. Now let's get down to business.]

Part Thirteen

Atlantic City.

Nita Dear:

Jack has just told me the dreadful news. Remember I wrote you about Alvarez fighting in a revolution down in Costaragua? Well, Jack got a cable from the company's representative down there saying the revolution has been defeated and Alvarez has been captured and is going to be executed. The poor kid! I'm just sick about it.

And I had just got such a sweet letter from him. All about how he was chasing the enemy up one hill and down another, and sticking knives in them, and soon he was going to be *presidente* or something and would come back and steal me away from here and take me down to Costaragua with him. Of course he was as crazy as a base drummer half the time, but the rest of the time he was too sweet for words.

It makes me cry when I think of all the nice things he used to say to me when he was dancing with me. Maybe they won't execute him. What do you think? Jack says he can't get any more news—that the government is censoring everything or something like that.

I have asked Jimmy to try and find out something through the paper he's working for. He says they have a correspondent down there and they ought to be able to get some information out of him, provided he isn't hiding in some volcano planning a revolution of his own.

The show is closing in Atlantic City tonight, and we all leave for New York tomorrow morning and start a week of rehearsal day and night. The first call is tomorrow night, 8 P.M., Bryant Hall.

Pictures by
John H. Striebel

IT makes me cry when I think of all the nice things he used to say to me when he was dancing with me.

Am writing this with one hand and making up for matinée with the other. They called overture a few minutes ago. There goes the curtain. Signing off.

Your loving sis,
Dixie.

Mr. Phil Mason,
Milton & Co., Washington Bureau,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mason:

Get in touch right away with Congressman X. Convince him of peril to American interests in Costaragua by suppression of Romano revolution.

Confidentially, our oil concession is a bust if we can't get some marines down there pretty quick to reinstate Romano. X should worry about that, but don't fail to call his attention to persecution of American citizens and indignities to American flag. Heavy on the flag. Intervention necessary to protect life and property and sustain dignity of our great nation. Step on it.

Hurriedly,
John Milton.

Speech
of
Hon. Phineas Fibbledibber
of Alabama
in the House of Representatives
(From the *Congressional Record*)

(The House in Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union had under consideration

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

English Bull Dog

"My Dog Was Alive With Fleas"

"I didn't think it was possible to kill all the fleas on my dog. He was alive with them. But your Skip Flea Soap and Powder have done the trick."

Watch out for them. Fleas will be noticed as little black insects running through the hair on the skin. They cause intense itching and are sure to bring on more serious skin troubles unless stopped. Many a valuable dog has developed eczema because his master did not take the trouble to free him of fleas. Use Sergeant's Skip Flea Soap or Powder.

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Do You know how to keep your dogs and cats free of fleas? Do you know how to treat the more serious troubles that your dog may develop at any time? You can easily find out, without cost, how to treat all his diseases. There are now effective remedies for all dog ailments and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

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A balanced ration containing a large proportion of freshly cooked Beef. For dogs and puppies of all breeds.

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If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, write us at once. State age, breed, sex and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines and Dog Food are on sale at dealers everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1475 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

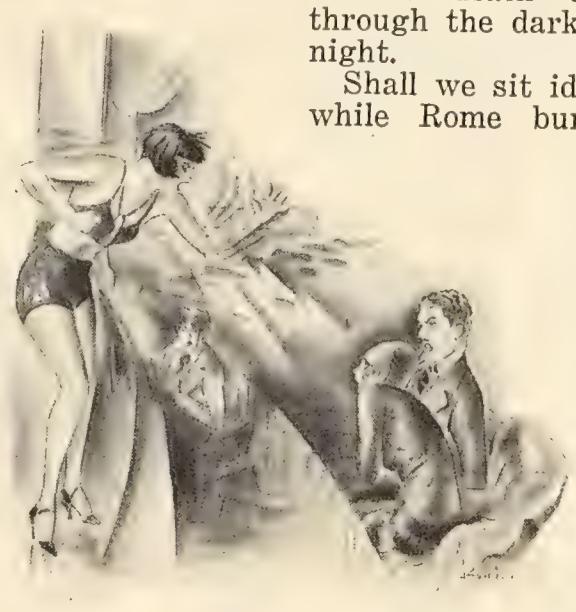
Write for Free Sample of
Sergeant's Dog Food
We Guarantee Your Dog Will Eat It.

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"A medicine for every dog ailment"

[SHOW GIRL
Continued from page seventy-one]

the bill (H. R. 9481) making appropriation for the Executive Office and sundry independent executive bureaus, boards, commissions, and offices for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1929, and for other purposes.)

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. Mr. Chairman: I have been sitting here listening to the remarks of the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. Cornhill) with ill concealed loathing and disgust. I will go further and say his impudence is exceeded only by his ignorance.



Say, I nearly jumped over the footlights tonight and gave her a facial.

He has insinuated that the real purpose of my appeal for the pacification of Costaragua is to restore order so that American investors and bondholders will be secured their dividends and interest payments.

This gentleman has manipulated the facts and distorted the figures and woven over and about his handiwork the mucilaginous web of falsehood and the meretricious tissue of deceit. *(Applause.)*

Gentlemen, in the words of the poet: "Lives there a man with soul so dead who never to himself has said, this is my own, my native land,' and—er—and so forth. *(Applause.)*

MR. WHOOPS. Will the gentleman yield?

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. I yield five minutes to the gentleman from Minnesota.

MR. WHOOPS. Mr. Chairman: I have asked for time for the purpose of reading a poem entitled The Lone Eagle by our former colleague, Mr. Knute Knuteson, so that it may be incorporated in the *Record*. The poem reads as follows:

THE LONE EAGLE

High, high up in the skies
The Lone Eagle gallantly flies.
Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh is his name
And deathless and immortal forever will be his undying name.
Across the blue to Paris he flew,
Not only for me but also for you,
From the Land of Liberty across the sea
To the Land of Liberté, Fraternité, and Égalité

Thank God again, this marvelous man
Was as you might expect an American.
No Frenchman, German, or Englishman,
But a stanch, foursquare son of Uncle Sam
So, Lafayette, we can now say adieu,
For our debt has been paid in full to you.
Three cheers then for Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh so true
And three times three for the Red, the White, and the Blue.

(Applause.)

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. Gentlemen, the dark ground of Costaragua is stained with blood. The dark sky of Costaragua flares crimson with the unholy fires of arson and rapine. God's own sun cannot shine through the pillars of smoke by day, and those twinkling stars in heaven's blue canopy pale their ineffectual glow as the raging hell of war's infernal fury seethes and belches death and destruction through the dark watches of the night.

Shall we sit idly by and fiddle while Rome burns? Oppressed people are calling to us; outstretched hands are reaching for the light; piteous eyes strain through the fog of ignorance and the miasma of oppression.

Will our country ever fail to fight the good fight for the weak, the needy, and the oppressed? I say no! By the Eternal—never! *(Applause.)*

MR. SINGLETREE. Mr. Chairman, will the gentleman yield?

MR. FIBBLEDIBBER. I yield to the gentleman from Nebraska.

MR. SINGLETREE. Mr. Chairman: I desire to call the attention of the House to the success we are having in Nebraska with our dairy industry.

Nebraska is a land blessed with sunshine, populated with an industrial, law-abiding citizenship, and supreme in the development of co-operative dairy associations and co-operative cheese factories. The people of my home county were the first Nebraskans to begin the co-operative manufacture of cheese, and I take a pardonable pride this morning, gentlemen, in stating . . .

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JOHN MILTON
67 WALL STREET NEW YORK CITY NY

THE MARINES ARE COMING
COMING COMING
MASON

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR NITA:

I'm getting pretty damn tired of this Cora person. Around Jimmy all the time. All day today and yesterday she was at rehearsal with him. All but sitting in his lap with her arms around his neck. Came back to Atlantic City from New York and rode back to New York with him Sunday. Compartment together all the way, no less.

Then he takes me out to dinner and says it doesn't mean anything—she's just interested in the show business. "You can tell that to my Aunt Fanny," I says to him. Then he says he has to be nice to her—it's business. Yeh, business. Hooey.

Well, I'm getting all fed up. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE SEVENTY-TWO]

can have the business, and her too.

My God, you'd think a girl who had everything—money and clothes and a rich father and the top floor of a Park Avenue hotel—would give another girl a break. Why should she try to cop the only two-legged male I'm interested in? Well, she can have him and the show too. For two cents I'd walk out on the whole racket.

Can you feature me rehearsing all day and night, with a dame like that sitting out front criticizing? Say, I nearly jumped over the footlights tonight and gave her a facial. And then Jimmy had the nerve to come back after rehearsal and ask me to go out and have a bite to eat with him.

Well, I had a break. Jack was waiting for me and we went right by Jimmy like a taxi on a wet night.

What are you doing in Philadelphia? For God's sake, come home. What with all this changing and rehearsing, and the show opening next Monday night, and Jimmy yelling at me, and Cora crawling into his vest pocket every chance, and the family on my neck for coming home late and looking like hell, and not marrying a millionaire, I'm rapidly going nuts.

All I got to say is, this is the damnedest world I was ever in and I hate every inch of it.

DIXIE.

New York City.

Mr. Kirk King,
Scenario Department,
Colossal Film Corporation,
Hollywood, California.

DEAR KIRK:

You'll never know anything about women till you get mixed up with a musical show. Next to saxophone players, it's the craziest sex there is. I've had years of it in the last three weeks, and if I had my choice between Cleopatra and Clara Bow, I'd take arsenic.

I wrote to you about Dixie Dugan. She's got the lead in this show of mine and she's cuter than a brindle pup. But, boy, what a temper! I mean temper. Temper is what I mean.

You should have heard her yesterday in the middle of rehearsal. Three stage hands fainted, and the doorman who was fired out of the Haviland Burlesque Theater in St. Louis for unusual swearing broke down and cried like a baby. Emotional crisis partly, but mostly envy.

It would take a book to tell you all the reasons, but briefly it's like this.

The daughter of old man Brewster, who owns the *Evening Tab*, my meal ticket, came to bat when my show was ready to close in Atlantic City with enough money to buy out the producers and give me a chance to put it back in the shape I wrote it. So, naturally, she's watching rehearsals; and, since it's part of the deal that I can't give away the secret of who is backing me, Dixie can't figure what this dame is doing out front making suggestions how she thinks the show could be improved.

So when Cora—that's her name—thought Dixie's specialty dance in the second act was too long and suggested cutting two choruses out of it—boy, oh, boy, oh, boy!

That's only part of it. The hell of it is, I'm afraid I'm falling for the kid. Besides being cute and all that, she's got a quick mind, a keen sense of humor, and says just what she thinks. And she really thinks.

No, I'm not overworked. I'm just getting to like her a lot. Maybe too much. I don't know. But it's pleasant. Darn swell, in fact. But she'll probably marry one of these rich guys that's prowling around her all the time.

Prowling is the word, too. There's one Jack Milton who has an interest in the show. Just nuts about her. Filthy with lucre, too. Always pelting her with orchids or pushing her in and out of those long limousines where you need television to see the chauffeur.

The show has me worried nuts, too. Not the show itself, because I'm sure I can get it whipped into shape. But we don't seem to be able to get any bookings. In the mornings they say see us this afternoon; in the afternoons they say maybe we'll have a house tomorrow. Meanwhile salaries go on just the same, and everybody's worried sick thinking maybe we won't open at all.

I thought the show business was all laughter and applause and big royalty checks and silk hats and swilling tea and giving talks to schools of journalism on how I became a playwright. In your hat. It's a headache. It's a pain anywhere you sit.

And then imagine falling in love on top of it. That's the pay-off.

JIMMY.

Jack was waiting for me and we went right by Jimmy like a taxi on a wet night.

The Belvedere, Philadelphia.

DIXIE DEAR:

Heads up! You should fret about Jimmy, with Jack at your feet. I'm here for only a day or so more and then home; but I have to sail right away on a buying spree for the firm. Just staying here long enough to check up with the local branch and then back to Paris.

Wish you were going with me. That's terrible about Alvarez, but maybe he'll wiggle out of it some way. Tango dancers have slippery hips. Love,

NITA.

140 LC5 44 9
CALIGUA COSTARAGUA
MANAGING EDITOR
NY EVENING TAB NY

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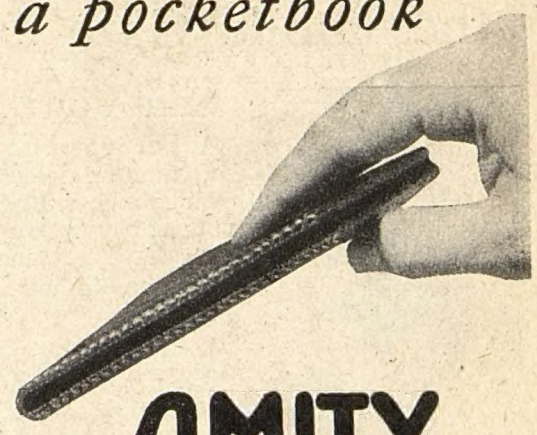
More than just a pocketbook



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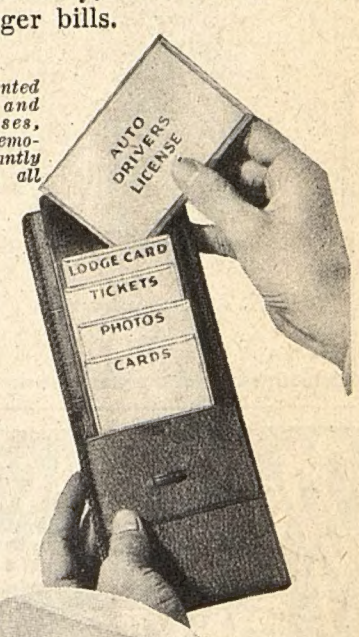

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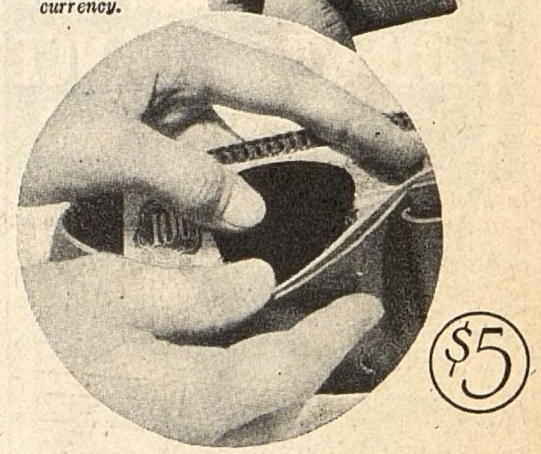

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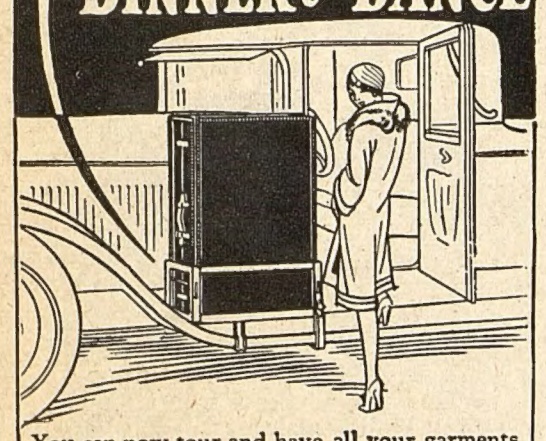

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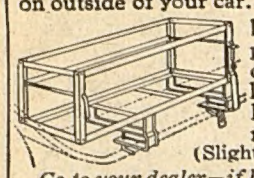

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[SHOW GIRL Continued from page seventy-three]

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(The Flash—)
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CALIGUA COSTARAGUA
MANAGING EDITOR
NY EVENING TAB
ALVAREZ ESCAPED
PERKINS
(—Out of Which Blossomed This Story)

REBELS SLAUGHTERED IN CORRAL OF DEATH

By Arthur Perkins

(Special Correspondent of the New York *Evening Tab)*

Insolito, Costaragua, Oct. 12. (Special).—Fifty-five rebels were executed today. They were not led out at dawn and granted the last dignity of bandaged eyes and a firing squad. They were shot down, one by one, in a frenzy of fear and hope, trying to scale the low wall of the corral in which they were herded—for they were promised liberty if they could escape.

This morning they were alive—bold and swaggering and defiant. Tonight they are a heap of dead men—a fantastic pile in the moonlight, looking for all the world like a lot of old clothes.

How was it done? Simply, coldly, and with bloodcurdling efficiency. Come with me.

Look! There are two corrals. One holds the prisoners. From this a gate leads into the second corral, in the center of which stands Herrera with a revolver in each hand. Beside him, kneeling on a blanket, his orderly with the supply of cartridges arranged in neat rows.

Herrera has killed many men. He loves to kill, and, because he is a valuable officer and it is good policy to keep him happy, unnecessary rebels who have been caught are given to him to do with as he likes.

He is an artist. It is a point of pride with him never to repeat his formula. So each time he kills a batch of prisoners he does it differently.

Today he is in a devilish mood. He will tease them with the hope of escaping. He will hold out life to them, and then, as they reach for it hopefully, trustingly, he will blast them with death.

Soldiers with drawn guns herd the prisoners away from the gate; separate the first ten from the shrieking, cursing mob, and drive them through the little gate into the corral where Herrera awaits them.

He covers him with his last bullet, and then, with a loud laugh, fires—but in the air.

As they rush for the walls, Herrera fires. As fast as he can pull the trigger he pours bullets into them. As soon as one revolver is empty, he drops it and his orderly fills its hot chambers with the cool bullets arranged in neat rows on the blanket.

SOME of the prisoners skip and duck. Others crawl on the ground. Others try to rush Herrera. Coolly, sardonically, he shoots them all.

Ten more prisoners dash through the little gate, hoping to win freedom. Them, too, Herrera shoots in quick succession, and their bodies lie in quivering heaps, from which arms reach fantastically and stiff fingers claw the walls even in death.

Ten more prisoners push through the gate, stumbling, cursing, each trying to hide behind his neighbor. Herrera shouts sarcastic encouragement to them.

One dashes for the wall, and Herrera allows him to throw one leg over before he drops him with a bullet in the back. Some kneel and pray, only to crash face downward with their open mouths in the dust.

Ten more prisoners. Twelve more bullets. The revolvers are smoking hot. The orderly's fingers tremble as he fills them. The dusk is sifting down.

There are fifteen men left to run the gantlet. The troops force them through the little gate.

Herrera's practiced eyes count them. Fifteen men, two revolvers, twelve bullets. Three men too many! Calmly he sets to work, picking off the leaders.

A group of three rushes him, and he drops them in quick succession—the last a huge fellow so close the powder burns his face.

The orderly passes Herrera a full revolver. He loses precious time fumbling with the empty one, now too hot to hold.

The dusk deepens. Herrera empties the second revolver.

There are five men left.

Two are trying to hide.

Three are climbing the wall.

The full revolver is not ready—there is a slight delay.

The three men are half over.

Herrera grabs the revolver from his orderly and fires blindly.

Two men fall from the wall, one silently, one screaming horribly. The third is over.

Herrera dispatches the two who prayed they were hid—pumps one bullet into each with smiling precision.

And then, standing on the heap of dead bodies, he looks over the wall and watches the escaped one running low against the ground like a terrified rabbit. He covers him with his last bullet, and then, with a loud laugh, fires—but in the air.

The escaped one seems to ooze into the ground, he is going so fast.

Herrera's soldiers start in pursuit, but Herrera stops them. He adjusts his serape, lights a cigarette, and surveys his work. He is satisfied. What if one little one escapes?

Herrera did not know who the "little one" was; but he knows now, and already his soldiers are hot on the trail.

For the "little one" who cheated the corral of death was one of the leaders of the revolution, the son of ex-*Presidente* Filipo Romano.

The "little one," the lucky one, was Alvarez Romano.

This sure is a heartbreaking place to stop, but—wait till the next installment and see how McEvoy winds this up with a bang that's heard all the way from Costaragua to Broadway's white lights.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 70

1—Kansas.
2—Faro and baccarat.
3—One that expands upon hitting its object.
4—By an ambassador.
5—All were painters.
6—With Great Britain, in a dispute involving Venezuela.
7—Charles Evans Hughes.
8—Treasure Island.
9—East.
10—The knot.
11—Literally, under the rose (meaning in secret, privately, confidentially).
12—Running broad jump, 200-meter dash, 1,500-meter run, javelin throw, and discus throw.
13—The science of earthquakes and attendant phenomena.
14—An auger is a boring tool; an augur is a soothsayer or prophet.
15—Six.
16—England; China; Russia.
17—The treatment or study of mental diseases.
18—Graphite or black lead.
19—Delhi.
20—Boston, Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, and St. Louis.

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